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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

FOR

Members of the English Church.

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.'

NEW SERIES.

VOLUME XXI.

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THE

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EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JANUARY, 1876.

THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION.

'Father to me Thou art, and Mother dear,
And Brother too, kind Husband of my heart.'

We call Thee Friend, for Thou hast taught
Thy chosen ones that precious Name,
With tender happy memories fraught;
That title, Master, dear, we claim,
Confessing, while we have our breath,
That love is strong—is strong as death.

Oh, stronger yet, and stronger far;—
Wounded among Thy faithless friends,
Love, greater than all things that are,
Its very life with gladness spends:
Friend of my soul! let me rejoice,
Hearing once more Thy longed-for voice.

We call Thee Brother,—hopes and fears
Together shared as days depart;
The sister from her infant years
Has known the brother's inmost heart;
No need hath she that heart to prove,
For no beginning had their love.

We call Thee Father,—what deep joy
That Name reveals; what love untold,
What trust we never can destroy,
Lies in that dearest Name! Behold,
Such love for us on high is stored,
He calls us children of the Lord.

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To all His children's cries of ill,
To every care and every need,
The Father's heart is open still,
The Father's ear gives anxious heed;
When friends are taken one by one,
Thou wilt not leave us orphans lone.

We call Thee Love! Oh! that the word
From truer hearts rose up above;
A soul betrothed unto its Lord,
A fountain sealed of purest love;
O Love, receive our plighted vows,
And bind Thy crown about our brows!

We call Thee Bridegroom, Husband, Spouse;
Set us as seals upon Thy heart;
Into Thy fragrant cedar house
Lead us from all the world apart.
Under Thy shadow, Lord of Might,
I will sit down with great delight.

Then myrrh and incense I will take,
And on the Mount of God will stay,
Until the Day of days shall break,
Until the shadows flee away;
Till on my loneliness Thou shine,
And my Beloved shall be mine.

A. E. M., A.M.

CAPETOWN, *Lent*, 1874.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXXIV.—DIES IRÆ.

A.D. 1525—A.D. 1526.

VERBÖCZY was a failure! Such was the disappointing conclusion at which those who had insisted on his being made Palatine arrived, when they found their eager expectations unrealised. Little did they know of the immense difficulties with which he had to contend, but their ignorance only made their judgment more severe, and as they suspiciously watched the *rapprochement* between their own chosen champion and the court grandees whom they hated, they felt that they had been deceived and betrayed. Verböczy sank swiftly in their estimation, and his enemies were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity for compassing his ruin by means of the very men who had elevated him to his present post.

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A secret society of persons calling themselves 'Kalandors'[1] was formed, and the King and Queen were easily induced to sanction the plot by the promise not only that they should be delivered from Zápolya and all his adherents, but also that the royal power and revenue should be increased.

Money was raised, emissaries were sent out, even Artándy, the popular orator, was gained over, and early in 1526, two hundred men took a solemn oath in Keeskemét to devote themselves to the attainment of the desired end. To keep Verbőczy as much as possible out of the way until the Diet should meet in April, he was despatched to Neusohl on what was well known to be a congenial mission, namely the suppression of Lutheranism which was rapidly spreading, and, when he returned to Buda, he must have been surprised indeed at the sudden change in public opinion. Not only poor nobles but peasants, and all armed, had been got together by the Kalandors, and at a preliminary meeting held on the 25th April, Verbőczy's deposition was openly resolved on. A couple of days later, on the field of Rákos, the Kalandors announced their intention of revindicating to the Diet the right of free deliberation, which they said had been annihilated in Hatvan by a few powerful party-chiefs, and thereupon they called on the nobles to make common cause with them.

That same day, in consequence of a warning which he had received that his life was in danger, the Palatine presented himself before the Council of State, tendered his resignation of the office which he had accepted so unwillingly, and was commanded to remain in his own house until the decision of the King and the States should be made known to him. Instead however of obeying this order, he fled at once to Transylvania, and well it was for him that he did so, for by nightfall Báthory had surrounded his house with armed men. On the following day the States received from the King a message of pardon for all that they had done during the past year, together with an announcement that, as Verbőczy stood self-condemned by his flight, Báthory should be reinstated in the office of Palatine; and the hired multitude accordingly proceeded to the Castle where they received the new Palatine's acknowledgments with noisy applause. To pull down Verbőczy's house was the next idea of the fickle mob, but from this they were restrained by the King's representations that it contained nothing but writings and wine, of which the destruction of the first would be a great loss to many people and the discovery of the second would lead to riots. 'Let them therefore,' he concluded, 'leave the house alone and lay down their arms as became a deliberative assembly.'

It was, however, far easier to arouse than to allay irritation, and, being in want of some object, the general displeasure vented itself on the

[1] *Kalandor*, meaning 'adventurer,' seems to be the most obvious derivation, but Jókai Mór says they were thus called, because they held their meetings on certain days of the months.

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Prelates who had not sent their men to the frontier, and they were ordered henceforth to command their banderia in person, and to give up part of the Church treasure for the defence of the land. Not a voice was openly raised against Zápolya, though his fall had been determined on equally with Verböczy's, and Lajos soon found that any hopes he had himself indulged with regard to the Kalandors were only destined to disappointment. He had but changed masters, and was as much as ever the tool or plaything of a party, and instead of seeing either his power or income increased, he had the mortification of finding that the Diet would only vote half a florin as a war-tax and resolved to take the administration of the revenue entirely out of his hands. The article providing that there should be a quarterly examination into the state of the treasury, together with the paltry sum voted for the war, so roused the Queen's indignation that she dashed her pen through the obnoxious words and wrote above them *unus rex, unus princeps.* Shortly after, Lajos dismissed the impracticable nobles with the exception of a hundred members who were chosen to be representatives of the rest so long as the Diet lasted, and might, he hoped, prove more manageable than the whole number; but here again he found himself deceived. Announcing to them that he meant to accede to the request so often made to him and take the government into his own hands, he represented that it was impossible to govern without money and added that if all the taxes were paid immediately into the royal treasury, he would raise the required army and provide for the defence of the country. But the One Hundred were inexorable. They knew too well the fraudulent practices which existed in the administration of the public funds, and the extravagance which prevailed in the court notwithstanding all the poverty, and being determined to investigate matters, they sent for the under-treasurer Szerencsés, whose frank revelations filled them with horror. Archbishop Szalkay, the Bishop of Eger, and other notabilities stood convicted of taking usury and robbing the State, while such a light was thrown upon the King's pitiable weakness of character that the nobles broke forth into bitter complaints of him and violent abuse of the state officers. Nevertheless they ordained that Lajos should carry on the government in conjunction with the Archbishop, the Palatine and the Lord Chief Justice; refused to grant more than the half florin tax, and for the most part confirmed the resolutions of Hatvan, only with this difference—that they circumscribed still more the power of the King, and that they placed Báthory and his crew at the head of the State instead of the upright and honourable Verböczy.

Lajos, however, refused his assent to some of the articles, and as the fifteen days to which the Diet was latterly limited had already run out and the members were anxious for their dismissal, certain concessions were made and the power of nominating all the officers of state with the exception of the Palatine was left with the King. The King was to lead the national army in person, and the lords and nobles were exhorted

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not to confine themselves to doing what was actually prescribed, but to arm and take the field in person, and exert themselves to the uttermost for their country. Even the peasants were to send every fifth man, and in case of need to go *en masse* to the rendezvous appointed by the King.

The concluding sitting took place on the 9th of May, when a scene occurred which must have been sufficiently startling to the foreign ambassadors, who happened to be present, and must have revealed only too clearly the pitiable condition to which Hungary was reduced.

One of the hundred deputies rose and solemnly announced that the States had now done all that was required, and had placed the means of defending the country in the King's own hand; if he used his power the nobles would obey; but if nevertheless any ill befell the fatherland, he called the foreign ambassadors to witness that the fault did not lie with the nobility.

Then the King answered that he was ready to do everything, but that nothing could be done without money, and the revenue was in reality far below the estimate made by the States, as for instance they had reckoned the duty on merchandise going from Buda to Stuhlweissenburg at 100,000 florins, whereas it hardly amounted to 20,000. Poverty, he said, crippled his strength, and therefore he too appealed to the ambassadors to hold him guiltless if the kingdom fell.

'This comedy,' writes Burgio, the Papal Nuncio, 'was being played by the King and his subjects with mutual asseverations, while already clouds big with ruin were piled high over the fatherland, and Soliman's immense armies were nearing the frontier . . . . They called on the King to lead his troops against the foe, and very often the King had not a decent pair of boots to his feet.'

So low had Hungary fallen, the Hungary of Mátyás, of Hunyady, of Louis the Great; and yet even now she might have been saved if but another Hunyady had been forthcoming to rouse the people for one gigantic effort and to place himself at their head.

In his powerful hands the regulations made by the Diet for the defence of the country might have proved efficacious; but as it was there was no one capable either of enforcing obedience or of rousing the martial spirit of the nation, no one who commanded the confidence of the people. The King besides being incapable, was neither sufficiently zealous nor sufficiently respected; and even during these dangerous days he was occupied chiefly in horse-racing and hunting, generally slept till noon, and came late or not at all to the Council of State, which spent the time in quarrelling, and in spite of its daily sittings, failed to arrive at any definite conclusion.

Meantime the Sultan had started from Constantinople with 100,000 men and 300 guns; and of all the Christian Princes in Europe the Pope was the only one who took any active steps in Hungary's behalf. He indeed wrote urgently to the Emperor and the Princes of Germany, to

Henry of England and François of France, beseeching them to lay aside their strifes and unite against the common foe.

His chief confidence was in the knightly François, whom he exhorted to sacrifice part of his treasure before it was too late to save Hungary; Lajos, too, earnestly implored his help; but with all his apparent knightliness, François was the one who had incessantly urged the Sultan to war with Hungary, and was now secretly in league with him, intending in this way to revenge himself on the Emperor for his defeat at Pavia and his subsequent imprisonment at Madrid.

Henry of England was the only one who sent even a sum of money in response to the appeal, and his contribution, together with that from the Pope, was so far from sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case that, with the Legate's consent, an order was issued to the towns and monasteries bidding them give up half the gold and silver plate belonging to their churches. It was a distasteful order and in many places the clergy opposed themselves to its execution, while in others they concealed their most valuable possessions, and of what was actually collected some seems to have been even appropriated by the Queen and the commissioners, while what came into the mint, such as the silver coffin of S. Gellért, was coined into such bad money that ten of the old coins were held equal to two-and-thirty of the new. And still when all had been done the treasury was so poor that there were neither troops, ships, guns nor ammunition to be seen in Buda.

In the meanwhile the Turkish army was moving on, increasing as it went. Slowly and painfully it had crossed Mount Hæmus, all the usual difficulties of the transit being enhanced by floods of rain, and it had been reinforced by the addition of the Anatolian cavalry. The strictest discipline prevailed throughout the ranks, and plunder or injury to the crops was forbidden on pain of death. Arrived at the Morava, Soliman sent his favourite, the Grand Vizier Ibrahim, on to Pétervárad; and as soon as the news of this reached Buda, the Council of State issued a summons to the magnates and nobles to appear with their banderia, and the fifth part of their tenantry, in the royal camp at Tolna, by the 2nd July. One messenger was despatched to the Imperial Diet at Spires, another to the Bohemian states, and a third to the Moravian, to entreat for men and money, and Count Hardeck, the king's chamberlain, started for Vienna, to buy arms and powder.

Then at last it began to be a question who should be entrusted with the command of the army when it was assembled; as for giving it to Zápolya János, no one in Buda would think of it, for he was to be deposed from the Vajdaship of Transylvania as soon as practicable, and the hatred and mistrust of him at the court were so great, that he was even accused of having a secret understanding with the Sultan, and was scarcely less dreaded by the King and Queen than Soliman himself. For this reason, although it was now evident that the Turkish army would not enter Hungary by way of Transylvania, and

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although Zápolya had a considerable body of troops under arms, still he received no commission to march to the defence of the line of the Save, and was kept in a state of bewilderment and uncertainty by the conflicting orders he received.

By the middle of June, the Grand Vizier had reached Belgrade, but, as if there were a curse on the unhappy land, no one part of it showed any readiness to obey the call to arms, and nowhere was there any sign of earnest preparation. On the twenty-second of the month, therefore, the council determined to rouse the people from their fancied security, by sending out heralds, with the bloody sword which had not been seen for many a long year, and at the same time they commanded Báthory and other lords to go forth to the defence of the line of the Drave. But, by the beginning of July, the Palatine was in Buda again, complaining that the other lords had not joined him, and that it was impossible for him to hold the position alone with a handful of peasants. He had been preceded by the startling news that the enemy had already crossed the Save, and now followed one Job's messenger on the heels of the other. The strongholds of Syrmia had been taken, Soliman himself was in Belgrade, and the Grand Vizier on the 12th July stood before the important fortress of Pétervárad, which Bishop Tomory, with his few troops, was powerless to relieve. In vain he entreated that 10,000 or 12,000 men might be sent to the rescue; no one would stir until the King himself had taken the field; and, while these calamitous tidings came pouring in, Lajos was still sitting quietly in the palace of Buda, and there was not a man in the camp at Tolna.

At last, on the 20th July, Lajos set out; but the general apathy and helplessness are sufficiently illustrated by the fact, that the troops of the King and Queen together with the Banderia of the Archbishop, did not amount to more than 3,000 men. They proceeded slowly by short marches, so as to give the nobles time to come up with them, and by the third day they had reached the island of Csepel, where Lajos took leave of his young wife, who returned to Buda, there to remain under the care of the Bishop of Vészprém, Bornemisza, and a few hundred troops, who were charged to conduct her to Presburg in case of need.

A day or two later there appeared a messenger from Zápolya, saying that his master was ready to obey the King's orders, but that he had received so many and such contradictory ones that he did not know what to do. First he had been summoned to Buda, then he had been told to cross the Danube and fall upon the Turks in the rear in conjunction with the Vajda of Wallachia, and then again he had been summoned by Báthory to Buda; for his own part he judged it best to join the King, and therefore begged for fresh and definite orders. At the next halt therefore Lajos sent the Vajda word that he was to hurry to Tolna immediately on pain of high treason, and on his march gather together all the loitering troops of the counties through which he passed. But

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the order was given much too late, for with the greatest exertion it would have been impossible for Zápolya to have reached Tolna in time.

Now arrived the grievous tidings of the fall of Pétervárad, and Lajos sent stringent orders to all parts of the kingdom urging the instant despatch of troops to Tolna where he himself arrived on the 5th of August, and was joined by a few thousand hired troops and a few lords with their banderia.

Anxious deliberations as to what was to be done followed, and it was determined that the Palatine, with certain of the lords-banneret, should be sent to Eszek to stop the passage of the enemy across the Drave and Save; but even at this supreme moment the lords were base enough to hold back and stand upon their privilege of not going to battle except under the immediate command of the sovereign. This inflamed the King's wrath, much to the astonishment of the courtiers who believed him to be utterly apathetic, and he exclaimed in the council, 'I see! every one shelters himself behind me. I have brought my head into danger here to expose it to every peril for your welfare and that of the fatherland; come on then! No one shall make me an excuse for his cowardice; to-morrow, please God, I will go with you whither others will not go without me.'

The King's bold words were received with enthusiasm by those who were eager for battle, but Brodarics and the Bishop of Bosnia entreated him to follow the advice of Tomory, that he should endeavour to make peace with Soliman even at the cost of paying tribute, or if he was determined to fight that he should at least wait for the arrival of the rest of the army. But this prudent counsel was not followed, and on the fourteenth Lajos set out with his little army, and arrived in two days at Báta, where he asked the bannerets each separately whom he wished to have for his general. There were few warriors to choose from, and the choice fell almost unanimously upon the Archbishop of Kalócsa and Zápolya György, Count of the Zips. Tomory, who had come to the camp to be present at the council, entreated in vain that he a monk and priest might not be saddled with a responsibility to which he felt himself unequal; but he was obliged to yield, Zápolya accepting the chief command only until the arrival of his brother János, who was then to divide it with him. To this Lajos consented, and the council then determined to encamp at Mohács and there await the enemy. At this point the Danube divides into two branches; on the one to the right which is the smaller, lie Báta, Szekcsö, and Mohács, and about two miles south of the latter the marshy stream of Karassó flows into the Danube. The low lands lying along the stream which had been filled with morasses by the recent rains, are surrounded by vine-clad hills, and half a mile above Mohács the plain is intersected by another marshy stream called Csele. The royal camp was pitched a mile below Mohács, and Tomory's men, who by this time numbered about 5,000, were encamped at the same distance from the Karassó. Obviously the inten-

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tion was to await here the arrival of Zápolya and other reinforcements, as scarcely any preparations had been made to hinder the passage of the enemy across the Danube; but now the little army was seized with such a sudden and unaccountable eagerness for battle, and was so confident of victory, that when Tomory wanted to move his camp nearer to the King's, the troops refused to obey, crying that 'it would be a retreat, and that the King had far better leave the cowardly priests, and come into their camp and lead them to the Danube, for, though the enemy might be numerous, not a tenth or a twentieth part of them were properly armed.' Thus the two camps remained apart until one night when Podmaniczky, the leader of some Polish recruits, came to the King with the message that the Turks had crossed the Drave, that it was now impossible to avoid a battle, and therefore they begged he would come into the camp and lead the eager troops to victory. Lajos at once despatched his Chancellor Brodarics to moderate the fool-hardiness of the army and its leaders, for only a few days before Zápolya and Count Frangepan had strongly expressed their disapproval at the army's having been brought into the vicinity of the enemy instead of waiting in Buda or some other safe place until the whole force were assembled; they had also conjured the King and the generals not to risk a battle before their arrival, and Zápolya especially had announced that his army was so numerous he had the most confident hope of victory. But it was in vain that Brodarics repeated all this in Tomory's camp, and equally in vain that Lajos himself strove to postpone the battle. Even the Archbishop, who a short time before had been willing to purchase peace by the payment of tribute, was now infected by the general enthusiasm and was full of confidence in the result of the battle, saying in answer to the inquiry of the astonished King, that there were 20,000 fighting men in the two Hungarian camps, and that although rumour placed the numbers of the Turkish force at 300,000, there were hardly 70,000 regular troops, and as for Soliman's guns they were manned chiefly by Germans and Italians, who would as he was told, fire upon the Turks as soon as the battle began.

The question whether to retreat or give battle had not yet been decided when a deputation arrived from Tomory's camp, and, after a private audience with the King, thus addressed the council of war.

'We exhort you not to withhold the King any longer from the battle, for we have reconnoitred and found out the strength of the Turks; there are a good many of them certainly, but the victory is ours. Come then with the King into our camp, which is nearer to the enemy, and more conveniently situated for the attack than your own. We will cut to pieces any one who dares to give the King any other advice, and if you hesitate much longer we will break up the camp!'

Discipline apparently was well-nigh at an end, and the leaders, finding themselves unable to control the infatuated multitude, tried to be hopeful and resolved to give battle, though they knew that neither

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Zápolya, Frangepan, nor the foreign auxiliaries could possibly arrive in time.

When the council broke up, the young and witty Bishop of Nagyvárad said to the King, 'On the day of battle, 20,000 Hungarians will go to the kingdom of heaven with brother Paul (Tomory); pray, your Majesty, send Brodarics to the Pope, with the request that he will set apart this day in the mass-book, as the festival of the 20,000 Hungarian martyrs.'

The next day Tomory with much difficulty succeeded in getting his men to join the royal camp, and shortly after the strength of the whole army was raised, by the arrival of several small reinforcements, to six or eight and twenty thousand men—a number which shows plainly enough that the orders of the Diet had not been obeyed; for had the banderia of the lords spiritual and temporal contained their full complement of men, and had the nobles and the fifth-part of the peasantry assembled under the standards of the counties, there must have been more than 100,000 soldiers to oppose to the Turks.

It was on the 26th August that the first skirmishers of the Turkish army encountered the Hungarian outposts. Soliman had crossed the Drave, burnt and plundered Eszek, and now, through rain and fog, his men had toiled painfully onwards amid swollen streams and morasses, until, on the 27th, it had taken up a position south of Baranyavár. The next day was dedicated to repose, and the 29th was fixed for the battle, which must decide the fate of Hungary for centuries. Meanwhile, there was much consultation in the Hungarian camp as to the order of battle, and it was proposed by the Pole Gnojenszky, that they should barricade and entrench the camp, and there await the enemy; but his advice was rejected, partly because there was not time to follow it, and partly also because, despite the odds against them, the Magyars preferred to try their fortune in the open plain.

Then came the question how the King was to be guarded from danger, and some thought he had better take his stand at a safe distance from the field of battle; but this was overruled by others, who declared that the army would not be satisfied without seeing him in its midst, and it was determined that the care of him should be committed to three men in whom he had full confidence, who should shield him during the battle, and conduct him to a place of safety, if things took an unfavourable turn.

The 29th August rose bright and beautiful after the late constant rain, and when the generals had drawn up the army in battle array, in a meadow a mile below Mohács, and half-a-mile from the Danube, Báthory led the King through the lines, exhorting the troops to fight bravely and faithfully, as their forefathers had done, for the fatherland and the King, who was exposing his life to equal danger with theirs. Lajos, too, addressed them in a similar strain, but his soul was full of sad foreboding, and when his steward asked him where he would have his dinner served, he answered despondingly, 'God alone knows where we shall dine to-day.'

As he returned to his position in the centre of the army, surrounded by the bishops, the trumpets sounded, but there was no response from the enemy, who was indeed not so near at hand as had been supposed.

Soliman and the main body of the army had not left the camp at Baranyavár till that morning, and it was noon before the Sultan ascended the rising ground, from which he beheld the Hungarian order of battle, and where, seated on a golden throne, he held a council of war. Then he commanded the banners to be unfurled, and raising his hands to heaven, he exclaimed, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, 'My God! strength and power belong unto Thee, help and protection are from Thee; stand by the people of Mohammed.'

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and the Hungarian army, which had been for eight hours under arms, was preparing to return to the camp, thinking that the Turks intended to postpone the attack, when suddenly Tomory perceived a long silver line winding among the hills in the rear and entering the valley of Mohács. It was a body of 7,000 Turkish cavalry, which had been detached under the command of Balibeg, and were betrayed by the glitter of their arms; and Tomory, being unwilling to disturb the order of battle, despatched against them Báskay, and the others who had been specially commissioned to guard the King's person. At the same moment the whole of the Turkish army began to move down from the hills, having the Sultan in the midst, surrounded by his body guard.

The trumpets on both sides sounded for the attack, and Lajos put on his silver helmet, turning deadly pale as he did so, to the consternation of the bystanders. With a shock like that of two thunderclouds the armies met, and after an heroic fight of about an hour the gigantic Turkish army began to yield before the handful of Hungarians, and soon fled helter-skelter towards Földvár, while Tomory, shouting 'The victory is ours!' rushed in pursuit, and Bathory Andras swept the King along with him in the victorious tide. Of three-and-thirty heroes who had vowed themselves to death to kill Soliman himself, three succeeded in pressing close up to him, cut down several of the body-guard and fell themselves only when their horses were ham-strung under them.[1]

But whether the Turks fled designedly, or whether they really were thrown into disorder by the *élan* of the Hungarians, as seems more probable, certain it is that the ranks of the fugitives suddenly opened and disclosed 300 cannon which, hitherto silent, instantly poured their murderous fire into the midst of the victorious multitude, scarcely ten paces distant. At the first discharge, Tomory and Zápolya, the heroes of the army and the foremost in the pursuit, fell dead; the cry of victory was exchanged for a cry of death, and after a gallant but vain attempt had been made to charge the guns, the great national standard fell to the ground, the Turks closed in on all sides, and the fate of the devoted

[1] They are mentioned only by the Turkish historians, for they all perished in their gallant attempt, not one being left to tell the tale to his countrymen.

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Hungarian army was sealed, though for a time it continued to fight desperately. Very few contrived to make their escape, in spite of the favouring darkness and the torrents of rain which had again begun to fall. The two archbishops, five bishops, eight-and-twenty magnates and officers of state, five hundred nobles, and 24,000 men lay dead on the field. As for Lajos, a few of the courtiers had managed at the last moment to extricate him from the throng, and under shelter of a violent storm, had hurried him away from the fatal spot and set out for Buda. On the way they had to cross the marshy stream Csele; but the King's horse was weary, and in struggling to clamber up the steep slippery bank, lost its footing, fell backwards, and buried itself and its rider in the deep watery morass.

Thus ended the fatal day of Mohács, a day which Hungary still remembers with a shudder. It had been decided in the short space of one hour and a half; but its effects have been felt for centuries, they are felt even to the present day. It was more fatal than Varna, more fatal than Muhi and the occupation of the Mongols; in fact, it was the most calamitous event that had befallen Hungary in the whole course of her existence. Soliman surveyed the field of battle, and the next day, sitting on the throne in his tent, with 2,000 heads piled as trophies before him, he distributed rewards among his viziers, and gave permission for the work of plunder to begin. Mohács was fired, and the army marched slowly on by the flooded and almost impassable roads towards Buda, while robber-hordes scoured the whole district between Raab and the Drave, plundering, devastating, and burning, leaving heaps of ashes and dead bodies to mark their course, and dragging prisoners away to the camp. These latter, to the number of 4,000, were soon after murdered in cold blood by order of the Sultan, who at the same time, forbade the bringing in of any more captives.

It was midnight on the 30th of August, when the news of the destruction of the army reached Buda, and the Queen at once fled to Presburg. Her example was followed by the well-to-do portion of the population, and the Danube was covered with ships laden with property of all sorts. Fifty bowmen remained to guard the palace, but absolutely no preparations were made for the defence of the capital, and the citizens finding themselves thus abandoned, sent the keys of the city to the Sultan, who arrived on the 10th of September, and strictly forbade all plunder and ill-treatment of the inhabitants. Nevertheless, fires very soon broke out in different quarters, and though the Grand Vizier made strenuous exertions to save at least the great church, they were all in vain; almost the whole of Buda was consumed, and only the royal castle, where the Sultan had taken up his abode, was saved from the general destruction.

Meanwhile the bands of plunderers extended their ravages as far as Styria and Austria, burning and murdering, whether the unhappy people resisted them or not. The third day after the peaceable surrender of

Pécs, the inhabitants were called together in the market-place and butchered, and the beautiful country houses round Buda, belonging to the magnates, were all destroyed. Visegrád was saved by peasants and monks. Gran, abandoned by its garrison, was saved by Nagy Mihály, a halberdier. Near Marót, between Dömös and Gran, some of the fugitives from the neighbourhood had entrenched themselves in a camp, and succeeded in repulsing several attacks of the enemy, until, after two whole days of desperate resistance, their fortifications were destroyed by heavy artillery. Among the hard-pressed Magyars was Dobozi Mihály, a gallant soldier, who had performed prodigies of valour both here and at Mohács. Seeing that all was lost, and that his death could not profit his country, while if his life were spared it would only be that he might become a Turkish slave, he mounted his war-horse, and taking his wife up behind him, determined to make one last effort to save himself and her. On they sped like the wind, while a fiery glow behind them told that the camp was in flames; but their flight had been observed, and soon a hundred cruel bloodhounds were following in pursuit, determined that not one should escape them. The horse faltered beneath his double load, and in vain Dobozi spurred him on. The Turks were gaining on them rapidly, and were already uttering their horrid yell of triumph. Death for him, slavery for her, such was the inevitable prospect before them, and rather than leave her to such a fate, Dobozi at last yielding to her piteous entreaties that she might die by his hand, dismounted from his weary horse, plunged his dagger into her heart, and then, turning like a stag at bay upon his pursuers, fought for a few instants with the fury of despair, and then fell dead by her side. Kisfaludy Sándor, the well-known Hungarian poet, has worthily commemorated their sad fate, but thousands of such-like tragedies were enacted, of which the world knows nothing. Five-and-twenty thousand persons were massacred at Marót without distinction of age or sex; but Stuhlweissenburg, Tata, and Komorn, were spared for the present, as Soliman was anxious to begin the homeward march.

On the fatal day of Mohács, Count Frangepan had already reached Agram with a considerable force, and some Bohemian and Moravian auxiliaries had arrived at Stuhlweissenburg and Raab, while Zápolya, whose troops were at Szegedin, had started the previous day for the royal camp, to try and prevent the battle's taking place. He must almost have heard the thunder of the guns which announced the ruin of his country, and when the news of the disaster reached him, he returned to Szegedin to busy himself with plans for securing the throne.

'Nothing,' says Jónai Mór, 'has washed from Zápolya János the suspicion of posterity that he purposely held aloof from the battle,' but, whether the suspicion is justified seems uncertain, though Verancsics asserts that he had had a secret meeting with the Grand Vizier Ibrahim. Szerémi says that he had written to the Sultan, and received a very friendly answer from him, and the Archduke Ferdinand openly accuses

him of having an understanding with the Turks. The knowledge of the ambitious hopes he entertained and the course he pursued after the disaster of Mohács naturally made people suspicious of him, but his delay in joining the camp at Tolna, seems to be fully accounted for by the hatred and mistrust which withheld the King from summoning him until it was too late. Turkish accounts say that some Hungarian nobles waited on the Sultan in Pest, asked to have the Vajda for their King, and received a gracious answer.

On the 25th September, after burning down Pest and loading his ships with the treasures of the royal palace, the remains of the library of King Mátyás and the statues of Hercules, Apollo and Diana, Soliman set out on the homeward march along the left bank of the Danube, making a waste of the wide district between the Danube and the Tisza, firing Szegedin, and destroying all the inhabitants of Bács who had fortified and taken refuge in the church. Early in October the whole army recrossed the Danube, leaving garrisons only in the border fortresses; for Soliman had come not, as he said, to conquer Hungary, but to take vengeance for the treatment of his ambassador, and a fearful vengeance truly he had taken, for 200,000 human beings had perished or been dragged into slavery, and wherever the locust-like swarms had passed, they had left the blackness of ruin and desolation behind them.

After some search, the King's body was found already buried by some unknown hand near the morass in which he had perished; but he was borne thence to Stuhlweissenburg, where the royal tomb of the Árpáds was opened for the last time to receive a King of Hungary.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PEBBLES.

'O no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't. Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man.'

Cymbeline.

When Julius, according to custom, opened his study shutters at half-past six, to a bright sunrise, his eldest brother stood before the window. 'Well, how are they?' he said.

'All right, thank you; the child woke, had some food, and slept well and naturally after it; and Rose has been quite comfortable and at rest since midnight. You saved us from a great deal, Raymond.'

'Ah!' with a sound of deep relief, 'may Julia only turn out as sweet a piece of womanhood as her mother. Julius, I never understood half what that dear wife of yours was till yesterday.'

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'I was forced to cut our gratitude very short,' said Julius, laying his hand on his brother's shoulder. 'You know I've always taken your kindness as a matter of course.'

'I should think so,' said Raymond, the more moved of the two. 'I *tell* you, Julius, that Rosamond was to me the only redeeming element in the day. I wanted to know whether you could walk with me to ask after that poor girl; I hear she came home with her grandmother.'

'Gladly,' said Julius. 'I ought to have gone last night; but what with Rose, and the baby, and Terry, I am afraid I forgot everything.' He disappeared, and presently issued from the front door in his broad hat, while Raymond enquired for Terry.

'He is asleep now, but he has been very restless, and there is something about him I don't like. Did not Worth say he would come and look at the baby?'

'Yes, but chiefly to pacify Rosamond, about whom he was the most uneasy.'

'She is quite herself now; but you look overdone, Raymond. Have you had any sleep?'

'I have not lain down. When we came home at four o'clock, Cecil was quite knocked up, excited, and hysterical. Her maid advised me to leave her to her; so I took a bath, and came down to wait for you.'

Julius would have liked to see the maid who could have soothed his Rosamond last night without him! He only said, however, 'Is Frank come down? My mother rather expected him.'

'Yes, he came to the race-ground.'

'Indeed! He was not with you when you came back, or were we not sufficiently rational to see him?'

'Duncombe gave a dinner at the hotel, and carried him off to it. I'm mortally afraid there's something amiss in that quarter. What, didn't you know that Duncombe's filly failed?'

'No, indeed, I did not.'

'The town was ringing with it. Beaten out-and-out by Fair Phyllida! a beast that took them all by surprise—nothing to look at—but causing, I fancy, a good deal of distress. They say the Duncombes will be done for. I only wish Frank was clear; but that unhappy engagement has thrown him in with Sir Harry's set, and he was with them all day—hardly spoke to me. To a fellow like him, a veteran scamp, like old Vivian, with his benignant looks, is ten times more dangerous than men of his own age. However, having done the damage, they seem to have thrown him off. Miss Vivian would not speak to him at the ball.'

'Eleonora! I don't know how to think it!'

'What you cannot *think* a Vivian can *do* and does!' said Raymond, bitterly. 'My belief is that he was decoyed into being fleeced by the father, and now they have done their worst, he is cast off. He came home with us, but sat outside, and I could not get a word out of him.'

'I hope my mother may.'

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'If he be not too far gone for her. I always did expect some such termination, but not with this addition.'

'I don't understand it now—Lena!'

'I only wonder at your surprise. The girl has been estranged from us all for a long time. If it is at an end, so much the better. I only wish we were none of us ever to see the face of one of them again.'

Julius knew from his wife that there were hopes for Raymond, but of course he might not speak, and he was revolving these words, which had a vehemence unlike the wont of the speaker, when he was startled by Raymond's saying, 'Julius, you were right. I have come to the conclusion that no consideration shall ever make me sanction races again.'

'I am glad,' began Julius.

'You would not be glad if you had seen all I saw yesterday. You must have lent me your eyes, for when you spoke before of the evils, I thought you had picked a Utopian notion, and were running a-muck with it, like an enthusiastic young clergyman. For my own part I can't say I ever came across anything offensive. Of course I know where to find it, as one does wherever one goes, but there was no call to run after it, and as we were used to the affair, it was a mere matter of society——'

'No, it could never be any temptation to you,' said Julius.

'No, nor to any other reasonable man; and I should add, though perhaps you might not allow it, that so long as a man keeps within his means, he has a right to enhance his excitement and amusement by bets.'

'Umph! He has a right then to tempt others to their ruin, and create a class of speculators who live by gambling.'

'You need not go on trying to demolish me. I was going to say that had only thought of the demoralisation, from the betting side, but yesterday; it was as if you had fascinated my eyes to look behind the scenes. I could not move a step without falling on something abominable. Roughs, with every passion up to fever pitch, ferocity barely kept down by fear of the police, gambling everywhere, innocent young things looking on at coarseness as part of the humour of the day, foul language, swarms of vagabond creatures, whose trade is to minister to the license of such occasions. I declare that your wife was the only being I saw display a spark of any sentiment human nature need not blush for!'

'Nay, Raymond, I begin to wonder whose is the exaggerated feeling now.'

'You were not there,' was the answer, and they were here interrupted by crossing the path of the policeman, evidently full of an official communication.

'I did not expect to see you so early, sir,' he said. 'I was coming up to the hall to report to you after I had been in to the superintendent.'

'What is it?'

'There has been a burglary at Mrs. Hornblower's, sir. If you please, sir,' to Julius, 'when is the Reverend Mr. Bowater expected home?'

'Not before Monday. Is anything of his taken?'

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'Yes, sir. A glass case has been broken open, and a silver cup and oar, prizes for sports at college, I believe, have been abstracted. Also the money from the till below; and I am sorry to say, young Hornblower is absconded, and suspicion lays heavy on him. They do say the young man staked heavily on that mare of Captain Duncombe's.'

'You had better go on to the superintendent now,' said Raymond. 'You can come to me for a summons if you can find any traces.'

Poor Mrs. Hornblower, what horror for her, and poor Herbert too, who would acutely feel this ingratitude. The blackness of it was beyond what Julius thought probable in the lad, and the discussion of it occupied the brothers till they reached the Reynolds colony, where they were received by the daughter-in-law, a much more civilized person than old Betty.

After Fanny's dislocated arm had been set, the surgeon had sent her home in the Rectory carriage, saying that there was so much fever in Wilsbro', that she would be likely to recover better at home; but she had been suffering and feverish all night, and Dan Reynolds was now gone in quest of 'Drake,' for whom she had been calling all night.

'Is he her husband?' asked Julius.

'Well, I don't know, sir; leastways, Granny says he ought to be answerable for what's required.'

Mrs. Reynolds further betrayed that the family had not been ignorant of Fanny's career since she had run away from home, leaving her child on her grandmother's hands. She had made her home in one of the yellow vans which circulate between fairs and races, driving an ostensible trade in cheap toys, but really existing by setting up games, which were really forms of gambling, according to the taste of the people and the toleration of the police. From time to time, she had appeared at home, late in the evening, with small sums of money and presents for her boy, and Mrs. Dan believed that she thought herself as good as married to 'that there Drake.' She was reported to be asleep, and the place 'all of a caddle,' and Julius promised to call later in the day.

'Yes, sir,' said Mrs. Reynolds; 'it would be a right good thing, poor girl. She've a kind heart they all do say; not as I know, not coming here till she was gone, nor wanting to know much on her, for 'twas a right bad way she was in, and 'twere well if them nasty races were put down by Act of Parliament, for they be the very ruin of the girls in these parts.'

'There's a new suggestion, Raymond,' said Julius, as he shut the garden gate.

Raymond was long in answering, and when he spoke, it was to say, 'I shall withdraw from the subscription to the Wilsbro' Cup.'

'So much the better.'

Then Raymond began discussing the terms of the letter in which he would state his reasons, but with an amount of excitement that made Julius say, 'I should think it better not to write in this first heat. It

will take more effect if it is not so visibly done on the spur of the moment.'

But the usually deliberate Raymond exclaimed, 'I cannot rest till it is done. I feel as if I must be like Lady Macbeth, continually washing my hands of all this wreck and ruin.'

'No wonder; but I should think there was great need of caution—to use your own words.'

'My seat must go, if this is to be the price,' said Raymond. 'I felt through all the speeches at that gilt gingerbread place, that it was a monument of my truckling to expediency. We began the whole thing at the wrong end, and I fear we are beginning to see the effects.'

'Do you mean that you are anxious about that fever in Water Lane?'

'There was an oppressive sickly air about everything, strongest at the ball. I can't forget it,' said Raymond, taking off his hat, so that the morning air might play about his temples. 'We talked about meddling women, but the truth was that they were shaming us by doing what they could.'

'I hope others will see it so. Is not Whitlock to be mayor next time?'

'Yes. He may do something. Well, they will hardly unseat me! I should not like to see Moy in my place, and it would be a sore thing for my mother; but,' he continued, in the same strange dreamy manner, 'everything has turned out so wretchedly that I hardly know or care how it goes.'

'My dear old fellow!'

Raymond had stopped to lean over a gate, where he could look up to the old red house in the green park, set in brightly-tinted trees, all aglow in the morning sunshine. Tears had sprung on his cheeks, and a suppressed sob heaved his chest. Julius ventured to say, 'Perhaps there may yet be a change of mind.'

'No!' was the answer. 'In the present situation there is nothing for it but to sacrifice my last shred of peace to the one who has the chief right—in a certain way.'

They walked on, and he hardly spoke again till, as they reached the Rectory, Julius persuaded him to come in and have a cup of tea; and though he said he must go back and see his friend off, he could not withstand the sight of Rosamond at the window, fresh and smiling, with her child in her arms.

'Not a bit a-worse for her dissipation,' she merrily said. 'Oh, the naughty little thing!—to have begun with the turf, and then the "Three Pigeons!" Aren't you ashamed of her, papa? Sit down, Raymond; how horribly tired you do look.'

'Ha! What's this?' exclaimed Julius, who had been opening the post-bag. 'Here's a note from the Bishop, desiring me to come to the palace to-day, if possible.'

'Oh!' cried Rosamond. 'What is there vacant—isn't there a canonry or a chaplaincy?'

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'Or an archbishopric or two,' said Julius. 'The pony can do it, I think, as there will be a long rest. If he seems fagged, I can put up at Backworth and take a fly.'

'You'll let James drive you,' said Rosamond.

'I had rather not,' said Julius. 'It may be better to be alone.'

'He is afraid of betraying his elevation to James,' laughed Rosamond.

'Mrs. Daniel Reynolds to see you, sir.'

This was with the information that that there trapesing chap, Drake, had fetched off poor Fanny in his van. He had been in trouble himself, having been in custody for some misdemeanour when she was thrown down; but as soon as he was released, he had come in search of her, and though at first he seemed willing to leave her to be nursed at home, he had no sooner heard of the visitors of that morning, than he had sworn he would have no parsons meddling with his poor gal; she was good enough for him, and he would not have a pack of nonsense put in her head to set her again him.

'He's good to her, sir,' said Mrs. Reynolds, 'I think he be; but he is a very ignorant man. He tell'd us once as he was born in one of they vans, and hadn't never been to school nor nothin', nor heard tell of God, save in the way of bad words; he've done nothin' but go from one races and fairs to another, just like the gipsies, though he bain't a gipsy neither; but he's right down attacted to poor Fanny, and good to her.'

'Another product of the system,' said Raymond.

'Like the gleeman, whom we see through a picturesque medium,' said Julius; 'but who could not have been pleasant to the mediæval clergyman. I have hopes of poor Fanny yet. She will drift home one of these days, and we shall get hold of her.'

'What a fellow you are for hoping!' returned Raymond, a little impatiently.

'Why not?' said Julius.

'Why? I should say ——' replied Raymond, setting out to walk home, where he was to preside over his friend's breakfast and departure, receiving a little banter over his solicitude for the precious infant. Cecil was still in bed, and Frank was looking ghastly, and moved and spoke like one in a dream. Raymond was relieved to hear him pleading with Susan for admission to his mother's room much earlier than usual.

Susan took pity and let him in; when at once he flung himself into a chair, with his face hidden on the bed, and exclaimed, 'Mother, it is all over with me!'

'My dear boy, what can have happened?'

'Mother, you remember those two red pebbles. Could you believe that she has sold hers?'

'Are you sure she has? I heard that they had a collection of such things from the lapidary at Rockpier.'

'No, mother, that is no explanation. When I found that I should be able to come down, I sent a card to Lady Tyrrell, saying I would meet

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them on the race-ground, a post-card, so that Lena might see it. When I came, there was no Lena, only some excuse about resting for the ball—lying down with a bad headache, and so forth—making it plain that I need not go on to Sirenwood. By-and-by, there was some mild betting with the ladies, and Lady Tyrrell said, "There's a chance for you, Bee; don't I see the very fellow to Conny's charm?" Whereupon, that girl Conny pulled out the very stone I gave Lena three years ago at Rockpier. I asked, yes, I asked—Lena had sold it; Lena, at the bazaar; Lena, who ——'

'Stay, Frank, is this trusting Lena as she bade you trust her? How do you know that there were no other such pebbles?'

'You have not seen her as I have done. There has been a gradual alienation—holding aloof from us, and throwing herself into the arms of those Strangeways. It is no fault of her sister's. She has lamented it to me.'

'Or pointed it out. Did she know the history of these pebbles?'

'No one did. Lena was above all reserved with her.'

'Camilla Tyrrell knows a good deal more than she is told. Where's your pebble? You did not stake that?'

'Those who had one were welcome to the other.'

'Oh, my poor foolish Frank! May it not be gone to tell the same tale of you that you think was told of her? Is this all?'

'Would that it were!'

'Well, go on, my dear. Was she at the ball?'

'Surrounded by all that set. I was long in getting near her, and then she said her card was full; and when I made some desperate entreaty, she said, in an undertone, that stabbed me by its very calmness, "After what has passed to-day, the less we meet the better." And she moved away, so as to cut me off from another word.'

'After what had passed! Was it the parting with the stone?'

'Not only. I got a few words with Lady Tyrrell. She told me that early impressions had given Lena a kind of fanatical horror of betting, and that she had long ago made a sort of vow against a betting man. Lady Tyrrell said she had laughed at it, but had no notion it was seriously meant; and I—I never even heard of it!'

'Nor are you a betting man, my Frank.'

'Ay! mother, you have not heard all.'

'You are not in a scrape, my boy?'

'Yes, I am. You see I lost my head after the pebble transaction. I couldn't stand small talk, or bear to go near Raymond; so I got among some other fellows with Sir Harry ——'

'And excitement and distress led you on?'

'I don't know what came over me. I could not stand still for fear I should feel. I must be mad on something. Then, that mare of Duncombe's, poor fellow, seemed a personal affair to us all; and Sir Harry, and a few other knowing old hands, went working one up, till betting

higher and higher seemed the only way of supporting Duncombe, besides relieving one's feelings. I know it was being no end of a fool; but you haven't felt it, mother!'

'And Sir Harry took your bets?'

'One must fare and fare alike,' said Frank.

'How much have you lost?'

'I've lost Lena, that's all I know,' said the poor boy; but he produced his book, and the sum appalled him. 'Mother,' he said, in a broken voice, 'there's no fear of its happening again. I can never feel like this again. I know it is the first time one of your sons has served you so, and I can't even talk of sorrow, it seems all swallowed up in the other matter. But if you will help me to meet it, I will pay you back ten or twenty pounds every quarter.'

'I think I can, Frankie. I had something in hand towards my own possible flitting. Here is the key of my desk. Bring me my banker's book and my cheque book.'

'Mother! mother!' he cried, catching her hand and kissing it, 'what a mother you are!'

'You understand,' she said, 'that it is because I believe you were not master of yourself, and that this is the exception, not the habit, that I am willing to do all I can for you.'

'The habit! No, indeed! I never staked more than a box of gloves before; but what's the good, if she has made a vow against me?'

Mrs. Poynsett was silent for a few moments, then she said, 'My poor boy, I believe you are both victims of a plot. I suspect that Camilla Tyrrell purposely let you see that pebble-token, and be goaded into gambling, that she might have a story to tell her sister, when she had failed to shake her constancy and principle in any other way.'

'Mother, that would make her out a fiend. She has been my good and candid friend all along. You don't know her.'

'What would a friend have done by you yesterday?'

'She neither saw nor heard my madness. No, mother, Lenore's heart has been going from me for months past, and she is glad of this plea for release, believing me unworthy. Oh! that stern face of hers, set like a head of Justice, with not a shade of pity—so beautiful—so terrible! It will never cease to haunt me.'

He sat in deep despondency, while Mrs. Poynsett overlooked her resources; but presently he started up saying, 'There's one shadow of a hope. I'll go over to Sirenwood, insist on seeing her, and having an explanation. I have a right, whatever I did yesterday; and you have forgiven me for that, mother!'

'I think it is the most hopeful way. If you can see her without interposition, you will at least come to an understanding. Here, you had better take this cheque for Sir Harry.'

When he was gone, she wondered whether she had been justified in encouraging him in defending Eleonora. Was this not too like another

form of the treatment Raymond had experienced? Her heart bled for her boy, and she was ready to cry aloud, 'Must that woman always be the destroyer of my sons' peace?'

When Frank returned, it was with a face that appalled her, by its blank despair, as he again flung himself down beside her.

'She is gone,' he said.

'Gone!'

'Gone, and with the Strangeways. I saw her.'

'Spoke to her?'

'Oh no. The carriage turned the corner as I crossed the road. The two girls were there, and she——'

'Going with them to the station?'

'I thought so; I went to the house, meaning to leave my enclosure for Sir Harry and meet her on her way back; but I heard she was gone to stay with Lady Susan in Yorkshire. Sir Harry was not up, nor Lady Tyrrell.'

Mrs. Poynsett's hope failed, though she was relieved that Camilla's tongue had not been in action. She was dismayed at the prone exhausted manner in which Frank lay, partly on the floor, partly against her couch, with his face hidden.

'Do you know where she is gone?'

'Yes, Revelrig, Cleveland, Yorkshire.'

'I will write to her. Whatever may be her intentions, they shall not be carried out under any misrepresentation that I can contradict. You have been a foolish fellow, Frankie; but you shall not be painted worse than you are. She owes you an explanation, and I will do my best that you shall have it. My dear, what is the matter?'

She rang her bell hastily, and upheld the sinking head till help came. He had not lost consciousness, and called it giddiness, and he was convicted of having never gone to bed last night, and having eaten nothing that morning; but he turned against the wine and soup with which they tried to dose him, and looking crushed and bewildered, said he would go and lie down in his own room.

Raymond went up with him, and returned saying he only wanted to be alone, with his face from the light; and Mrs. Poynsett, gazing at her eldest son, thought he looked as ill and sunken as his younger brother.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A STICKIT MINISTER.

'And the boy not out of him.'
TENNYSON'S *Queen Mary*.

JULIUS had only too well divined the cause of his summons. He found Herbert Bowater's papers on the table before the Bishop, and there was no denying that they showed a declension since last year, and that though, from men without his advantages, they would have been passable, yet

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from him they were evidences of neglect of study and thought. Nor could the cause be ignored by any one who had kept an eye on the cricket reports in the county paper; but Herbert was such a nice, hearty, innocent fellow, and his father was so much respected, that it was with great reluctance that his rejection was decided on, and his Rector had been sent for in case there should be any cause for extenuation.

Julius could not say there was. He was greatly grieved and personally ashamed, but he could plead nothing but his own failure to influence the young man enough to keep him out of a rage for amusement, of which the quantity, not the quality, was the evil. So poor Herbert was sent for to hear his fate, and came back looking stunned. He hardly spoke till they were in the fly that Julius had brought from Backsworth, and then the untamed schoolboy broke forth, 'What are you doing with me? I say, I can't go back to Compton like a dog in a string.'

'Where will you go?'

'I don't care. To Jericho at once, out of the way of everyone. I tell you what, Rector, it was the most ridiculous examination I ever went up for, and I'm not the only man that says so. There was Rivers, of St. Mary's, at Backsworth,—he says the questions were perfectly unreasonable, and what no one could be prepared for. This fellow, Danvers, is a new hand, and they are always worst, setting one a lot of subjects of no possible use but to catch one out. I should like to ask him now what living soul at Compton he expects to be the better for my views on the right reading of——'

Julius interrupted the passionate tones at the lodge by saying, 'If you wish to go to Jericho, you must give directions.'

Herbert gave something between a laugh and a growl.

'I left the pony at Backsworth. Will you come with me to Strawyers and wait in the park till I send Jenny out to you?'

'No, I say. I know my father will be in a greater rage than he ever was in in his life, and I won't go sneaking about. I'd like to go to London, to some hole where no one would ever hear of me. If I were not in Orders already, I'd be off to the ivory hunters in Africa, and never be heard of more. If this was to be, I wish they had found it out a year ago, and then I should not have been bound,' continued the poor young fellow, in his simplicity, thinking his thoughts aloud, and his sweet candid nature beginning to recover its balance. 'Now I'm the most wretched fellow going. I know what I've undertaken. It's not your fault, nor poor Joanna's. You've all been at me, but it only made me worse. What could my father be thinking of to make a parson of a fellow like me? Well, I must face it out sooner or later at Compton, and I had better do it there than at home, even if my father would have me.'

'I must go to Strawyers. The Bishop gave me a letter for your father, and I think it will break it a little for your mother. Would you wait for me at Roodhouse? You could go into the chapel, and if they wish for you, I could return and fetch you.'

Herbert caught at this as a relief, and orders were given accordingly. It seemed a cruel moment to tell him of young Hornblower's evasion and robbery, but the police wanted the description of the articles; and, in fact, nothing would have so brought home to him that though Compton might not appreciate minutiæ of Greek criticism, yet the habit of diligence, of which it was the test, might make a difference there. The lingering self-justification was swept away by the sense of the harm his pleasure-seeking had done to the lad whom he had once influenced. He had been fond and proud of his trophies, but he scarcely wasted a thought on them, so absorbed was he in the thought of how he had lorded it over the youth with that late rebuke. The blame he had refused to take on himself then came full upon him now, and he reproached himself too much to be angered at the treachery and ingratitude.

'I can't prosecute,' he said, when Julius asked for the description he had promised to procure.

'We must judge whether it would be true kindness to refrain, if he is captured,' said Julius. 'I had not time to see his mother, but Rosamond will do what she can for her, poor woman.'

'How shall I meet her?' sighed Herbert, and so they arrived at the tranquil little hospital and passed under the deep archway into the grey quadrangle, bright with autumn flowers, and so to the chapel. As they advanced up the solemn and beautiful aisle, Herbert dropped on his knees with his hands over his face. Julius knelt beside him for a moment, laid his hand on the curly brown hair, and whispered a prayer and a blessing, then left him; but ere reaching the door, the low choked sobs of anguish of heart could be heard.

A few steps more, and in the broad walk along the quadrangle, Julius met the frail bowed figure with his saintly face, that seemed to have come out of some sacred bygone age.

Julius told his errand. 'If you could have seen him just now,' he said, 'you would see how much more hope there is of him than of many who never technically fail, but have not the same tender, generous heart, and free humility.'

'Yes, many a priest might now be thankful if some check had come on him.'

'And if he had met it with this freedom from bitterness. And it would be a great kindness to keep him here a day or two. Apart from being with you, the showing himself at Compton or at Strawyers on Sunday would be hard on him.'

'I will ask him. I will gladly have him here as long as the quiet may be good for him. My nephew, William, will be here till the end of the Long Vacation, but I must go to St. Faith's on Monday to conduct the retreat.'

'I leave him in your hands, then, and will call as I return to see what is settled, and report what his family wish. I grieve more for them than for himself.'

Julius first encountered Jenny Bowater in the village making farewell calls. He stopped the carriage and joined her, and not a word was needed to tell her that something was amiss. 'You have come to tell us something,' she said. 'Herbert has failed?'

'Prayers are sometimes answered as we do not expect,' said Julius. 'I believe it will be the making of him.'

'Oh, but how will mamma ever bear it!' cried Jenny.

'We must remind her that it is only a matter of delay, not rejection,' said Julius.

'Have you seen him?'

'Yes, the Bishop sent for me, and asked me to see your father. It was partly from slips in critical knowledge, which betrayed the want of study, and the general want of thought, and progress, and all the rest of it in his papers——'

'Just the fact——'

'Yes, which a man of less reality and more superficial quickness might have concealed by mere intellectual answers, though it might have been much worse for him in the end.'

'Where is he?'

'At Roodhouse. Unless your mother wishes for him here, he had better stay there till he can bear to come among us again.'

'Much better, indeed,' said Jenny. 'I only hope papa and mamma will see how good it is for him to be there. O Julius, if he is taking it in such a spirit, I can think it all right for him; but for them—for them it is very hard to bear. Nothing ever went wrong with the boys before, and Herbert—mamma's darling!' Her eyes were full of tears.

'I wish he had had a better rector,' said Julius.

'No, don't say that. It was not your fault.'

'I cannot tell. An older man, or more truly a holier man, might have had more influence. We were all in a sort of *laissez-aller* state this autumn, and now comes the reckoning.'

'There's papa,' said Jenny. 'Had you rather go to him alone, or can I do any good?'

'I think I will go alone,' said Julius.

Mr. Bowater, who had grown up in a day when examinations were much less earnest matters, never guessed what brought Julius over, but simply thought he had come to wish them good-bye; then believed in any accident rather than in failure, and finally was exceedingly angry, and stormed hotly, first at examinations and modern Bishops, then at cricket and fine ladies, then at Julius, for not having looked after the lad better, and when this was meekly accepted, indignation took a justar direction, and Herbert's folly and idleness were severely lashed, more severely than Julius thought they quite deserved, but a word of pleading only made it worse. Have him home to take leave? No, indeed, Mr. Bowater hoped he knew his duty better as father of a family, when a young man had publicly disgraced himself. 'I'll tell you what, Julius Charnock, if you

wish him to forget all the little impression it may have made, and be ready to run after any amount of folly, you'd make me have him home to be petted and cried over by his mother and sisters. He has been their spoilt pet too long, and I won't have him spoilt now. I'll not see him till he has worked enough to show whether there's any real stuff in him.'

Mr. Bowater never even asked where his son was, probably taking it for granted that he was gone back to Compton; nor did Julius see Jenny again, as she was trying to comfort her mother under the dreadful certainty that poor dear Herbert was most cruelly treated, and that the examining chaplain came of a bad stock, and always had had a dislike to the family. It was to be hoped that Mr. Bowater would keep to his wise resolution, and not send for Herbert, for nothing could be worse for him than the sympathy he would have met with from her.

What with looking in to report at Rood House and finding Herbert most grateful for leave to remain there for a few days, Julius did not reach home till long after dark. Pleasantly did the light greet him from the open doorway where his Rosamond was standing. She sprang at once into his arms as if he had been absent a month, and cried, 'Here you are safe at last!' Then, as she pulled off his wraps, 'How tired you must be. Have you had any food? No—it's all ready;' and he could see 'high tea' spread, and lighted by the first fire of the season. 'Come and begin!'

'What without washing my hands?'

'You are to do that in the study; it is all ready.'

He did not exactly see why he should be too tired to mount to his dressing-room; but he obeyed, not ungratefully, and his chair was ready, his plate heaped with partridge, and his tumbler filled with ale almost before his eyes had recovered the glare of light. The eagerness and flutter of Rosamond's manner began to make him anxious, and he began for the third time the enquiries she had always cut short—'Baby all right? Terry better?'

'Baby—oh yes, a greater duck than ever. I put her to bed myself, and she was quite delicious. Eat, I say; go on.'

'Not unless you eat that other wing.'

'I'll help myself then. You go on. I don't see Herbert, so I suppose it is all right. Where's your canonry?'

'Alas! poor Herbert is plucked. I had to go round by Strawyers to tell them.'

'Plucked! I never heard of such a thing. I think it is a great shame such a nice honest fellow should be so ill-used, and when all his pretty things have been stolen too! Do you know, they've taken up young Hornblower; but his friends have made off with the things, and they say they are in the melting-pot by this time, and there's no chance of recovering them.'

'I don't think he cares much now, poor fellow. Did you see Mrs. Hornblower?'

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'No; by the time I could get my hat on, she had heard it, poor thing, and was gone to Backsworth; for he's there, in the county gaol; was taken at the station, I believe; I don't half understand it.'

Her manner was indeed strange and flighty; and though she recurred to questions about the Ordination and the Bowaters, Julius perceived that she was forcing her attention to the answers as if trying to stave off his inquiries, and he came to closer quarters. 'How is Terry? Has Dr. Worth been here?'

'Yes; but not till very late. He says he never was so busy.'

'Rosamond, what is it? What did he say of Terry?'

'He said'—she drew a long breath—'he says it is the Water Lane fever.'

'Terry, my dear—'

She held him down with a hand on his shoulder—

'Be quiet. Finish your dinner. Dr. Worth said the great point was to keep strong, and not be overdone, nor to go into infected air tired and hungry. I would not have let you come in if there had been any help for it; and now I'll not have you go near him till you've made a good meal.'

'You must do the same then. There, eat that slice, or I won't;' and as she allowed him to place it on her plate, 'What does he call it—not typhus?'

'He can't tell yet; he does not know whether it is infectious or only epidemic; and when he heard how the dear boy had been for days past at the Museum at the Town-hall, and drinking lots of iced water on Saturday, he seemed to think it quite accounted for. He says there is no reason that in this good air he should not do very well; but oh, Julius, I wish I had kept him from that horrid place. They left him in my charge!'

'There is no reason to distress yourself about that, my Rose. He was innocently occupied, and there was no cause to expect harm. There's all good hope for him, with God's blessing. Who is with him now?'

'Cook is there now. Both the maids were so kind and hearty, declaring they would do anything, and were not afraid; and I can manage very well with their help. You know papa had a low fever at Montreal, and mamma and I nursed him through it, so I know pretty well what to do.'

'But how about the baby?'

'Emma came back before the doctor came, crying piteously, poor child, as if she had had a sufficient lesson; so I said she might stay her month on her good behaviour, and now we could not send her out of the house. I have brought the nursery down to the spare room, and in the large attic, with plenty of disinfecting fluid, we can, as the doctor said, isolate the fever. He is quiet and sleepy, and I do not think it will be hard to manage, if you will only be good and conformable.'

'I don't promise, if that means that you are to do everything and I nothing. When did Worth see him?'

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'Not till five o'clock; and he would not have come at all, if Anne had not sent in some one from the hall, when she saw how anxious I was. He would not have come otherwise; he is so horribly busy, with lots of cases at Wilsboro'. Now, if you have done, you may come and see my boy.'

Julius did see a flushed sleeping face that did not waken at his entrance; and as his wife settled herself for her watch, he felt as if he could not leave her after such a day as she had had, but an indefinable apprehension made him ask whether she would spare him to run up to the Hall to see his mother and ask after Raymond, whose looks had haunted him all day. She saw he would not rest otherwise, and did not show how unwilling was her consent, for though she knew little her mind misgave her.

He made his way into the Hall by the back door, and found his mother still in the drawing-room, and Raymond dozing in the large arm-chair by the fire. Mrs. Poynsett gave a warning look as Julius bent over her, but Raymond only opened his eyes with a dreamy gaze, without speaking.

'Why, mother, where are the rest?'

'Poor Frank—I hope it is only the shock and fatigue; but Dr. Worth wished him to be kept as quiet as possible. He can't bear to see any one in the room, so that good Anne said she would sit in Charlie's room close by.'

'Then he is really ill?' said Julius.

'He nearly fainted after walking over to Sirenwood in vain. I don't understand it. There's something very wrong there, which seems perfectly to have crushed him.'

'I'll go up and see him,' said Julius. 'You both of you look as if you ought to be in bed. How is Cecil, Raymond?'

'Quite knocked up,' he sleepily answered. 'Here's Susan, mother.'

Susan must have been waiting till she heard voices to carry off her mistress. Raymond pushed her chair into her room, bent over her with extra tenderness, bade her good-night; and when Julius had done the same, they stood by the drawing-room fire together.

'I've been trying to write that letter, Julius,' said Raymond, 'but I never was so sleepy in my life, and I can't get on with it.'

'What letter?'

'That letter. About the races.'

'Oh! That seems long ago!'

'So it does,' said Raymond, in the same dreamy manner, as if trying to shake something off. 'Some years, isn't it? I wanted it done, somehow. I would sit down to it now, only I have fallen asleep a dozen times over it already.'

'Not very good for composition,' said Julius, alarmed by something indefinable in his brother's look, and by his manner of insisting on what was by no means urgent. 'Come, put it out of your head, and go to bed.'

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'How did you find the boy Terry?' asked Raymond, again as if in his sleep.

'I scarcely saw him. He was asleep.'

'And Worth calls it—?'

'The same fever as in Water Lane.'

'I thought so. We are in for it,' said Raymond, now quite awake. 'He did not choose to say so to my mother, but I gathered it from his orders.'

'But Frank only came down yesterday.'

'Frank was knocked down and predisposed by the treatment he met with, poor boy. They say he drank quarts of iced things at the dinner and ball, and ate nothing. This may be only the effect of the shock, but his head is burning, and there is a disposition to wander. However, he has had his *coup de grâce*, and that may account for it. It is Cecil.'

'Cecil!'

'Cecil, poor child. She has been constantly in that pestiferous place. All Worth would say was that she must be kept quiet and cool, but he has sent the same draughts for all three. I saw, for Terry's came here. I fancy Worth spoke out plainly to that maid of Cecil's, Grindstone, but she only looks bitter at me, says she can attend to her mistress, and has kept me out of the room all day. But I will go in to-night before I go to bed,' added Raymond energetically; 'you are ready to laugh at me, Julius. No one has meddled between you and Rosamond.'

'Thank God, no!' cried Julius.

'Friend abroad, or you may leave out the *r*,' said Raymond, 'maid at home. What chance have I ever had?'

'I'll tell you what I should do, Raymond,' said Julius, 'turn out the maid, keep the field, nurse her myself.'

'Yes,' said Raymond, 'that's all very well if—if you haven't got the fever yourself. There, you need say nothing about it, nobody would be of any use to me to-night, and it may be only that I am dead beat.'

But there was something about his eyes and his heavy breath which confirmed his words, and Julius could only say 'My dear Raymond!'

'It serves us right, does not it?' said his brother smiling. 'I only wish it had not fixed on the one person who tried to do good.'

'If I could only stay with you, but I must tell Rosamond first.'

'No indeed. I want no one to-night, no one; after that, you'll look after my mother, that's the great thing.' He spoke steadily, but his hand trembled so that he could not light his candle, and Julius was obliged to do it, saying wistfully, 'I'll come up the first thing in the morning and see how you are.'

'Do, and if there is need, you will tell my mother. A night's rest may set me right, but I have not felt well these three or four days—I shall be in my own old room.'

He leant heavily on the balusters, but would not take his brother's arm. He passed into his dressing-room, and thus to the open door of the

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room where he heard his wife's voice, and as Mrs. Grindstone came forward to warn him off, he said 'She is awake.'

'Yes, sir, but she must not be excited.'

'Raymond!'

'How are you now?' he asked coming up to the bed.

'Oh! it is very hot and heavy,' said Cecil wearily, putting her hand into his, 'I am aching all over.'

'Poor child,' he said softly.

She lifted her eyes to his face. 'I wanted to tell you all day,' she said. 'Didn't you come to the door?'

'Many times, my dear.'

'And now! Oh dear! I can't recollect. Don't go, please.'

He sat down by her, she held his hand and dozed again.

'You had best leave her now, sir,' said the maid, 'she will only go on in this way, and I can tend her.'

He would have given a great deal to have been sure that he could hold up his head ten minutes longer and to venture to send the woman away. Cecil muttered 'Stay,' and he sat on till her sleep seemed deeper, and he felt as if a few moments more might disable him from crossing the room, but his first movement again made her say 'Don't.'

'Mr. Poynsett cannot stay, ma'am,' said Grindstone, in a persuasive tone. 'He is very tired, and not well, and you would not wish to keep him.'

'Give me a kiss,' she said, like a tired child.

It was not like the shy embrace with which they had sometimes met and parted, but he knew he must not rouse her, and only said very low, 'Good night, my poor dear, God bless you, and grant us a happy meeting, whenever it is.'

Tears were flowing down his cheeks when Julius presently came to him again, and only left him when settled for the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WATER LANE FEVER.

The Water Lane fever. People called it so as blinking its real name, but it was not the less true that it was a very pestilence in the lower parts of Wilsbro'; and was prostrating its victims far and wide among the gentry who had resorted to the Town Hall within the last few weeks.

Cases had long been smouldering among the poor and the workmen employed, and several of these were terminating fatally just as the outbreak was becoming decisive.

On Monday morning Julius returned from visits to his brothers to find a piteous note from Mrs. Fuller entreating him to undertake two funerals. Her husband had broken down on Sunday morning and was very ill, and Mr. Driver had merely read the services and then joined his

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pupils whom he had sent away to the sea-side. He had never been responsible for pastoral care, and in justice to them could not undertake it now. 'Those streets are in a dreadful state,' wrote the poor lady, 'several people dying, and there is such a panic in the neighbourhood that we know not where to turn for help. If you could fix an hour we would let the people know. The doctor insists on the funerals being immediate.'

Julius was standing in the porch reading this letter and thinking what hour he could best spare from nearer claims, when he heard the gate swing and beheld his junior curate with a very subdued and sobered face, asking 'Is it true?'

'That the fever is here? Yes, it is.'

'And very bad?'

'Poor Frank is our worst case as yet. He is constantly delirious. The others are generally sensible, except that Terry is dreadfully haunted with mathematics.'

'Then it is all true about the Hall. Any one else ill?'

'Only the two Willses. They were carousing at the "Three Pigeons." I hope that Raymond's prohibition against that place may have been the saving of the Hall servants. See here,' and he gave the note.

'I had better take those two funerals. I can at least do that,' said Herbert. 'That Driver must be a regular case of a hireling.'

'He never professed that the sheep were his,' said Julius.

'Then I'll go to the Vicarage and get a list of the sick and see after them as far as I can,' said Herbert, in a grave humble tone, showing better than a thousand words how he felt the deprivation he had brought on himself, and as to shame or self-consciousness the need had swallowed them all.

'It will be a great act of kindness, Herbert. The point of infection does not seem clear yet, but I am afraid it will be a serious outbreak.'

'I did not believe it could all be true when the report came to Rood House, but of course I came to hear the truth and see what I could do. How is Mrs. Poynsett bearing up?'

'Bravely. Anne contrived our carrying her upstairs, and it is the greatest comfort to Raymond to lie and look at her, and Susan looks after them both.'

'Then he can't be so very ill.'

'Not so acutely, but there are symptoms that make Worth anxious. Shall I give you a note for Mrs. Fuller?'

'Do, and put me at your disposal for all you can spare for, or I can do. Have you written to Bindon?'

'I don't know where, within some hundred miles. But Herbert, I think we ought to undertake the help that is wanted at Wilsbro'. Smith of Duddingstone is too weakly, and poor old Mr. Moulden neither could nor would. We are the nearest, and having it here already, do not run the risk of spreading it. As things are, I cannot be very

long away from home, but I would come in for an hour or so every day, if you could do the rest.'

'Yes, that was what I meant,' said Herbert.

'Worth says the best protection is never to go among the sick hungry or exhausted. He says he keeps a biscuit in his pocket to eat before going into a sick house. I shall make Rosamond keep you supplied, and you must promise to use them.'

'Oh yes, I promise.'

'And never drink anything there. There is to be a public meeting to-morrow to see whether the cause of this outbreak is not traceable to the water down there.'

'Mrs. Duncombe's meddling?'

'Don't judge without evidence. But it does seem as if the water of the well at Pettitt's houses had done much of the harm. Terry was drinking it all that hot day, and to-day we hear that Lady Tyrrell and two of the servants are ill, besides poor little Joe Reynolds.'

'It is very terrible,' said Herbert. 'Lady Tyrrell, did you say?'

'Yes. She was there constantly, like Raymond's wife. Happily there is not much fear for your people, Herbert. Your father was at the dinner, but he is not a water drinker, and Jenny only just came to the bazaar, that was all. Edith happily gave up the ball.'

'I know,' said Herbert, colouring. 'Jenny persuaded her to give it up because of—me. Oh, how I have served them all!'

'I told Jenny that perhaps her Ember prayers had been met in the true way.'

'Yes,' said Herbert. 'I can't understand now how I could have been such an audacious fool as to present myself so coolly after the year I had spent. God forgive me for it! Rector, thank you for leaving me at Rood House. It was like having one's eyes opened to a new life. I say, do you know anything about Harry Hornblower? Is he come home?'

'Yes. You wouldn't prosecute?'

'Happily I couldn't. The things were gone, and could not be identified, and there was nothing upon him. So, though they had me over to Backsworth, they could not fall foul of me for refusing to prosecute. Have you seen him?'

'No, I tried, but he had got out of my way. You've not been there?' seeing that Herbert had brought back his bag.

'No; I will not till I come back;' and as he took the note he added, 'Rector, I do beg your pardon with all my might.' Then, after a strong clasp of the hand, he sped away with a long, manful, energetic stride, which made Julius contrast his volunteer courage with the flight of the man who, if not pledged to pastoral care at Wilsbro', still had priestly vows upon him.

Julius had no scruples about risking this favourite home child. If he thought about it at all it was to rejoice that Mrs. Bowater was safely gone, for he had gone unscathed through scenes at St. Awdry's that would have

made his mother tremble, and he had little fear of contagion with reasonable care. Of course the doctors had the usual debate whether the fever were infectious or epidemic, but it made little difference. The local ones, as well as an authority from London, had an inspection previous to the meeting, which took place in the school, whose scholars were dispersed in the panic. No ladies were admitted. 'We have had enough of them,' quoted Worshipful Mayor Truelove. Mr. Briggs, the ex-mayor, was at the bedside of his son, and there were hardly enough present to make decisions.

The focus of the disease was in Pettitt's well. The water, though cold, clear, and sparkling, was affected by noxious gases from the drains, and had become little better than poison; the air was not much better, and as several neighbouring houses, some swarming with lodgers, used this water, the evil was accounted for. The 'Three Pigeons' had been an attraction to the servants waiting with their ladies' carriages during the entertainments, and though they had not meddled much with the simple element, spirits had not neutralized the mischief. Thence too had come water for the tea and iced beverages used at the bazaar and ball. Odours there had been in plenty from the untouched drainage of the other houses, and these, no doubt, enhanced the evil, but every one agreed that the bad management of the drains on Mr. Pettitt's property had been the main agency in the present outbreak.

The poor little perfumer had tears of grief and indignation in his eyes, but he defended his cause and shielded the ladies with chivalry worthy of his French ancestry. He said he had striven to do his duty as a proprietor, and if other gentlemen had done the same, and the channels could have had a free outlet, this misfortune would never have occurred. He found himself backed up by Mr. Julius Charnock, who rose to declare that what Mr. Pettitt had said was just what his brother, Mr. Charnock Poynsett, had desired should be stated as his own opinion, namely, that the responsibility rested, not with those who had done all within their power or knowledge for the welfare of their tenants, but with those whose indifference on the score of health had led them to neglect all sanitary measures. 'He desires me to say,' added Julius, 'that being concerned both in the neglect and in the unfortunate consequences, he is desirous to impress his opinion on all concerned.'

Future prevention was no longer in the hands of the Town Council, for a sanitary commission would take that in hand; but in the meantime it was a time of plague and sickness, and measures must be taken for the general relief. Mr. Moy, to whom most of the houses belonged, was inquired for, but it appeared that he had carried off his wife and daughter on Saturday in terror when one of his servants had fallen ill, and even his clerks would not know where to write to him till he should telegraph. The man Gadley was meantime driving an active trade at the 'Three Pigeons,' whither the poor, possessed with the notion that spirits kept out the infection, were resorting more than ever, and he set at defiance all

the preventives which doctors, overseer, and relieving officer were trying to enforce, with sullen oaths against interference.

Two deaths yesterday, one to-day, three hourly apprehended, doctors incessantly occupied, nurses, however unfit, not to be procured by any exertion of the half-maddened relieving-officer, breadwinners prostrated, food, wine, bedding, everything lacking. Such was the state of things around the new Town Hall of Wilsbro', and the gentry around were absorbed by cases of the same epidemic in their own families.

To telegraph for nurses from a hospital, to set on foot a subscription, appoint a committee of management, and name a treasurer and dispenser of supplies were the most urgent steps. Julius suggested applying to a Nursing Sisterhood, but Mr. Truelove, without imputing any motives to the reverend gentleman, was unwilling to insert the thin end of the wedge, so the telegram was sent to a London hospital, and Mr. Whitlock, the mayor elect, undertook to be treasurer, and to print and circulate an appeal for supplies of all sorts. Those present resolved themselves into a committee, and consulted about a fever hospital, since people could hardly be expected to recover in the present condition of Water Lane; but nothing was at present ready, and the question was adjourned to the next day.

As Julius parted with Mr. Whitlock he met Herbert Bowater returning from the cemetery in search of him, with tidings of some cases where he was especially needed. As they walked on together Mrs. Duncombe overtook them with a basket on her arm. She held out her hand with an imploring gesture.

'Mr. Charnock, it can't be true, can it? They only say so out of ignorance—that it was Pettitt's well, I mean?'

In a few words Julius made it clear what the evil had been and how it arose.

She did not dispute it, she merely grew sallower and said:

'God forgive us. We did it for the best. I planned it. I never thought of that. Oh!'

'My brother insists that the mischief came of not following the example you set.'

'And Cecil?'

'Cecil is too much stupefied to know anything about it.'

'You are helping here? Make me all the use you can. Whatever has to be done give it to me.'

'Nay, you have your family to consider.'

'My boys are at their grandmother's. My husband is gone abroad. Give me work. I have brought some wine. Who needs it most?'

'Wine?' said Herbert. 'Here? I was going back for some, but half an hour may make all the difference to the poor lad in here.'

Mrs. Duncombe was within the door in a moment.

'There has been an execution in her house,' said Herbert, as they went home. 'That fellow went off on Saturday, and left her alone to face it.'

'I thought she had striven to keep out of debt.'

'What can a woman do when a man chooses to borrow? That horse brought them to more unexpected smash. They say that after the ball, where she appeared in all her glory, as if nothing had happened, she made Bob give her a schedule of his debts, packed his portmanteau, sent him off to find some cheap hole abroad, and staid to pick up the pieces after the wreck.'

'She is a brave woman,' said Julius.

Therewith they plunged into the abodes of misery, where the only other helper at present was good old Miss Slater, who was going from one to another, trying to show helpless women how to nurse, but able only to contribute infinitesimal grains of aid or comfort at immense cost to herself. Julius insisted on taking home with him his curate, who had been at work from ten o'clock that morning till six, when as Julius resigned the pony's reins to him, he begged that they might go round and inquire at Sirenwood, to which consent was the more willingly given because poor Frank's few gleams of consciousness were spent in sending his indefatigable nurse Anne to ask whether his mother had 'had that letter,' and in his determined manner he was always feeling his watch chain for that unhappy pebble, and moaning when he missed it. Mrs. Poynsett's letter had gone on Friday, and still there was no answer, and this was a vexation, adding to the fear that the poor fellow's rejection had been final. Yet she might have missed the letter by being summoned home. Close to the lodge, they overtook Sir Harry, riding dejectedly homewards, and, glad to be saved going up to the house, they stopped and inquired for Lady Tyrrell.

'Very low and oppressed,' he said. 'M'Vie does not give us reason to expect a change just yet. Do they tell you the same? Worth attends you, I think.'

'He seems to think it must run on for at least three weeks,' said Julius.

'You've been to the meeting, eh? Was it that well of Pettitt's? Really that meddling wife of Duncombe's ought to be prosecuted. I hope she'll catch the fever and be served out.'

'She tried to prevent it,' said Julius.

'Pshaw, women have no business with such things, they only put their foot in it. Nobody used to trouble themselves about drains, and one never heard of fevers.'

Instead of contesting the point, Julius asked whether Miss Vivian were at home.

'No, that's the odd thing. I wrote, for M'Vie has no fear of infection, and poor Camilla is always calling for her, and that French maid has thought proper to fall ill, and we don't know what to do. Upper housemaid out and run in a panic, cook dead drunk last night, not a servant in the house to be trusted. If it were not for my man Victor, I don't know where I should be. Very odd what that child is about. Lady Susan can't be keeping it from her. Unjustifiable '

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'She is with Lady Susan Strangeways?'

'Yes. Went with Bee and Conny. I was glad, for we can't afford to despise a good match, though I *was* sorry for your brother.'

'Do I understand you that she is engaged to Mr. Strangeways?'

'No, no, not yet. One always hears those things before they are true, and you see they are keeping her from us as if she belonged to them already. I call it unfeeling; I have just been to the post to see if there's a letter! Can't be anything wrong in the address, Revelrig, Cleveland, Yorkshire.'

'Why don't you telegraph?'

'I shall, if I don't hear to-morrow morning.'

But the morning's telegrams were baffling. None came in answer to Sir Harry, though he had bidden his daughter to telegraph back instantly; and two hospitals replied that they had no nurses to spare! This was the first thing Julius heard when he came to the committee-room. The second was that the only parish nurse had been found asleep under the influence of the port wine intended for her patients, the third that there were five more deaths, one being Mrs. Gadley, of the 'Three Pigeons,' from diphtheria, and fourteen more cases of fever were reported. Julius had already been with the schoolmistress, who was not expected to live through the day. He had found that Mrs. Duncombe had been up all night with one of the most miserable families, and only when her unpractised hands had cared for a little corpse, had been forced home by good Miss Slater for a little rest. He had also seen poor Mr. Fuller, who was too weak and wretched to say anything more than 'God help us, Charnock, you will do what you can,' and when Julius asked for his sanction to sending for Sisters, he answered 'Anything, anything.'

The few members who had come to the committee were reduced to the same despairing consent, and Julius was allowed to despatch a telegram to St. Faith's, which had sent Sisters in the emergency at St. Andry's. He likewise brought an offer, suggested by Raymond, of a great old tithe barn, his own property, but always rented by Mrs. Poynsett, in a solitary field, where the uninfected children might be placed under good care, and the houses in Water Lane thus relieved. As to a fever hospital, Raymond had sent his advice to use the new Town Hall itself. A word from him went a great way just then with the Town Council, and the doctors were delighted with the proposal.

Funds and contributions of bedding, clothing, food and wine were coming in, but hands were the difficulty. The adaptations of the Town Hall and the bringing in of beds were done by one strong carpenter and Mrs. Duncombe's man Alexander, whom she had brought with her, and who proved an excellent orderly; and the few who would consent, or did not resist occupying the beds there, were carried in by Herbert Bowater and a strapping young doctor who had come down for this fever pasture. There Mrs. Duncombe and Miss Slater received them. No other volunteer

had come to light, willing to plunge into this perilous and disgusting abyss of misery; and among the afflicted families the power of nursing was indeed small.

However, the healthy children were carried away without much resistance, and established in the great barn, under a trustworthy widow; and before night, two effective-looking Sisters were in charge at the hospital.

Still, however, no telegram, no letter came from Eleonora Vivian. Mr. M'Vie had found a nurse for Lady Tyrrell, but old Sir Harry rode in to meet every delivery of the post, and was half distracted at finding nothing from her; and Frank's murmurs of her name were most piteous to those who feared that if he were ever clearly conscious again, it would only be to know how heavy had been the meed of his folly.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER XIX.

It was Sunday: a beautiful sunshiny, frosty, winter day. All brilliant without, it was indeed the day of the sun, as every Sunday should be. And if the outer orb by some unhappy chance does not shine, the sun within us should ever on that account still more brightly and cheerfully dedicate the day to God. On this day all unkindly, peevish or discontented thoughts should disappear, and the old heathen worship which named it after the glorious luminary from whom life and heat take their birth should influence us still, as we remember with a thrill of gratitude, that to our more enlightened knowledge the day is given to Him who made the sun, instead of to the sun He made. Influence us, I mean, in so far as we thank the old heathens for the name, and acknowledge in ourselves that the warmth, glitter, and loveliness of sunlight should pervade our outward worship, and our inner thoughts on that day of days. On this especial Sunday morning the snow lay on the ground and the icicles hung on the trees, but what of that? The sun shone on all, and ice and snow reflecting sunlight were beautiful exceedingly. The sun shone on all, recalling to the mind the glorious words—

'O ye dews and frosts—O ye frost and cold—O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.'

Can any one who has read those words, ever again see ice or snow without feeling a thrill of joy and gratitude run through their hearts!

Alas, for Sunday at Fernley Manor! It was a dull day. DULL, terrible word, expressing so much in four little letters. Whatever may be the rights of man or of woman, one thing is certain: no man and no woman has a right to be dull, and if they have no right to be dull upon week days, how much more does the rule apply to Sundays, and yet—strange contradiction of the human intellect—it is Sunday that they too often

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voluntarily dedicate to dulness, when on week days they are cheerful enough. Sunday *was* a dull day at Fernley Manor. It had been a dull day ever since Cecil and Helen could recollect it as a day at all, and it seemed to them that it became rather worse than better as time passed on and they grew older. When the house had been fuller than it was now, when the boys, now voluntary exiles, were oftener at home, and before the sister so much older than Cecil had married, which she did on the earliest opportunity, rather perhaps to escape from her father's rule than from any more laudable feeling, the two little girls, who were the youngest members of the family, were a relief to the strictly kept elders whenever they were permitted to appear, and came in for a considerable quantity of petting and notice on Sundays, when not in the actual presence of the head of the house.

But it was different now: they were themselves the elders and less fortunate than their predecessors, they had no children to fall back on. Dulness reigned supreme at Fernley Manor on Sundays, and Mr. Vaux revelled in that dulness. Breakfast was half an hour earlier than on other days, for no imaginable reason, unless the reason was, that everything should be more disagreeable than usual. Dinner was at three. Perhaps because three is the most uncomfortable hour of the twenty-four for dinner. From Church-time till dinner in summer, the whole of the family were expected to assemble in the drawing-room and read Sunday books, in winter they walked *with* Mr. Vaux in their best Sunday clothes. And after dinner in winter they read the Sunday books in the drawing-room, and in summer took the walk. Then came tea, to which notwithstanding the early dinner, no additional viands were added, so that on Sunday nights the family generally went hungry to bed. Between tea and bed-time, Mr. Vaux read a sermon aloud. At nine o'clock there were prayers, and at last—such a long and weary at last it seemed to the young and lively members of the party—good-nights were exchanged, and all separated to their rooms.

Among the established rules was one that no letters or newspapers should be allowed to enter the house, though the postman passed the door as usual. And yet no attempt was made to raise the tone of the conversation or to render it in any way different from that permitted on week days. An inconsistency which may sometimes be remarked in better managed households than the one contained within the four walls of Fernley Manor.

Mr. Vaux belonged to no party in the Church. He had no especial views with regard to the sacredness of Sunday, or the right method of keeping that day, except such views as may be contained in the four letters *Dull!* If your whole duty to Sunday is to make it dull, Mr. Vaux performed that duty to perfection; and perhaps the reason why he permitted the conversation to remain the same, was, that it was impossible to make it duller on Sundays than it was on every other day in the week—at least in his presence. Had religious topics been introduced

they would certainly have diminished, not increased, that dulness. At all events they would have had the charm of novelty.

Very much indeed have those to answer for who make Sunday a stupid, tiresome and disagreeable day to the young. And if that is the case, very much indeed had Mr. Vaux to answer for.

The early breakfast, horribly early it seemed to shivering creatures on this winter Sunday, was over; the unmeaning interval to which no soul was given by suitable occupation, between it and Church-time was over, and all the members of the family had gone to Church, except Helen. She was somewhat better and was allowed to get up and sit by the schoolroom fire.

Not being permitted to read secular books on a Sunday, and no others being provided for her use except common-place sermons and milk-and-water tracts (sermons and tracts, admirable things as they may be made, *are* sometimes only common-place and milk-and-water), the consequence was that she sat by the fire and did nothing except wish that it was Monday, when if not restored to the schoolroom she might at least amuse herself with fancy work or read with interest and delight the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

She felt weak and tired, her throat was still sore and she coughed frequently and painfully. She leant back in her chair and closed her eyes, and wished that Cecil would come home. 'How sad it would be to be ill, always ill,' thought she wearily; 'what do they do when they are never anything but ill?—what should *I* do, especially on Sundays? To sit in one room looking always on the same objects, and to have people coming in and out only to see you because you can never, never, never at all go to see them. And making talk for you that doesn't sound natural. I know how it is, for I've heard it. I've heard Aunt Flora when she went to see Margaret Daly who could not recover, who was dying, slowly dying, and she did not know what to say to her, and nothing she said sounded real, only make-believe. Oh, I should not like it at all. I think I should know if I was dying, just by the way people talked to me about other things. I wonder why I am thinking such thoughts now? It is *very* unpleasant; if I might read the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* it would be much nicer—but there is that volume of sacred poetry, I will try that.

She took down a book from the shelf above her, and rather idly turned over the pages, reading a line or a verse here and there as she did so. 'Why, here are poems on the very subject,' she cried. 'I must see what this is,' and she read with some eagerness the following verses—

DYING.

'It is not hard to die—
When earth by Spring is lit
Heaven comes so very nigh,
Our hearts are full of it.

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'When Summer fair as fleet,
Sets every beauty free—
If an earth can be so sweet,
What can a Heaven be?

'When blossoms fade and fall,
Under an autumn sky,
Death is closing over all—
It is not hard to die!

'And when the world grows old,
'Neath winter's icy hand,
Who would not forsake the cold,
To seek a better land?

'It is not hard to die,
When years are sweet and few:
Little wings are fit to fly,
And Heaven is open too.

'When youth's bright noon we touch,
And fairest paths are trod—
If an earthly love is such,
What is the love of God?

'Time moves too swiftly on,
Severing ev'ry tie—
Friends are leaving one by one—
It is not hard to die!

'When life's enchantment flies,
And *only* years are given,
Who would *not* close weary eyes,
To open them in Heaven?

'And so at ev'ry stage,
And under ev'ry sky,
In ev'ry season, ev'ry age,
It is not hard to die!

''Tis thus we reach the goal,
Freedom from sin and strife,
For, to an immortal soul,
Death is the door of life.'

She had hardly finished reading this little poem when Cecil ran into the room, bright and glowing from the pleasant frost of a fine winter day, and looking the picture of life and health. Her eyes sparkled, a pretty colour was in her cheeks, her lips as red as two cherries were parted in a pleased smile, and to Helen's affectionate eyes she appeared perfectly beautiful. She gave a gay little laugh when she saw Helen, who sat in the easy chair, pale and languid, shivering, though close to a cheerful fire, and drawing her shawl round her as if the sight of Cecil's warm brilliancy only made her feel colder still.

'O Helen, I am so glad to see you up out of that horrid bed. You will be well directly now, won't you?'

'I don't know,' replied Helen, doubtfully. 'I don't *feel* well, Cecil.'

'Oh, that is because you have been shut up so long. Nobody can feel well who is kept in bed, besides you have not *quite* got rid of your cold; and a cold always *feels* so much worse than it *is*.'

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'Does it?' added Helen, and then she coughed a good deal, and bent back in her chair in a tired manner.

'Juliet asked after you. I saw Juliet. Uncle James had to go into the vestry on business, and Juliet came floating up to us, all beauty and sweetness; really in that bonnet, Helen, she is divine.'

'To you and Aunt Flora?'

'Yes, to me and Aunt Flora, as we waited for Uncle James in the porch. And she kissed me there; just one of those little dropping delicate kisses, you know, that are so sweet; and "O Cecil!" she cried, "is that your aunt? Do introduce me to her, you know how much I wish it."'

'And you did?'

'Of course I did.'

'And what did Aunt Flora do? How did she behave?'

'Just as she ought. Aunt Flora is always a lady you know. She was quite impressed and glad, and told Juliet she had won the hearts of her young people; but still I saw that she was *very* uneasy, poor dear old thing, and kept glancing over her shoulder towards the vestry in a hundred frights lest Uncle James should come out.'

'But he didn't come?'

'Well, he *did* come, for he is not there now, but not till Juliet had left us. She made me laugh so when she saw him issuing out of the side-door with his nose up in the air; she put up her glass, or a locket or something that she made pass for a glass, for I never saw her use one, and she isn't a bit shortsighted, but she screwed up her eyes and put something to one of them, and "Dear me," she said innocently, "who is this little old gentleman?"'

'No; she didn't, did she?'

'She did indeed, as grave as possible. I laughed till I could hardly stand.'

'And what *did* Aunt Flora say?'

'She said it was her brother, Mr. Vaux, and that we must wish her good-morning, for he was always in a hurry to get home on Sundays; so Juliet took the hint and left us, but not till she had given my hand a tiny pressure and asked so kindly after you. She is very fond of you, Helen.'

'Is she really?' said Helen, colouring with pleasure; 'that is very kind of her.'

'And what have you been doing all the time we were out?' asked Cecil, now she had unburthened her mind of her own happy news.

'Not much,' replied Helen; 'there is so little one *can* do on Sunday, and that little is generally tiresome; but I got this volume of sacred verses and I liked them rather. I was thinking about *death*, Cecil.'

She spoke the word hesitatingly, and with an awe-struck emphasis on it.

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'O Helen, why did you?'

'I couldn't help it; the thoughts came whether I would or no.'

'But it is such nonsense for young people to think about death; one *couldn't* die for such a very great number of years that it is quite waste of time to think about it.'

'I don't know,' said Helen, thoughtfully. 'Margaret Daly was only seventeen, just one year older than we are, Cecil.'

'Oh, but she was a poor girl, and had a consumption.'

'A great many people die of consumption.'

'Oh, dear no, they don't, not unless it's in the family; if it's in the family of course you don't know what may happen, but if it isn't you're safe enough.'

'And don't rich people die as well as poor?' asked Helen, with rather a sickly smile.

'Don't be a goose, Helen. I can't think why you are so silly. What is the use of talking of horrid things? It brings back to me that dreadful night when I could not get rid of the idea that Juliet might die.'

'Yes, even Juliet,' echoed Helen, dreamingly. '*Juliet* might die.'

'Don't, don't,' cried Cecil, stopping her ears. 'I wonder at you. Don't say such things. I won't listen. What pleasure *can* you take in talking about such a horrible subject as death?'

'But *is* it such a horrible subject, Cecil?' said Helen, earnestly. 'Look at these verses I have been reading. They are pretty, they really are, and they make out that death is not shocking at all; it is quite a new view to me, and I can't help thinking of it. Do read the verses, Cecil.'

And as she spoke Helen half forced the volume of sacred poetry into her cousin's hand. Cecil took it impatiently enough and read with equal impatience, and with knit brow and curling lip. When she had finished her unwilling perusal she flung the book down on the table with a great bang.

'Pretty,' she cried. 'What's *pretty* compared with *truth*? It is not true, not a word of it; it *is* hard to die, and everybody knows it is. Not hard to die in spring? in summer? when everything is beautiful? Rubbish! as if when one loves anything we immediately wanted to leave it, in order that we might get something else quite different which we don't love a bit. And as to wishing to die because it's cold, that might be all very well if one had not got delicious cozy fires to warm oneself at and fenders to put one's feet on. How can you be taken in by such stuff, Helen?'

'Is it stuff?' replied Helen, slowly and doubtfully. 'I'm not sure about that; it seems as if it *might* be true.'

'What do you mean by *might* be true? *Is* true is the only thing that matters! Do you think it would not be hard to die with Juliet loving me and the ball on Friday?'

'Perhaps,' said Helen, hesitatingly, 'that is not quite—what I mean may be what is called poetical license.'

'Poetical fiddlestick,' exclaimed Cecil, with supreme contempt. 'I'll tell you what, Helen, poetry ought to be true, more than anything else in the world, because it is higher than anything else in the world. A poet is inspired—he is a prophet—he is something above us all, and if he is not true, what is? Where can we look for truth or expect to find it on earth if not in poetry?'

'I wonder, though, whether this may *not* be true,' replied Helen, a little timidly; 'it *is* like what we hear in church, is it not?'

'Oh, I'm sure I don't know about that,' cried Cecil, lightly. 'I never think of bringing things we hear in church to compare them with things out of it. Church is church I suppose, and there's an end of it.'

'But is there an end of it?' persisted Helen.

'Why, Helen, I don't know what has come over you,' cried Cecil, astonished; '*is* there an end of it? of course there is. What are you dreaming of? what are you aiming at? I don't seem to know you to-day. Shake all these notions out of your mind, pray do; I am sure they cannot be pleasant occupants in it. I could almost fancy you had been reading my delightful task of *Proverbial Philosophy*; but certainly sacred verse does not agree with you, so I advise you not to take any more of it.'

Helen smiled, and said she thought it agreed with her very well, and she had liked it till Cecil had talked about it.

'There is one advantage in Sunday just now,' said Cecil, 'that is, that I don't frenchify Tupper on it; all secular tasks are laid aside, and Tupper among them. It really *is* a day of rest for me.'

'But you don't like rest,' said Helen, smiling; 'you like to be always busy and interested about something.'

'Yes, but then I must choose my own business; and as to interest, you are *not* going to tell me that you think Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* interesting?'

'No, I certainly am *not* going to tell you that,' laughed Helen.

'Oh, you are not?' cried the other, giving a deep sigh of pretended relief; 'then there is hope for you yet. Do you know, Helen, Juliet had got the prettiest thing round her neck to-day, something made up of riband and lace—the softest shade of pink riband with a sort of quilting of net over it, giving it a softer look still.'

'And lace round, with riband run through beyond the net so as to make two shades?' asked Helen, with some eagerness.

'Yes, exactly; I was thinking Mademoiselle, with her natty French fingers, could make us some just like it. But when did you see her in it? I never did before to-day, and I always notice every atom of dress she wears from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; it is always in better taste and unlike what anybody else has.'

'I did not see her with it, but Adela Lester had one of the same kind

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when she was here yesterday, and I was admiring it, and saw just how it was made.'

Cecil's face fell ludicrously at the words.

'Adela Lester!' repeated she, with dismay, 'one like it! O Helen, impossible.'

'She had indeed, Cecil.'

'How mean!' cried Cecil, with sudden anger. 'She must have seen it and imitated it. How mean and how absurd!'

'Well now, really I don't agree with you,' said Helen, stoutly; 'in the first place I don't see why she might not have happened to buy one herself; and in the second place, if she had seen and admired Mrs. Wyndham's, and made one like it, why should it be more mean for her than for us to do it?'

'We are her friends,' replied Cecil, with lofty reproach in her manner. 'I hope you are not going to make any comparisons between Adela Lester and us. It would be horrible of me if I dressed like Mrs. Lester, and why should she, like Juliet? it is actually impertinent. However, I am quite sure the colour was not the same.'

Helen laughed at that, and Cecil laughed too.

'The colour was *not* the same,' she said, 'it was a sort of maroon which looked very pretty for this time of year, and Juliet's you say was pale pink.'

Cecil clapped her hands joyously. 'I knew it, I knew it,' she cried; 'only see, if she tries to be like her she only spoils for herself what on the lovely model was adorable. Maroon! of all the colours in the world to choose maroon. In my opinion, and in the opinion I should think of everybody who has an opinion at all, maroon is the most hideous and unbecoming colour in the world; and to make a thing of maroon which she has seen in lovely ethereal pink. Now really, Helen, it would take an Adela Lester to do that!'

'Do you remember Mrs. Wyndham's maroon cashmere polonaise?' asked Helen, slyly.

At which question Mrs. Wyndham's faithful Cecil was for one instant utterly confounded, and actually gasped for breath. It was only for an instant however. Cecil-like, she required no longer space of time wherein to recover herself.

'I do,' she said, speaking slowly at first, but her words flowing with their usual rapidity as she went on. 'I do; but it was not *actual* maroon—there was *more* crimson in it than brown; *every* colour *has* a pretty shade, if it can be hit on; and *this* was the pretty shade of maroon. Moreover it was trimmed with *black* lace, which makes all the difference —*white* lace and maroon are detestable; but *black* lace sets it off, and gives it quite a different look—makes it not like maroon at all. In fact, Helen, I don't believe that the very peculiar shade of which that polonaise was made would be *called* maroon, by people who really distinguished and knew about colours. I feel convinced that there must be another name for it.'

The girls both laughed at this, Cecil quite as heartily as Helen; though she took care to add after she had had her laugh out—'I am quite in earnest you know, Helen, though I do laugh—I am not joking in the least.'

'No,' replied Helen, with some slyness still in her manner, 'I am sure you are not joking in the least!'

Then Cecil gave a great yawn, and threw herself down on the rug crouching pleasantly in front of the blazing fire. She gazed into it, at first as if forming those fire pictures which youthful fancies delight to find, and then absently as if lost in thought. Suddenly she looked up at Helen, who lay languidly back in her chair, and exclaimed, 'O Helen, how stale, flat and unprofitable home is. All joy, all excitement, are outside its walls, and whatever exquisite life one has tasted there, one sinks down into nothing, when one breathes home air for a few minutes again.'

'But I don't feel that as much as you do, Cecil.'

'Don't you? I wonder why. I think you hardly enjoy *as* much, and so you don't suffer *as* much, and that's only fair; but, Helen, it seems so odd and sad to me, how things go on and on—lives you know—on, and on, and on—and nothing coming of it. I could not bear it. I *know* I could not bear it. There's Aunt Flora—I love her dearly; but sometimes when I see her dressed so nicely for dinner and sitting in her chair doing nothing, it strikes me as intolerable!'

'Poor Aunt Flora!' cried Helen.

'It isn't *that*,' said Cecil, 'it isn't anything to say "poor Aunt Flora" about—at least I don't *think* it is. I don't think it's Aunt Flora I'm angry with,—it's her life—it isn't *with* her, but *for* her. O Helen, can't you understand? She's getting old—old—and so shall we. O Helen, we shall be old some day ourselves; and I pine for my liberty—for a long life of liberty before then.'

'It was something of that sort, only it came so differently, that I was feeling before you returned, after I had been reading those verses.'

'It came differently indeed; you never *do* seem to understand, Helen. Why *I* am thinking about Life, and your thoughts were on Death! A difference in the way it came with a vengeance!'

'And yet,' persisted Helen, 'it *was* the same sort of thing, it was indeed, Cecil. I was somehow feeling as if the joy might be given with death that people don't get in life. Heaven, you know, instead of earth.'

She spoke hesitatingly, and certainly did not express her thoughts in very elegant or forcible language, but such thoughts were new to Helen, and she found it difficult to put them into words; moreover she did not know how her cousin would take them, whether she would scold her, or laugh at her, and she blushed almost painfully after she had spoken, for of one thing she was certain, which was that she would not receive sympathy from Cecil. Cecil stared at her, and did not speak for a moment, 'Of course Heaven will come,' she said at last, 'and life will be over; but we must live *first*, Helen, and it is of our lives

we ought to think, and must think, and it is silly as well as disagreeable to be dwelling on anything else.'

'But Cecil,' said Helen, very earnestly, 'we don't know that we have to live first.'

Cecil burst out laughing.

'What are we doing now?' she asked, with gay contempt.

'Yes, I know. Of course we are alive now, but we may not be to-morrow. We may die in the night; anybody may; people do, why should not we? And then, Cecil, nobody knows how long they may live. Anybody may die this minute. Even babies die; so being young has nothing to do with it. And, O Cecil, how should we feel if we knew we were just going to die?'

Cecil stopped her ears. 'I won't listen,' she cried; 'it is too shocking. You are too dreadful. What *has* happened to you, Helen? What *can* make you talk like an undertaker? Nothing but being an undertaker could excuse such conversation as this.'

Helen laughed in spite of herself, and Cecil laughed too, though not with her usual gaiety. Then Helen grew serious again, and said, 'It *is* odd how the thought will come to me, and I suppose once one has begun the sort of thing, it will never quite go away. One thought leads to another in the queerest manner, doesn't it?'

'Certainly it does in a very queer manner indeed, Miss Helen.'

'I wonder so if we are any of us fit to die. I think Adela Lester is. I could fancy her dying, but not ourselves.'

'With all my heart,' laughed Cecil. 'Well, Helen, you *have* the strangest way of demonstrating your friendship! Let Adela Lester die by all manner of means. I have not a single word to say against it, not one—and let us live. If your thoughts *will* wander to such a ghastly subject, let them employ themselves with Adela Lester's death, and leave all of *us* alone. That is the only good turn you have given to the subject yet.'

'But you know that is not in the least what I meant,' replied Helen, rather pitifully.

'I don't pretend to know what you meant; how should I?' cried Cecil, 'when I don't believe you know yourself?'

'Perhaps I don't,' replied Helen, with her usual humility.

'Don't read any more verses about dying, that is all,' said Cecil, lightly.

'Only we *must* die,' persisted Helen, 'and these verses are really comforting, which very few verses about death could be, I should think. They say all through that it is not hard to die.'

'Only I don't want to be comforted, thank you,' laughed Cecil. 'Life is a grand thing where people really have the power of living; and when death comes—well, it comes, and there it is; but nobody ever wishes for it, I am sure, and only very aged philosophers would find that it was not hard to die. Now, I am not a very aged philosopher, and I don't want to be one either.'

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'But these verses have nothing to do with aged philosophers,' said Helen, still in earnest; 'quite the contrary.'

'Stop a minute, Helen. What is quite the contrary of an aged philosopher? As Uncle James says, let us at least know what we are talking about, if we must talk.'

'You know what I mean. They are about young people—children even. I like

'Little wings are fit to fly.'

and about middle life and age and everything, all the seasons and all the ages; they make me feel that it ought not to be hard to die at any time.'

'That's all twaddle, Helen, and your little wings have not even the merit of originality. I am sure I have seen them somewhere before; they sound quite familiar to me.'

'I know,' replied Helen, 'Oh, yes—

'Little things on little wings,
Take little souls to heaven.'

But I don't suppose the little wings there mean quite the same. *Here* the little wings mean children; they mean that children are fit for heaven, and I like the notion.'

'What a cruel creature! You want little children to die. You like the notion of their little wings carrying them off early. Now, for my part, I don't approve of *little* wings for any one. Children have no business with wings at all. They are only to do as they are bid and grow up. That is their business—not to fly away before they've done what they are sent here for. Children are only preparations, and preparations ought not to leave off in the middle.'

'Are children only preparations?' said Helen, laughing.

'Of course they are, and therefore they must stay here till they are finished; and as to little wings, what use would little wings be, if our minds and souls are as big as they ought to be? They will require big wings, and big wings are what we must have, and *I* will never have anything else. O Helen, don't you feel that we must live our lives, and make them worth living, and then, and only then, fly away to heaven on the biggest wings we can furl? Is not that better than going nambypambying off on *little* wings?—so contemptible!'

'Live our lives and make them worth living,' repeated Helen, rather dreamily. 'Yes, only we have not the choice; we may die any minute.'

'Don't, don't!' cried Cecil, stopping her ears. 'I wonder how you can, Helen. I wonder what pleasure you have in saying such things, I really do. Just think of what life is. Here is Juliet, her friendship, her charms, her deliciousness, and her delicious plans—that is the present; and then for the future there is liberty and Jocelyn! The liberty that time will bring, and the rapture of living with him, and being first to him in everything. O Helen, Helen, what a life it is!'

Cecil spoke with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, and a bright smile just curling her young rosy lips. As Helen looked at her and listened to her, a pink colour stole also into her pale cheeks, and a sweet light into her eyes; she rose rather feebly from her chair, and moving a few steps towards her cousin, kissed her with the tenderest affection. She was always so pleased when Cecil spoke to her of Jocelyn, and let her enter the inner chambers of her heart.

'Dear Cecil,' she said softly, when she had kissed her, 'dear, dearest Cecil.'

Cecil returned the kisses with warm, sincere love that was always ready at Helen's command, and then lightly taking hold of her by both her shoulders, replaced her in her chair.

'Naughty girl,' she said; 'why, what do you mean by it? What do you mean by getting so weak when you have only had a little cold? You must make haste and grow strong, or I shall be quite ashamed of you.'

Helen sank back with quite an exhausted air, and the pink colour dying out of her cheeks, left them very pale and wan-looking. Then she began to cough, and put her hand to her side with an expression, if not of actual pain, of weariness that amounted to pain. Cecil arranged her pillow, put a stool under her feet, and made her as comfortable as possible.

'There is pleasure in nursing you,' she said, smiling. 'You are such a dear little sick woman. I should not like to be ill, Helen. I don't think I should behave as well as you do. Oh, I like being well and strong, and feeling all the life that is in me.'

And she raised herself on tiptoe with a sort of half-flying movement, as if she felt it, and did indeed like the feeling.

'I suppose people are very different when they are ill,' replied Helen. 'I have often thought since of Adela Lester's wish to be an hospital nurse, and wondered at it; though it would be a very useful life, and I suppose that is her only reason for wanting it. But I daresay that there would be a great deal of interest in knowing the patients, and watching them, and seeing their different ways of being ill and bearing it.'

'Rather a ghastly interest,' retorted Cecil, 'and fit for an Adela Lester. I don't believe a word of her meaning to be one, though, not a word. It was just tall talk. It was said for effect, I am quite sure that it was.'

'O Cecil! when Lucy let it out, and Adela was vexed, and blushed so very much, and Lucy apologised.'

'And what an hospital nurse she would make—my cat! Only imagine a cat an hospital nurse!'

'But she is not *a* cat,' replied Helen. 'She is only *your* cat, which is quite a different thing.'

'Is it? I don't see that. She must have been *a* cat first, or she could not have become *my* cat.'

'Not at all; that is not fair. She was only your cat because you have an antipathy to her like a cat-antipathy, not because she was a cat to begin with.'

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'The distinction you draw is too fine for my weak intellect to understand. However, if being a cat did not make her my cat, being my cat must make her a cat. You won't dispute *that*, I suppose, and therefore I may end as I began, by saying what a horrible nurse a cat would make. I suppose she would jump on the sick man's chest and suck his blood; cats always do.'

'I can't think how you can be so absurd, Cecil. In the first place cats don't, and in the second place——'

"Hush, hush, Helen; whenever any one comes to the second place, she had best hold her tongue. There never can be enough to say on any subject to admit of an "in the second place." In the first place ought to exhaust everything that *is*, as it does everything that *should* be said on any subject.'

'And there is the dinner-bell, and you are not dressed,' cried Helen. "O Cecil! papa will be angry again. You are always in disgrace now.'

'I bear it very well, though,' replied Cecil, lightly; 'there is nothing like practice,' and she tripped cheerfully off to prepare for dinner.

The next day was one of incessant snow. The whole world, as far as the eye could reach, was as white as the top of a twelfth cake, and the lovely flakes that kept descending from the sky could not render it whiter, they could only deepen the soft covering that Heaven was bestowing upon earth.

Cecil stood at the schoolroom window and looked sorrowfully forth. Trees and shrubs were at the moment invisible. Nothing was to be seen but space filled with fast falling snow.

'There will be no getting out to-day,' she said. 'Alas, we are prisoners—and not only our bodies but our souls are in prison—we cannot walk—we cannot drive—we cannot meet Juliet—what is to be done? And Juliet—poor sweet Juliet—she is sitting alone, thinking of her Colonel—her Colonel who has left her—and wishing for me to comfort her while he is away, for the day is far too bad for the engagements she told me of to take place.'

And this last thought—this knowledge of what she was to her friend—was to Cecil so precious and so surprising, that though she was standing in a room by herself, a vivid colour sprang up into her cheeks, and her eyes glistened as it came to her. The snow continued to fall, and Cecil continued to look, and to dream idly of all the pleasures from which it debarred her. Since she had allowed her mind to dwell so much on forbidden topics, and since she had centred all her present happiness in friendship of which her uncle was not even aware, and of which he had so strictly commanded her not to think, the immediate surroundings of her daily life had gradually, and unconsciously to herself, lost all the interest they once had for her; her necessary tasks had become actually irksome, and a feeling of restless impatience over-ruled her when she was not able to be with Juliet, or at least was not planning

a meeting that was to be, or reflecting on one that had been. A day on which they could not meet was an unimagined calamity that filled her with dismay, and the idea of trying to interest herself in other things never occurred to her as a possibility, and had it done so, she would most probably have rejected it with disdain, as at once heartless and ungrateful. Helen was better, and established herself by the schoolroom fire soon after breakfast, happy that Sunday was over, and that while she was still emancipated on the score of health from schoolroom routine, she could amuse herself with her favourite books, and beloved fancy work. She regretted the snow on Cecil's account, and feared that she would rebel against the dulness and monotony of a day spent within the four walls of the house, and without the chance of word or sign from Juliet, but to her the monotony was not dull, and the pleasant sensation of returning health and strength, after illness, made her time pass delightfully.

Cecil was more to be pitied certainly than anybody else in the house, though as it was her own fault that such was the case, she did not deserve pity at all. Helen, as we have just said, was actually happy. Aunt Flora, though she liked her drive and a morning visitor or two, was placidly contented without them. On bad days she always spent a good deal of time in her own room, looking over and examining into the state of her wardrobe, and in other fidgetty ways that can be better understood than described. A novel, knitting, and German wool-work never came amiss to her, and were always among the duties of her day, and besides this, Aunt Flora, like most other idle, goodnatured people, had a large correspondence, and a considerable portion of her life was taken up in covering sheets of note-paper with her flowing sharp-pointed caligraphy. Many of these occupations got into arrears in fine weather, so that a bad day was almost welcome to Aunt Flora.

As for Mr. Vaux, we need hardly say that he was always himself, or at least that he believed himself to be, independent of such trivial circumstances as rain, snow, or sunshine. He had always newspapers to read and accounts to look over, and business letters to write, and if his temper was a little sourer on a wet day than on a dry one, can a man fairly be blamed for that, who, having spent six or seven hours out of the twenty-four in reading newspapers, looking over accounts, and writing business letters, has nothing whatever to do for the rest of the day but read newspapers, look over accounts, and write business letters? Still the only effect of a day indoors without society from the outer world, was, to make the master of Fernley Manor's temper somewhat sourer than usual, while poor Cecil was quite overwhelmed by the imprisonment, and felt that the snow was too cruel, and its consequences more than she could bear. Her lessons were performed in an unwilling spirit that made them difficult, and the employment discouraging, to both pupil and teacher, and when they were at last over, when the books were closed, and the exercises put away, she looked round in something like

despair, and asked herself very mournfully indeed what she was to do? 'Now I ought to be leaving the house to meet her.' Cecil chose to ignore the fact that if the day had been fine, Juliet had other engagements. She thought, 'Soon we should be together enjoying real happiness for a brief space, and laying in materials for happy thoughts till our next meeting. What is she doing, I wonder? What is she thinking of now? How is she passing the weary time in her Colonel's absence? Weary! yes, that was the word.

'I only know my lot is dreary,
He cometh not, she said.
She said, I am aweary, aweary.'

But there she stopped; she did not finish the quotation, and I am glad she did not—she did not wish that she was dead—she has not the gloomy thoughts that Helen has. Poor dear little Helen, I can't think why she allows her mind to dwell on such horrid subjects; it cannot be good for her, and she will grow quite morbid if she does not check herself in time.'

Juliet Wyndham, to whose solitary lot Cecil's mind turned with such tender loyalty, did not, however, find her time hang so heavily on her hands as her friends imagined must be the case. Charmingly dressed, and looking charming, she was, at the very moment that Cecil thought of her so despondingly, dancing through her pretty conservatory, and pausing here and there to tend or caress a favourite flower. To be charmingly dressed, and look charming, are great supports in themselves, so also is a pretty conservatory to dance through, to say nothing of being nineteen years old and married for love, even if you are at the moment separated from your husband. Juliet felt and looked gay though her Colonel was away, the snow was falling fast, and she did not expect to see any one but servants till the next day. Still she would have greatly enjoyed to put on her snow boots, rush out, and meet Cecil in the white frozen world that lay beyond her ken. She had written a long letter to her Colonel, and finished *The Mill on the Floss*, which she had unwillingly put down at a late hour the night before. When she had refreshed herself by wandering about in the conservatory, she must go to the library and choose another novel, and forget herself in it for the rest of the day. She did not in the least consider herself a person to be pitied, though she would have liked a little more variety, and especially a meeting with her beloved Cecil. Then she thought she could write to Cecil, but if she did who could she find to take her letter? As she asked herself this question, she looked out of window, and there, through the snow, she saw a figure approaching the house. A figure? Yes—and the figure was that of a man. A thrill of exquisite joy for one instant ran through her; and her heart beat fast, as she leapt to the conclusion that it was her husband; but the next instant she was undeceived, and the disappointment was heightened by anger against her-

self for having, even for the smallest conceivable atom of time, mistaken Captain Feversham for Colonel Wyndham.

'What a fool I must be!' she cried. 'What a dolt! I am unworthy to be his wife if I could do such a thing for a moment. Oh, but I didn't, I couldn't—I didn't really think it was Godfrey. It was only that I was thinking of him so much, that it seemed as if everybody must be he.'

When Captain Feversham rang at the house door, she determined to see him. It was true that her husband had desired her not to receive any visitors except ladies during his absence from home, and not to go to any parties. 'But then I will only see him for a little wee bit of time,' she thought, 'and I will make him take a note to Cecil, and Godfrey did not know it would snow all day, and it is only Captain Feversham whom nobody could ever mind anybody else's seeing, because he is such a nonentity.'

Satisfying herself with this reasoning, Juliet danced out of the conservatory into the drawing-room, and received Captain Feversham with sweet smiles and gay words.

He professed himself to have been ignorant of Colonel Wyndham's absence, and apologised for his visit, which he feared was not *à-propos*. Mrs. Wyndham reassured him, and after a little conversation, on his declaring that it was a very good sort of a day for a walk, asked him if he would like to take a walk as far as Fernley Manor, and to be the bearer of a note from her to Miss Vaux. He laughed a little in his foolish way, and sucked the head of his stick, staring at her as he did so. Then he said he should be very happy, 'but you know he did not know Mr. Vaux, you know, so that he should have to knock at the back-door.'

'Knock at the back-door and enter by the kitchen by all means,' laughed Juliet. 'Why not? Why is not a back-door as good as a front? I am sure a man's butler is often a much better creature than himself. Only get my note to Miss Vaux some way or another, and I don't care if you knock at fifty back-doors.'

'All right,' replied Captain Feversham. 'I'm sure that's very kind of you.'

So Juliet wrote her note, and while she did so her visitor stood before the fire, staring at himself in the glass with as much earnest attention as if he had never seen his own face before.

Since we have penetrated into the secrets of Mr. Vaux's and Colonel Wyndham's home on a bad day, perhaps we may be permitted to pay a visit also to the Lesters'.

Their pleasant sitting-room never looked more cosy and cheerful than on a winter day, and the girls turned eagerly to their various occupations with the satisfactory feeling that there would be no interruptions. The studies were over, and they were working and talking by the fire, when Nancy brought in Miss Adela's ball dress, the last finishing touch having been bestowed upon it. She held it up exultingly, a hand in each little sleeve, and Adela and Lucy left their seats to look and to admire.

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'How nice you will be in it,' said the latter, with loving glances, first at the robe, and then at the sister who was to wear it.

'I wish you had one to be nice in also,' was the reply.

"Never mind, my turn will come, and then how we shall enjoy it!'

'But now, Nancy, take it away; it is charming, but I have a great piece of work to do before tea-time,' cried Adela.

She was making a flannel dressing-gown for a poor woman whose days were numbered, and whom, on her last visit to her cottage, she had found insufficiently clothed and shivering over a scanty fire.

'The weather has turned so dreadfully cold,' she continued, addressing Lucy, 'that I feel I can't make haste enough with my work. The poor thing will be half frozen before I can get it to her. I grudge every moment I spend on anything else till it is finished.'

'Yes, I am sure you do,' said Lucy, 'or you would not leave that drawing you are so much interested in, and that was coming on so nicely.'

'That must wait. I feel as if I had wasted time over it on Saturday, which ought to have been given to the flannel work. I am quite glad it snows to-day, so that I need not go out as I must on a fine day, and so I can go on at it till it's done.'

'Give me a sleeve,' said Lucy.

Adela threw her one.

'I wonder,' said she, 'whether anybody *likes* needlework for its own sake, and not only for the sake of what it does.'

'They can't while there are music, and drawing, and reading in the world, can they?'

'I wish I did,' said Adela. 'Sha'n't I be glad when this big thing is finished!'

'And won't Sarah Dobson be more glad?' cried Lucy. At which both the girls laughed and herring-boned on, harder than ever.

'A good snowy day *is* a treat,' said Adela, presently. 'One *does* get such a quantity done, and by-and-bye, when mamma has finished writing her letter, and she comes in and we read aloud, the work will seem like nothing.'

'To-morrow, if it is fine, will you go and see Helen Vaux?' asked Lucy.

'I should like nothing better; she is so nice and sweet; it is quite a pleasure to know her; we had such a pleasant talk.'

'I hope she is not going to be ill a long time.'

'Oh no, I don't suppose she is; it is only a bad cold; but I am afraid she will not be allowed to walk out while the weather is so cold, and if so we cannot see her without going there; and when she is better there will be her cousin, and perhaps Mademoiselle, which will make it quite a different matter.'

'Yes, indeed. I wish her cousin was more like her.'

'She is so pretty and clever. I do wish she did not dislike me so much, but as it is, do you know, I am really afraid of her.'

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'Afraid of her? O Adela—why what do you think she would do to you? bite?'

'Yes—bite—that is just it—she bites me with her tongue, which is quite as terrible as a bite with the teeth.'

'And then you don't like to bite her again because it would not be right. But don't you feel sometimes that it would be pleasant? Don't you feel inclined to do it?'

'Sometimes for a moment, I suppose I do,' replied Adela, blushing; 'but though it might be pleasanter just at that moment than holding my tongue, it would be *so* unpleasant afterwards. When I came to remember that I had said something unkind, just fancy how horrid it would be, Lucy.'

'Helen is sweet and gentle, and does not say disagreeable things.'

'No, never, and she was *so* nice and agreeable yesterday.'

'You read her the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* after you had talked. Did you sing to her too? Sick people always like you to sing to them.'

'No, but I would if she had asked me. I wished so much to give her pleasure, lying there in her bed, that I should not have minded it a bit.'

'Well, do you wish to give me pleasure, sitting here at my herring-boning? There, one sleeve is finished—throw me the other; I am sure I can do it too without yawning if you will sing me a song.'

Adela laughed, gave her the work, and then sang the following song in her young bright voice, which sounded very young and bright without accompaniment. Youthful voices do not require an accompaniment any more than birds do. They are full and fresh enough without it:—

'When youth and joy are mine,
And life is new and sweet,
Roses and lilies twine
About my happy feet;
Life is a gay surprise,
Whence only pleasures flow,
And the benignant skies
Smile on me, as I go.

'Winds have a voice for me,
Dearer than music's tone,
Messages from the sea
Come to me as my own;
Never a touch of care
Can tarnish my delight,
Ev'rything, ev'rywhere,
Is innocent and bright.

'Let me, while life is bliss,
Made up of endless springs,
Remember, I am His,
And formed for higher things;
Remember, life can die,
Or be a gift unblest,
Remember, even I
Am mortal like the rest.

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'Then tho' the joys may fade,
And happy laughters cease,
A voice, athwart the shade,
Will softly whisper Peace;
Then tho' the darkest night
Eclipse the fairest day:
My soul will still be bright,
With sunshine on its way.'

The sounds, sweet and clear, died away in the room, leaving a pleasant silence in their place, which the two girls did not break, for a moment. If music, vocal music especially, is worth anything, it certainly leaves us more inclined to be silent than to speak, even if speech is only to be used in its praise.

At last Lucy said, 'I like the words of that song even more than the tune—don't you, Adela?'

'Yes, I am very fond of them; they are so true. It is so sweet, even when one is happy, to know that earth is not everything. *What* must it be when one is in sorrow?'

'And to think of people in sorrow who do not believe,' cried Lucy; 'it is *too* painful to think of them. I never knew anybody who did not believe; but probably mamma does, or papa. It seems to me not only that there would be no common ground to meet on in religious matters, but in nothing else either. It would all give way in everything if we went half an inch below the surface, because one's religion, of course, is not a thing by itself, but pervades everything else.'

'Yes,' said Adela, thoughtfully; 'one feels that more and more every day. It goes into everything; and nothing would be what it is without it.'

'And so everything is something different to those who have not got it. How strange it seems, Adela. It is a matter I can't realize or understand one bit. But it must be a miserable part of a missionary's life, living among those who do not believe in his God.'

'Only for the joy of making them believe. Just think what a joy that must be! If it is a joy reached through great tribulations, it is only the sweeter on that account.'

'Turks and infidels—all those poor creatures who have been brought up in it, and don't know any better—one can imagine their doing it, though one may not be able to imagine what the state of their minds can be; but how any people who *have* believed—baptized Christians—can cease to do so, is to me the most incomprehensible of all the incomprehensible mysteries on earth.'

'And yet I have heard papa say he can understand it, and that it requires a strict guard on one's thoughts and earnest prayer to resist the first little, *little* step; and that when once that step is taken, you go on, and are almost unconscious where you are going, and that even prayer itself is of little avail, unless you open your eyes wide, and see the consequences of that one little step, and that it is *that* which has brought about all that has happened since.'

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'And the services and daily prayers, and all those things preserving the habit of our minds even when we did not know it, must be so useful in helping to make that first little step impossible,' said Lucy.

'And, oh, here is mamma with her book,' cried Adela, joyously. 'Now the last hour till tea-time will pass delightfully away, and the flannel dressing-gown is sure to be finished before we go to bed. What a charming thing a bad day is!'

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER XVI.

'WELL, Rose, I must say I am a little disappointed.'

It was the last day of the holidays, the Fräulein was expected in the evening; lessons and attendance at College were to begin the following morning, and Aunt Rachel had come to inspect her little nieces' needlework, and award the golden egg to the most deserving. The finished garments lay in fine little piles on the round table, and Aunt Rachel, after examining them in succession, had come back to Rose's pile a second time, and was turning over its contents with a dissatisfied expression of face. 'No hooks and eyes, or tapes, or stays to the pocket holes, nothing neatly finished off,' she continued, 'and then, this great red stain on the purple frock! Yes, I am disappointed, Rose; I thought you would have set your namesake an example in neatness and thoroughness in your work, and did not expect yours to have been the only slip-shod performance among them all.'

'I am very sorry about the hooks and eyes, Aunt Rachel,' said Rose. 'Somehow they got mixed up with Claude's iron shavings and slipped into the acid bath inside his battery, and when we fished them out they were so rusty that I could not use them. That red stain on the frock was made by a rusty little hook falling on it. However, Nurse has promised to give me some more hooks and eyes and a fresh piece of tape (Claude took the other piece for a great battery emergency), and I promise you, Aunt Rachel, that hooks, stays and all, shall be put on before the poor children come for their clothes this evening.'

'I shall hope to see it; Rose Marshall does not want encouragement in the art of pinning on her clothes. I wonder you had not sufficient pleasure in working for your favourite, to induce you to keep clear of the boy's haunts while you had this sewing in hand. You wasted quite time enough over that battery at Christmas, Rose, and might for once I think have given your mind steadily to a piece of woman's work.'

Rose said nothing, and the two other girls stood by silent; not from ill-nature or want of loyalty to Rose, but that they had not understood her conduct well enough to defend it.

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For a little while Rose was downcast at Aunt Rachel's disapproval, but soon she remembered how pleased papa had been, when this morning Claude had shown him the battery finished at last, and how, looking at her, he had said that he was glad Claude had found something pleasant to do these sad holidays, and so been kept from worrying over the next term's work.

Perhaps the helping him to get interested in that old battery had been useful woman's work after all, though it did not look like it.

Aunt Rachel was now holding up another set of garments to the light. 'This grey stuff was given to Florence, I think,' she said. 'Here is a terrible ink stain hidden skilfully among the plaits, but the work is good, and the finishing quite perfect. I wonder whether Nurse has been helping Florence.'

'Aunt Rachel,' cried Rose, sparkling with as much pleasure in speaking as if Maggie had been forward in defending her, 'I *must* tell you something. It was Maggie who did the best part of that work, besides her own. Maggie and Lucy Fanshawe; Florence has been too ill to work, and Maggie and Lucy carried off all the unfinished clothes from her drawer and brought them back as you see.'

'Well done, Maggie,' said Aunt Rachel; 'I really do think you have found out your talent at last, and mean to turn out the needlewoman of the family. The prize for good work lies between you and Lucy, but you are so closely matched that I must consult Mrs. Fanshawe before I decide anything. I must run away now to give Grandmamma her tea, but I will come back in the evening and decide this weighty question. I called now chiefly to tell you that Rose Marshall and Mary Anne Sims are coming here at five o'clock to have their new frocks tried on by their dressmakers, and that mamma and papa gave leave for you to entertain them at tea in the kitchen. Stay in the lower rooms and make as little noise as you can, till I come back, and then with Mrs. Fanshawe's and Lucy's help we will find some pleasant way of spending this last evening of the holidays and amusing your little guests.'

'I have not seen my namesake since that snowy day when Teddy was lost,' cried Rose Ingram, 'and I do so want to know all that has happened in the Models since. Aunt Rachel, do you think I might take Rose Marshall very softly to the top of the attic stairs after tea, and sit there with her and have a talk?'

'Yes,' said Aunt Rachel, smiling; 'if sitting on the stairs is an absolutely necessary condition for a talk, but I should have thought one of the rooms downstairs would have done as well.'

'Oh, no, for Cook, and Packer, and Anne would all be standing about wondering what we were saying to each other, and we should neither of us be able to begin. The attic stairs will be much more easy and sociable, almost as good as those dear dirty stairs at the Models where we got to know each other first.'

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Aunt Rachel now took leave, and Rose had only just finished sewing

on the last of her hooks and eyes, when Anne appeared in the school-room with the news that two little girls were at the back-door inquiring for Miss Rose. Down ran the three Ingram girls in great excitement, but Rose found the meeting with her namesake, under these circumstances, a far shyer affair than previous interviews under the iron gate had been. The little girls from the Models stood in the entrance passage, crushing themselves up against the white-washed wall and looking frightened, while Cook, with arms a-kimbo, exclaimed from her kitchen door, 'Well I do wonder what ever made Miss Ingram send them children 'ere at this time of day;' and Packer, with the plate-basket in his hand, looked out frowning from the pantry. Rose rushed forward boldly, however, and took her namesake's hand.

'O Rose, I am so glad to see you; come in here, and tell us all about your mother and Teddy. I wish you had brought Teddy and Clara too, I wish you had all come.'

The ice was effectually broken. Rose Marshall's face flushed and brightened into smiles and happy looks.

'Oh, please Miss, Teddy did so want to come. Mother had to hold him to keep him from running after us; and, all she could do, he got free and would have been downstairs in no time if Blind Ben had not caught him in his arms. Please he's broke the cart, and his drum don't make no more noise, and he says he wants to bring it back to Master Willie for him to put some fresh music inside of it. Nothing will serve him but that.'

'Come in here to the servants' hall, where we are to have tea, and tell us about everything,' cried Rose, joyfully. 'So your mother has come home from the hospital? Well, is she? How happy you must be!'

'O Miss.'

The two Roses squeezed each other's hands, and for just a minute a spectator looking at them might have been puzzled to know which was which, for some sudden thought had turned the Red Rose pale, while the White Rose's face glowed with joy and thankfulness.

'Mother has been home just a week, Miss, and she looks almost like herself, and father—but you know all about that, Miss—*that* is all along of you, I know.'

'But it is not,' and Rose Ingram regained colour and smiles all at once. 'I don't know in the least what you mean, but if it is anything good, do tell me.'

Rose Marshall glanced backward at Mary Ann Sims, whom Maggie and Lily were now leading in by the hand, and at the vista of Cook and Packer on the watch outside, turned shy.

'Never mind,' whispered the Red Rose, understanding her in an instant. 'I will take you after tea to a place where we can talk quietly, and then you shall explain it all to me.'

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Though all enjoyed themselves, there was rather a lack of conversation

during tea, for Maggie and Lily gave all their thoughts to watching their guests' plates and refilling them the instant they were empty, and between whiles they indulged in remarks to each other on the strange little girls' looks and appetites, that were not exactly calculated to set them at their ease. Mary Anne did full justice to the buttered tea-cake and the bread-and-jam, in spite of her embarrassment; but Rose Marshall began to slide the contents of her plate into her pocket-handkerchief long before she had eaten what the Ingrams would have called a reasonable high tea for one of themselves.

'It is because you want Teddy to taste everything,' Rose Ingram whispered, when she had seen a little pile of eatables set aside.

'Please, Miss, I can't eat no more, and little Miss there said I must take another bit, and Polly and Teddy do love jam and bread, and mother too.'

'Come with me then, and I'll find you a little basket, one I had for shells last summer; you shall put the slices you've saved in it, and take it away with you. I want too to show you my bag, *the bag* where I've been storing little things for you—useful things, at least I hope you will think them useful, for I have been saving them up a long time.'

The whole of the party, including Lucy Fanshawe, who came in just as tea was over, now adjourned to the topmost landing of the back stairs, and Rose produced the bag from its hiding-place in the back attic, and proceeded to display its contents one by one. It was a great satisfaction to her at the end of the evening when she thought over all that had passed, to be able to assure herself that the odds and ends from the bag had given her namesake more pleasure, and been received with warmer expressions of gratitude than the solid, handsome gifts of clothes that came afterwards. Aunt Rachel might not have thought better of the White Rose's sense on this account, but it showed a likeness of taste between the namesakes that the richer one found very gratifying. And besides, the handsome presents were another person's contrivance, and the result of a fortnight's work, while the odds and ends represented a good many little acts of self-denial and sacrifices of time, scattered through several months. It was sweet to find that the pleasure given by them was even greater than had been imagined, and that the White Rose not only instantly perceived the uses for which the miscellaneous treasures had been designed, but was quick to suggest quite unthought-of ways in which they might be made to do good service. That pair of scissors with the infirm screw, that Rose Ingram had only hoped might possibly be caused to cut a little longer, was seen by Rose Marshall to be just the very thing for Blind Ben to use in poking out the ends of old cane from the frames of the chairs he was recaning; better a great deal than a new pair. The many-coloured scarf, knitted up by Rose Ingram from the wool of the old antimacassar that the Fräulein had pronounced too shabby even for the back of the school-room sofa, Rose Marshall declared to be *so* nice for mother to throw over her head when she ran out to the shop of a sudden on a wet night.

The dilapidated copy of 'the picture story-book' that had certainly taken a good deal of careful pasting, and ingenious supplementing here and there of written sentences for lost pages, was received with a glow of pleasure that over-paid all the toil.

'Why! it would do to take downstairs to show to Mrs. Johnstone's little lame daughter, who never got out; and Mrs. Johnstone had been *so* civil to mother since she came out of the hospital, and Reuben, that was Mrs. Johnstone's son, had brought the telegram about Teddy, and done a many kind things for them all ever since.'

To find some way, however small, of returning the obligation, was clearly a pleasure very keenly felt. Then on further examination Rose Marshall found out how pretty the pictures were.

'Father would like them; perhaps he could even copy them to help him in the new sort of work better than the common carpenter's work he had got to do now. Thanks to you, Miss.'

'Oh no,' cried Rose, 'not thanks to me. I wish it was, but I am afraid not; how could I have had anything to do with getting your father better work?'

By this time Lucy Fanshawe and Maggie, tired of the exhibition of treasures, of which they had already seen and heard a good deal, had carried Mary Ann Sims away to the spare room to try her new dress on, and the two Roses had the back stairs to themselves. The White Rose sat on the landing with a store of gifts, the precious book uppermost, piled on her lap, and the Red Rose sat a step or two lower down, turning an eager face up to her companion.

'I could not have had anything to do with it, but if it is anything good, I am so glad. Do you mean that your father is—is—that he never throws boots?—you know what I mean.'

'O Miss, I am so sorry I ever said anything of that to you, for father always was kind even then, and now that he has got work that he likes, and with a different sort that don't tempt him to the ale-house, he ain't been like that for ever so long. Mother do cry for joy now sometimes to see how regular he is in coming home, and Miss, it must have been along of you that the gentleman who spoke about the better work came to see us, for he said he was your father, please Miss, and Teddy knew him.'

'Papa!' cried Rose Ingram. 'Did papa come to see you at the Models? Oh, I am glad! Do tell me all about it.'

'It was the week after Teddy was lost, a cold day, and I had been trying to do better since that afternoon at the church, miss. I had made the room pretty tidy, and got a bit of a blaze in the grate, for Reuben Johnstone, he had been up with a present of a scuttle of coals from his mother, and they was real good coals, and father had come in from work, and said he would clean himself and stop at home a bit; and it was lucky he did, for just as he was sitting quiet in mother's chair by the fire, carving a bit of wood into a head, for the horse without a head that Master Willie

gave Teddy, there came a knock at the door, and when I opened it, it was a gentleman, Miss, and he asked to see father, and Teddy he set up a shout when he see him, and said he would go back in a cab with him, and get some more chicken, and cakes, and almonds, and pudding, he would, Miss.'

'And what did Papa say?'

'He smiled quite pleasant, Miss, and sat down in mother's chair, and father took the broken one, and they talked for a long while. The gentleman asked after mother first thing, and said he knew how hard it was to get along when the mother was sick; and that pleased father, and by-and-bye the gentleman noticed the horse's head father was carving, and they talked of carpentering work and turning, and father brought out some little ivory things he turned for mother a long time ago, and a picture-frame he carved when we lived in the country, all of leaves and flowers, and the gentleman said it was a pity he did not get work like that to do, for it paid a deal better than common work, and father said that was what he had been told before he came to London, but he had not found any one to employ him. They was all for machine-work now-a-days, the upholsterers was, father said, and then the gentleman told him, he knew of a place where such work as his was wanted, and he would give him a letter, and please, miss, we'd no ink or paper in our room, but I'd made myself tidy that day, and I went down to Mrs. Johnstone's room, and she give me what I asked for quite civil, and pleased to hear that there was a gentleman sitting along of father, and the gentleman wrote his letter at our table, and next day father took it to the place and got some work to do at once, Miss, and he's been working there ever since.'

'And that was Papa's doing—*my father's?*' said Rose Ingram. 'I *am* so glad. Do you suppose he knew that your father got the work?'

'Oh yes, Miss, for a fortnight after that he called again, and father 'd brought a job of carving home with him to finish, and the room was littered a bit with shavings that night. It was the back of a chair, and father thought he'd like to carve a bunch of lords-and-ladies, such as we used to gather under the hedges at Brooklyn, for an ornament on it, Miss, and I'd run across to ask for a book, with pictures of flowers, from the school-library, for father and me could not agree about the marking of the leaves, miss, and when I got back there was the tall kind gentleman sitting in mother's chair among all the shavings, and please, Miss, drawing the lords-and-ladies on the back of the chair, with a bit of carpenter's pencil. Father was surprised to see how easy he did it, Miss.'

'Oh, my father can do everything,' cried Rose, proudly. 'He knows all about flowers and everything.'

'And please, Miss, he do seem to think a deal of *my* father. They sat and talked till long and long after Teddy's bed-time, and when he got up to go he promised father to lend him some books, and advised him to go to a place where he could get some drawing-lessons, and hear lectures and

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things—it's called a college, Miss—and father goes there when he don't come home of an evening, and he sees your father there, and he says he thinks different about a many things from what he did before he knew Professor Ingram, and, Miss, he's begun to go to church again, and he'd left off because some of his mates said it was no use. Mother is happy of a Sunday now.'

Rose Ingram put out her hand and took Rose Marshall's and gave it a little squeeze, and then they sat silent a minute or two.

'Rose,' the Red Rose whispered softly at last, 'do you remember that first time we sat on the stairs together at the Models, you asked me if I did not love my father very much, and I actually did not quite know what to answer then. I could answer in a minute if anybody asked me that now. It is very odd, but it does seem to me in looking back as if you and I had been having something to do with each other all this time, while we have hardly met, as if things had been coming to us through loving each other.'

'I don't know about you, Miss; but please, I do think, and mother thinks, that a deal of good has come to us along of you.'

'Oh no, not me, it was really Papa; and the odd thing is, that perhaps I should not have got to know Papa properly if I had not known you. I was, can you believe it? Rose, so surprised to see how much you loved your father and mother, and what a great deal you did for them, and I thought I should like to do the same; and oh! I am glad that I found out Mamma before she got to be as ill as she is now.'

'Your mother is ill, Miss?'

'Yes, and yours has got well. I don't envy you, Rose, I only wish I was as happy as you are. I know how bad it must have been for you when your mother went away to the hospital.'

'It *was* bad, and, Miss, I am so sorry for you,' hesitating; 'Miss, you know, where we say in church "For sick persons?"'

'O Rose, do you know, ever since I saw you at the Home last winter, I have always thought of your mother in church, when those words came.'

'And, Miss, now I'll think of yours. I shall never forget of a Sunday, never.'

'Thank you,' Rose said, softly.

Then there was another silence, which was broken by Maggie putting her head in at the passage door and calling to the two Roses to come downstairs for Rose Marshall to have her frock tried on.

'We are all waiting for you,' Maggie explained, when they reached the passage on to which the school-room door opened. 'Lucy Fanshawe has a scheme, and you really must come and help. We are to act a word, and Rose Marshall and Mary Ann, in their new clothes, are to come into it, and the ivory egg is to be given away as part of the acting. Such a lovely scheme! no one but Lucy Fanshawe could have thought of it. Let me explain it to you before any one else does. The word is Easter

Egg, and we four are to be girls come home for the Easter holidays very busy painting and gilding eggs to take to our Grandmamma on Easter Sunday morning. Oh no, stay; first we are to be sitting together wondering what present we could take to Grandmamma, and a knock will come at the door, and two little girls from a cottage, our Sunday scholars (Rose Marshall and Mary Ann Sims, you understand, in their new dresses), will come in with a basket of fresh eggs, laid by their own hens, and offer them to us. Rose Marshall will carry the basket and make the speech, because she looks the nicest and knows best what to say. Lucy Fanshawe has now run home to get some sugar eggs that were given her lately, and she will put these in your shell-basket, and among them the ivory egg. You are to run down to the drawing-room, Rose, and take it from under the glass-case just before we begin to act. Mamma has promised to come to the school-room to see the charade, and Aunt Rachel and Mrs. Fanshawe are there already. We four are to go in first to do the talk about our having come home from school and our being invited to breakfast with Grandmamma on Easter Sunday morning. We shall leave Rose Marshall and Mary Ann outside in the passage, and when Lucy rings a little bell they will knock at the door and present their eggs. That is the first scene, and acts the syllables Easter and egg. The second scene is the whole word. We are all to be breakfasting with Grandmamma, Rose Marshall and Mary Ann are little servants laying out the table, and bringing in the Easter eggs on a dish covered with a napkin. You, Rose, will take the dish from Rose Marshall and offer it to Grandmamma (Mrs. Fanshawe), and she will say, "Here is one egg too large for my taste, I must ask one of you to eat it for me; and then she will pick out the ivory egg and give it to the one of us who is to have it for a prize. We are none of us to know who has won the prize till that moment. Lucy has settled it so with Mrs. Fanshawe and Aunt Rachel, who are consulting over our work this minute. Won't it be fun? I shall quite tremble with excitement when the minute comes, and Lucy says she only hopes she shan't spoil the charade by crying out, she shall feel so anxious when Mrs. Fanshawe puts her hand in the dish. But won't it be beautiful; really quite as good, I think, as the play Lady Dunallan and her sisters acted with the little French girls.'

'I must say,' cried Rose Ingram, 'that Lucy Fanshawe is the most delicious girl for schemes I ever heard of. I only wish some other people could see the charade besides ourselves! What a pity Papa and Claude and Lionel have gone out for the evening. I wonder whether Nurse would like to come down to the school-room with Willie, and Trotty and Florence! Poor Florence! she has no chance of the prize, but she would like to see the fun. I must run and ask Mamma.'

'Make haste then. We have dressed Mary Ann Sims and shut her up in the housemaid's closet for fear any one should see her before the right time, and Lucy has run home for her eggs, and to find out scarfs and ribbons and things for us to dress up in; and you must

dress Rose Marshall while I look out the doll's china for the breakfast scene.'

'I won't be a moment. Here, Rose Marshall, that is the dressing-room door, go in there. You will find your new frock on the table, and you had better begin to put it on, till I come back to you. I won't be a moment.'

Mrs. Ingram was already in the school-room, looking somewhat better than usual, and as full of curiosity about the proposed entertainment of which the little girls had made a mystery to her, as could be desired.

'Yes, certainly,' she said, when Rose proffered her request. Florence might come and Nurse and the little ones, yes—and Ann too—and Emma the upper-housemaid, if Rose liked to ask them. She saw no objection to every one in the house being invited into the school-room to see what the dear children were going to do, if they wished it. It was sure to be something nice, and she would not miss it herself on any account.

Expectation had been raised already in the nursery by Maggie having rushed in to borrow two housemaid's caps and to get the doll's china from the play-cupboard; and Willie and Trotty were so eager to be in the midst of whatever might be going on that Nurse had not the heart to raise objections. Florence was the only person who hung back. She was standing before the toy-cupboard when Rose came into the nursery putting back some boxes that Maggie had disturbed, and she seemed too busy, or dull, or cross to take any notice. Mamma had given Rose strict orders not to kiss Florence or go too near her, as there was still a slight suspicion of infection from the sore throat, so Rose could not drag her away by main force to enjoy herself as she felt inclined, or rouse her from her moodiness by a friendly shake of the shoulders; she could do no more than linger a little after Nurse and the little ones had left the room and put her invitation in a still more inviting form.

'Come, Flory, you don't know how grand it will be. Mrs. Fanshawe has given Lucy leave to bring everything she can think of over from their house for us to dress up in. It will be as good fun as our charades at Christmas.'

'Not for me,' said Florence. 'What fun *can* there be for me, when I am to sit by myself and hardly speak to any one, just because they choose to make a hateful fuss about my throat and worry me till I hate everything?'

'O Flory, but when it is Mamma?'

'There,' said Florence, in a tone of such real pain that Rose was startled. 'As if I possibly could mean Mamma when I said a thing was hateful. I wish you would leave me alone. If I must sit away from everybody and take no part in the dressing up, I had rather wait a little, and slip into the school-room quietly after the charade has begun.'

'But don't wait long, dear. I am flying downstairs to dress Rose Marshall, and then the fun will begin. Don't you want to know who will

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get the work-prize? We are to be told that in the charade. I must not give hints or you will guess the word too quickly, and we have too few to guess as it is. I know well enough what little use Nurse and Ann are at guessing charades. They say the word that comes into their heads, however unlikely it is. Don't you remember when we acted *Fanshawe* at Christmas; though we all had fans and fanned ourselves desperately, Nurse could think of nothing to say but that she supposed we were pretending to be at a party. Do come down and be a sensible guesser, Flory.'

'Well, I'll see,' Flory answered, a good deal softened by this suggestion.

Rose ran down to the dressing-room and found her namesake no farther advanced than when she had left her, but standing in rapt contemplation before a print of one of Scheffer's pictures which hung over the chimney-piece. A merry bustle of dressing and chattering and inventing speeches for the charade followed. All the little actors, with the exception of Mary Anne Sims, who, having only to act dumb show, was not to be released from imprisonment till the last minute, assembled in Mrs. Ingram's dressing-room, and while the young ladies were transforming themselves as much as possible by the aid of a collection of Chinese scarfs and Japanese dressing-gowns, which Lucy had brought from over the way, Rose Ingram instructed Rose Marshall in the part she had to perform, and found her an apt pupil.

Florence, meanwhile, left alone in the nursery, turned to the toy cupboard, and, standing on tiptoe, drew from the upper least-used shelf, the red book she had concealed there among broken toys and torn picture-books. *Now* the opportunity she had long waited for offered of taking it down unobserved to the drawing-room, and replacing it in its proper niche on the book-shelf, from which no one appeared to have missed it all this while. The thought of creeping down to the drawing-room on a private errand, and then going into Mamma's presence, and meeting her confiding looks, made Florence feel very mean and hateful to herself; but 'I will only do this one more deceitful thing,' she thought, 'this one, and then I shall have done with it all. I will never begin the least little bit of underhand way again as long as I live, once I get quite free from this, and am able to put it quite out of my head.' The gas was not yet lighted, and the passages were rather dim, but there was light enough in the drawing-room for Florence to make her way to the recess, without danger of stumbling over the numerous little tables and footstools that stood in the way. She thought the room empty when she entered it, but when she was opposite the window recess, she saw, with surprise, a figure with its back to her, close to the book-case, busy apparently in examining and handling the various ornaments that stood on the marble top. As Florence stood still she heard a click, and recognised the sound, caused by lifting one of the glass shades from their stands, and putting it back in its place again. She thought one of the girls, dressed up for

acting, must have gone down to fetch the ivory egg from the safe place where Aunt Rachel kept it. How awkward it would be if she turned and saw her! Florence slipped behind a high-backed chair, her heart beating quickly at the thought of the shame she should feel if Rose or Maggie suddenly turned round on her, and found out her reason for coming there! How really sorry Rose would be, and what a talk and a wonderment Maggie would make about it. She need not have hidden herself, for the person, whoever it was, appeared equally anxious to get out of the room without being seen. Florence had left the door open, and Packer just that instant came and lit the gas-lamp on the drawing-room landing; the girl who was then creeping softly across the room, stood still at the sound of his footsteps, and waited—waited till he had passed on down the staircase to the lower hall, then she darted out of the door, and was gone in an instant. A ray of light had, however, fallen full on her face while she was standing still, and Florence saw with surprise that it was neither Rose, Lucy, nor Maggie, dressed up for acting as she had supposed, but some one she had never seen before, a little girl about her own height, with a not over-clean face, and dullish dark hair, thrust untidily away under one of Anne's smart little afternoon caps. It was only for an instant that the light fell full on the face, but Florence saw it quite distinctly and could never forget it, or persuade herself, though she sometimes tried very hard to do so afterwards, that there could be any mistake about what she had seen. At the time, however, it did not appear a matter of any consequence, or at all likely to affect herself. When the coast was clear she went to the recess, replaced the book on its shelf, and left the room. She reached the upper landing without meeting any one, and was just passing the dressing-room door, when the little troop of actors burst out upon her. They were far too much occupied with their own looks and dress to ask her any awkward questions, though Rose seized her, and would not let her enter the school-room till she had given her opinion on the beauty of their disguises.

'Just look at Lucy now; should you have known her, with hair done in that way, and the Chinese cap on? We are going to pretend that she is a Japanese girl, sent over by missionaries to be educated at our school, and we have invited her to spend the holidays with us, because she has no friends in Europe. She is to speak broken English, and eat with chopsticks. Lucy has been practising, and it's such fun. Maggie, and Lily, and I, are only common girls, but with long frocks you see and turned-up hair, and as nearly grown-up as school-girls can be. Rose Marshall and Mary Anne Sims are our Sunday scholars and waiting-maids as well. Oh, by-the-way, where is Mary Anne Sims?—run, Lilly, and bring her from the housemaid's closet—how tired she must be of being shut up there.'

'Here she is, very glad to be let out—are you not?' cried Maggie, as the transformed Mary Anne and Lilly appeared together at the back staircase door a minute afterwards.

'How nice Mary Anne looks in her brown dress,' answered Rose. 'Stay, though, she has whitened it against that dreadful closet wall; let me dust her.'

A second delay was caused, by some one recollecting that the ivory egg had still to be fetched from the drawing-room, and Rose offered to be the one to bring it.

'Go into the school-room and say we are *just* ready to begin, Florence,' entreated Maggie; but for some reason or other, which she could not quite explain to herself, Florence lingered, watching rather anxiously for Rose's return, and feeling a sort of surprised relief when her sister came back breathless, with the ivory egg safe in her hand, and proceeded to place it with the other eggs in a basket on Rose Marshall's arm. The little girl in the brown frock, whose face Florence recognised the instant her eyes rested on her, had been gratifying her curiosity by peeping about in the drawing-room, but apparently had not done any mischief to the precious ivory egg, though she had gone so far as to lift up the glass case to examine it more closely. Florence felt with shame, that her tongue was tied. *She* could not call the little girl to account for prying where she had no right to go. How tiresome it was to have another secret to keep! It might not be an important one, but it made another subject in which she must be careful how she spoke. When one was guilty of a deceitful act, did it always happen that the road to openness seemed afterwards to be shut away, and one's feet forced to stray into doubtful slippery paths? Florence asked herself this question, and her mind was distracted from enjoyment of the acting, by efforts to find a consolatory answer that would not come.

To everybody else the charade was a great success. Mrs. Ingram was not fatigued when all was over, though she laughed at Lucy's broken English, and admired the two Rose's pretty speeches to each other quite as heartily as did old Mrs. Fanshawe; and Nurse and Ann went so far as to say that the breakfast-party, when Lucy ate with chop-sticks, was more amusing than anything done by the clown in the pantomime they saw at Christmas. What was meant to have been the great point of the performance, however, the giving away of the ivory egg, fell a little flat, and had the effect of bringing the charade to a hasty conclusion. Mrs. Fanshawe could not change her part from spectator as readily as was required; and when Rose presented the dish to her, and she had to choose out the valuable egg, and give it away, she unfortunately forgot that the Japanese lady was a perfect stranger to her, and made an inappropriate speech, as she handed the prize to Lucy, about her distress at having to award Lady Dunallan's beautiful present—to a member of her own family, instead of to one of the children of the house. Maggie called out, 'Lucy is not your grand-daughter—she is a Japanese;' but it was too late, the spell was broken, and Rose, Aunt Rachel, and Mrs. Ingram, dropping all further pretence, came up to Lucy to kiss her, and congratulate her on her success. Mrs. Fanshawe was anxious to prove to

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everybody that the superior neatness of Lucy's work had left her no choice but to vote in her favour; and Mary Anne Sims was called up before Mrs. Ingram to have her various garments inspected over again, and their tucks and hems compared with similar portions of Rose Marshall's attire; and while this was going on Professor Ingram returned with Claude and Lionel from an entertainment, to which he had taken his sons; and everybody discovered that it was late, and that Mrs. Ingram ought to have been in her room, and the little ones in their beds, an hour ago. Lucy Fanshawe slipped the ivory egg into her pocket without so much as opening it (possibly to spare Maggie's feelings), and good-naturedly set herself to work to clear away the stage properties, and help Rose in packing up Rose Marshall's old clothes and the presents from the 'mother's bag,' which had till now been forgotten by everybody, and left scattered about on the attic stairs. The York Rose came out to receive her treasures as soon as Mrs. Fanshawe released her, and found an opportunity of telling her namesake a piece of news about herself which seemed important enough to have been mentioned in an earlier part of the evening, if there had not been so many other interesting things to talk about.

'Please, Miss, I've left school now, and I'm going for a servant.'

'A servant! Why, Rose, you are not so big as I am, and I shan't have done with school for years and years.'

'I'm going at thirteen, and mother says that's fully old enough. She went out at eleven, and stayed in one place till she married, Miss.'

'And you mean to do the same?'

'I don't think I shall ever be worth as much as mother. I'm afraid not, Miss; but the young lady is very kind to me. Oh, I do like her; and I would like to live with her till I'm grown up.'

'Do you mean that you have got a place, Rose—that you are a servant now?'

'Since Sunday, Miss. It's the other young lady that comes to the hospital; the one that Mary Anne told you about. She's been very ill, and can't get out no more; and her father he gives her leave to have two little girls out of the school to come every day to the house and learn to be servants. One's to be in the kitchen—that's Mary Anne Sims, Miss—and one's to help to do the rooms, and wait on the young lady, and that's me, Miss; and please Miss I was chosen because "the Sisters" said I was to be trusted upstairs not to touch her things, Miss; and mother was pleased when she heard it said, but father—he's that proud of us all—he said that if he thought "a child of his could touch what did not belong to 'em, he'd be fit to kill 'em," Miss.'

'Oh, dear!' Rose Ingram could not help exclaiming. 'But that was an uncomfortable thing to say by way of showing his pride in you. However, of course, none of you ever will touch what does not belong to you, so you need not mind it. Do you live altogether at the young lady's?'

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'I come home every night, Miss; and Mary Anne Sims is to live with

us now. Since father got into better work we've gone into a larger set of rooms, and Mary Anne and I have a little room to ourselves, with a good bed and a chest of drawers in it.'

'And you like waiting on that young lady?'

'Oh, I do. Sometimes she lets me read to her such pretty books she has; and though I broke a bottle of medicine the first day I came, along of being so startled when a box that stood by the bedside began to play music all on a sudden, she was not a bit angry. I hope I shall never do anything to vex her. Really she lies on her bed all day, and has a deal of pain to bear.'

'Then that is the reason why her father has left off coming here, and why he has never invited me, as he promised he would. Perhaps when the young lady gets a little better he will send for me to come and see her, and then I shall see you too, Rose.'

'I shall look for you, Miss; and to-morrow, if my young lady is well enough, I will tell her all about to-night. I know she'll like to hear it.'

'There is Aunt Rachel calling us. Good-night, dear Rose.' And seeing no one near, except Florence, who had passed in the passage on her way to bed in the nursery, to listen to what was going on, Rose Ingram surprised her namesake with a hasty kiss.

She looked rather suspiciously at Florence afterwards to see if she was laughing at her, and was struck by a rather distressed look on her face. 'Is anything the matter, Florence,' she asked, as they walked down the passage together; 'you look so queer and white? What have you been doing to yourself?'

'Nothing; but I wish people would not say such horrid things.'

'What sort of horrid things?'

'Such as Rose Marshall said about her father; that if any of his children ever touched anything that did not belong to them, he would be fit to kill them.'

'But they none of them ever will touch what does not belong to them any more than we shall; so why trouble yourself? Have we not had a happy evening, Flo? Has not everything turned out deliciously?'

They had reached the nursery door by this time, so Florence was not obliged to answer.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART III.

ARIOSTO.

It may here be observed that in all, even the noblest characters of Boiardo and Ariosto, there appears no recognition of the preponderance which duty ought to bear over inclination.* They will undergo the most

* Ruggiero forms an honourable exception to this rule.

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painful hardships for the sake of 'honour,' but if duty and inclination pull in opposite directions the conflict between them is but feeble, and inclination is sure to gain the day. It is apt to strike the mind when we notice such peculiarities as this and the disbelief in all appearance of goodness, in the great writers of a country, that here, growing up silently, like the unwholesome fungus which rots the timbers of a building, were some of the causes of that country's subsequent decline.

But to return to Bradamante. Pinabello having discovered from the greeting of the messenger that she belonged to the family of Chiaramonte, resolved to destroy her, and accordingly lured her into a deep pit, and taking her horse, rode off and left her as he supposed to die miserably. The pit, however, proved to be the entrance to the sepulchre of the great enchanter Merlin. And here we come upon the Italian rendering of some of our own traditions. Caermarthen is with us the scene of 'woven paces and of waving hands' of the Lady of the Lake, where she confines Merlin, living, in the rock-cavern he had caused his labouring spirits to hollow for his place of sepulture. But Ariosto, repeating the same legend, places the sepulchre in France, near the Pyrenees; and, moreover, makes the imprisoned spirit of the seer prophesy to their female progenitor the fortunes of the house of Este.*

Bradamante having been duly impressed with the honour to be conferred upon her as the mother of this noble race, received instructions how to free her destined husband, Ruggiero, from the spells in which Atlante had again entangled him. In pursuance of these directions she went in search of Brunello, who was also commissioned, but by Agramant, to free Ruggiero, and who had possession of Angelica's ring, which was the only means of securing success. Bradamante easily seized and bound the little king of Tingitana, and then proceeded to the encounter with Atlante, who held his captives in a steel-built tower, sloping upwards without approach save to winged creatures. Atlante answered her horn-blast of defiance by appearing borne through the air by a wonderful beast with wings, half-horse half-gryphon. He relied upon taking his prisoners by means of a marvellous shield, so dazzlingly brilliant that it stupefied all on whose eyes the effulgence fell.

Bradamante, however, was secured by the ring from the influence of all enchantment; she only feigned, therefore, to fall stupefied to the ground before the unveiled shield, and when the necromancer descended upon his supposed prey she sprang up, seized and bound him, and compelled him to tell her how to dissolve the spell which bound Ruggiero. The charm broken, the castle vanished suddenly, and set free a crowd of astonished prisoners, who felt as if they had been awakened out of a dream, and some of them even regretted the pleasures of their brilliant

* Ariosto's poem would form an excellent index to any one who wished to study the history of this family; but the general reader feels oppressed and crowded by ...tes, so often do they intrude, to check the interest he feels in some far less real but, the moment, more interesting personage.

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imprisonment. Here were not only Ruggiero, but Sacripant, Gradasso, Prasildo, Iroldo, and many others.

After the first rapturous greetings between Ruggiero and his fair deliverer, a general chase of the hippogriff began, for the creature declined to be taken, and if any one attempted to seize his rein took flight, but alighted again at a short distance. However, at length, he not only suffered Ruggiero to approach him, but even to vault into the saddle; then the winged horse took flight in earnest (for Atlante had not even yet surrendered his pupil), and soared so high that he and his rider soon appeared a mere speck in the sky, leaving Bradamante again disconsolate for the loss of her newly regained lover, as we too must leave her.

Rinaldo having received false intelligence that Angelica, accompanied by Orlando, was on the road to Paris, immediately set off in that direction. Arrived there, however, he received an urgent commission from Charlemagne to depart instantly for England in order to procure reinforcements from the British Isles. He was driven by stress of weather to land near Berwick, and being anxious for an adventure in a land so famed for the exploits of Arthur and his knights as Scotland, he undertook the cause of Ginevra, the king's daughter, whose story somewhat resembles that of Hero in *Much Ado about Nothing*, but whose lover, unlike Claudio, has flung himself into the sea in despair on hearing of her alleged crime. Her brother Zerbino, Duke of Ross, being absent on an expedition against the Moors, the unhappy Princess has no one to defend her cause. However, the lover was not really drowned, but turned up in disguise as her champion, and Rinaldo having learnt the truth was able to manifest her innocence, and the lovers were happily married.

Having thus successfully arranged the disturbances in the Scottish Royal family, Rinaldo bent his steps southward to fulfil his mission to the Prince of Wales, Otto, his father, being in Paris with Charlemagne. The Prince immediately ordered the army to put itself into marching order, and Scotland, Ireland, and Wales sent in their contingents, so that a mighty host was soon assembled in the meadows beside the Thames awaiting ships to carry them across the Channel.

But we must now accompany Ruggiero, though his aerial journey is rather a perplexing one. The hippogriff, starting from the Pyrenees, where Atlante's castle was situated, directed his flight to the south-west. Leaving far behind the Pillars of Hercules, he followed a straight course for three thousand miles, keeping over the sea, and 'not seeing land' the whole time, but he finally descended upon an island on the eastern coast of Asia, which seems to have been very nearly in the position of Japan!* Very lovely is the description of this island over which, with 'wide-

* It is strange that the poet should have made no use of the then newly-discovered land of America, over which Ruggiero's journey would so naturally have lain; but he does not mention the New World until he causes its discovery to be foretold to Astolfo.

wheeling circles,' the hippogriff bears Ruggiero in his descending flight, displaying to him its

> 'Cultured plains, and delicate swells of hills,
> Clear waters, shadowy shores, and meadows soft;
> Fair groves of bay, and pine, and fragrant myrtle,
> Cedar, and orange bearing fruit and flower.'

Where the nightingale sings, and the young roes leap, and the fresh breezes play amidst the odorous tree-tops, making the green leaves murmur.

Ruggiero scarcely waited for his strange steed to touch the earth before he leaped down, so fearful was he lest the creature should take flight again before he had time to alight. But this was the destined bourne, and the beast allowed himself to be tied to a tree whilst his rider refreshed himself with a bath in those delicious waters, for he was, reasonably after such a journey, wearied with the heat and the weight of his armour!

But he was interrupted in his ablutions by a portent which stupefied him with astonishment. The winged steed, frightened at something in the thicket, shook violently the myrtle to which its rein was attached, and made its leaves fall in a shower, whereupon, in sad and feeble voice, though in clearest speech, the injured tree began to remonstrate with the knight!

'If you are as courteous as your fair presence bespeaks you, loose this animal from my tree. Let my own evil case be sufficient punishment!'

Ruggiero, with 'cheeks red with shame' at having unawares offended some woodland nymph or spirit, ran to remove the hippogriff and to apologize for his unintentional discourtesy; but he conjured the tree, 'if it would escape the hail of heaven,' to explain this marvel to him. The myrtle thereupon trembled from summit to root, and sweated as if fire were applied to its green wood, but finally explained that spell-bound under this form was no other than Astolfo!

The unfortunate English duke then gives Ruggiero a history of his birth and parentage, and his relation to the houses of Mongrana and Chiaramonte, so that Ruggiero discovers him to be a near kinsman of his beloved Bradamante. Astolfo also describes to him the wile by which Alcina had lured him on to the back of the whale, when he left Rinaldo and Dudone on the coast of the northern sea; and how, driven by a furious south wind, they had at length reached this island—Alcina, who was twin sister of Morgana, and, like her, inimical to the human race, having usurped great part of the realm from her sister Logistilla, its legitimate possessor. This account of Alcina is one of the most carefully carried out of Ariosto's allegories. Perhaps, instead of attempting to give the island a locality at all, we had better take it as the mind of man; Alcina as seductive vice, who usurps the greater part of the domain, whilst Logistilla, or Virtue, its legitimate sovereign, can maintain but a very partial empire there. Certainly if Alcina be the picture of vice, a

most charming picture it is, for there is nowhere, throughout the whole poem, so perfect a description of feminine loveliness as is given of her when, despite Astolfo's warning and his own good resolutions, Ruggiero falls into her hands. The lovely features; the perfect bust; the justly proportioned arms; the slender hands, 'where neither knot appears nor vein exceeds;' the short, slight, rounded foot; the augustness of the smiling beauty, which yet spread a snare in her every member, 'whether she laughed, or spoke, or sang, or walked;' all are so attractively described that we feel quite sorry so charming a portrait should be wasted on a mere personification of vice.

Ruggiero remained a willing slave of this captivating sorceress until his faithful Bradamante, seeking him far and wide, resolved at last to go and ask counsel at the Tomb of Merlin. On her road thither she met the benevolent enchantress, Melissa, who informed her of all that had happened, and begged Angelica's ring in order herself to free the young knight from his shameful bondage.

Arrived at the island of Alcina, Melissa assumed the form of Ruggiero's guardian, Atlante, and stood before him with a stern and reproachful aspect as he walked to enjoy the morning air. The young man was effeminately attired in a silken robe, with a necklace of gems round his throat, and glittering bracelets on his once terrible arms, whilst great pearls decked his ears, a wreath of roses bound his scented curls, and 'nothing of him was left sound but his name.'

He stands, however, rebuked and shamed before the chiding of the seeming preceptor of his youth; and when he receives the ring and beholds his Alcina—vice as she is—ancient and hideous and pestilential—the disenchantment is complete; and he is impatient to quit her domains. But Melissa, fearing further wiles of the real Atlante, mounted him upon Rabican* rather than upon the enchanter's winged-horse; furnished him with the shield which had remained fastened to Atlante's saddle, and saw him depart upon his difficult and dangerous route to the domains of Logistilla.

But Ruggiero had become unused to hardships, and as he rode across the unstable and difficult sands, or the thorns and rocks over which lay

* Astolfo was mounted upon Rabican when he rode on to the whale's back. Both Boiardo and Ariosto appear to have had a great love for horses (though the latter very much objected to having to mount one!), for they both take care to see the steed provided for when the master is in any way placed *hors de combat*. They make their best knights also careful to provide for the comfort of their steeds before they attend to their own. One of the marks of Orlando's madness is, that he ceases to consider the horses he rides, but urges them on till they fall dead. It was 'shame and fault and eternal disgrace' to any knight who wounded his adversary's horse intentionally: when Rodomonte, in fighting with Rinaldo, strikes at Baiardo, it brings down upon him a storm of indignation from the palædin. 'Accursed Saracen!' cries he, 'are you not ashamed to outrage so noble an animal? You can be come of no royal blood! Perhaps such fair customs are in use in your country, but they are not in France!' And he dismounts and places Baiardo in safety before he will consent to fight with such a ruffian.

his route, his armour felt as if made of fire, and the word 'thirst seemed graven on his lips,' whilst strange and bewildering perils beset him, and the pursuit of Alcina rendered escape doubtful. So difficult is it to regain the lost path of virtue.

Melissa now took advantage of the absence of the witch and her attendants to restore to their natural shapes all the transformed lovers whom she found upon the island, Astolfo of course amongst them. All of them hastened to follow Ruggiero to the glorious palace of Logistilla, whose lucent walls are built of precious stones, on which a man, gazing, 'beholds reflected his own inward thoughts, his virtues and vices,' and by which we are probably intended to understand man's moral sense and conscience.

Here Alcina makes a final attack upon him, but the display of his shield confounds her and her army, and Ruggiero and his friends are received with joyful greetings by all the cardinal virtues in the delightful form of fair maidens.

He and Astolfo were both eager to return to the west, where their presence was much needed by their respective sovereigns; therefore, after a few days' rest and refreshment, Ruggiero mounted the hippogriff, for which Logistilla had invented a bit by means of which he could control it as easily as if it had been a courser of earth instead of air. He considered that, as he had so far made the tour of the world, it would be as well to complete it; and therefore, instead of returning by the way he came, he directed his course across 'Cathay and Mangiana, and saw the Great Quinsai, and passed over Imäus, leaving Sorican on the right, and ever turning southward from the hyperborean regions towards the Hyrcanian Sea, came to the parts of Sarmatia.' Then, though his wishes turned towards Bradamante, yet he found such pleasure in thus 'encircling the world' that he lingered by the way sufficiently to spend 'days and months' on the tour. He even visited England, and seeing a great assemblage of troops near London, alighted to inquire what it meant. He found from a courteous bystander that the Prince of Wales was holding a review of the allied armies of the British Isles before they set sail to the aid of Charlemagne.

The description of the British nobles, with their devices and followers, here given is a most curious and, no doubt, intentional anachronism, for we find here assembled, at a date when England had scarcely done with its Saxon Heptarchy and consolidated itself into one kingdom, not only the 'Prince of Wales,' but Dukes of Gloucester, Clarence, York, Warwick, Norfolk, Cambridge, the Count of Richmond, and many other names familiar in later times.

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WOMANKIND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISTRESS AND SERVANT.

Throughout the world there is a cry that there are no such things as good servants left, that maids change their mistresses as they change their caps, and have no feeling, no gratitude, &c., &c.

Of the absolute truth of this, I beg leave to doubt. I *know* of numerous attached and faithful servants who seem almost a part of their mistresses, and who count up one another's years of service almost as badges of honour, viewing parting as almost an impossibility, heedfully watching over the interests of the family, and ready on an emergency to turn their hands to anything requisite. Nor are they all country servants. Some have had their share of London varieties and temptations, and yet have remained as unspoilt, faithful and attached as ever.

Of course there is a large number on whom the ordinary saying is founded, maids who have a restless feeling for 'bettering themselves,' think it dull to stay longer in a place than is absolutely necessary to secure a character, and fly off at the least cause of offence. They are in fact young people who wish to enjoy life, and being under the disagreeable necessity of earning a livelihood, render the process as little irksome as possible.

Mistresses on the other hand, having no trust or faith in them, limit their endeavours to getting the work properly done, and so construct their discipline that as little enjoyment as possible can be had, and what the young spirit seeks of intercourse with its like, can only be got by stealth.

Now let us look at the history and bringing up of servants. The best used to be the daughters of small farmers, but this class is all but extinct; and the best we have now are the children of coachmen, gardeners, gamekeepers, and village tradesmen. Their mothers have usually been good servants themselves and train them with some knowledge of what will be required of them; they are kept at school long enough to be fairly educated, and their homes are comfortable and well furnished enough to give them a real attachment to cleanliness and nicety, while their manners have the tone of the servants' hall; and though the good housewives of mothers are too apt to do all the housework instead of teaching them, they are by far the most likely to be in their element, and be able to keep a good place when once they have it. Now and then, however, the having a comfortable home to fall back upon spoils them for a time, and makes them less willing to exert themselves; but take them all together, they are the most desirable class from whom to take nursery girls, or such as are to be in any place

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where there will be intercourse with children, since they have been generally carefully kept from knowledge of evil and bad habits.

Orphanage girls are next best in this respect, but they are apt to have less resource from not having lived a family life, and having worked more as pieces of mechanism, so that they do not know how to manage with chance materials, and as they have always worn a uniform, their notions about dress and prices are perfectly wild and vague; and they are likely to array themselves much more absurdly than those who have been used to pretty things and to computations of price. And having neither home nor mother, their mistress must either supply the lack herself, or have a servant on whom she can depend for so doing.

Next comes the thorough cottage girl only civilized by school. This girl is best to take as fresh from school as possible. There she is under discipline, and though often perfectly ignorant of all household work, excepting how to keep herself tidy and perhaps to carry a baby, she has not learnt wrong ways of doing things and is ready to obey, whereas if she has a year or two at home without school, she has seldom been under any government at all, after she grew too big to be beaten; and the work she may chance to do about the cottage is only so much to be unlearnt. And an intellectual, clever school-girl, though in the end she will probably make a superior maid-servant, does often take more breaking in than a quiet, meek, dull one, just as the clever girl in a schoolroom is apt to be the most unhandy. If these cottage-girls can be got, as their mothers say, 'into a gentleman's family,' it is the greatest advantage to them; but there is this difficulty, that the change is so very great that they are apt to be daunted. Whereas one blunt knife served at home, everybody uses three or four; pots and pans, plates, dishes, cups and cloths, are in the same proportion, and it is a deadly offence—disgusting to every one—to apply any one of these to the use destined to another. No one can tell till the girl is tried, whether she will have energy and discernment to conquer the difficulty, or whether she will blunder on in a hopeless confused way, and be returned on one's hands as 'incorrigibly dirty.' And little girls of thirteen or fourteen, especially those whose mothers have brought them up on a system of monstrous, but never fulfilled, threats, really do not believe it when they are told that they will be sent home if they do not mend their ways. It often takes an ignominious dismissal to show them that something depends on themselves, and then comes another turning point, deciding whether they will vigorously work up again, or sink into slatterns either at home or in low places.

Here and there a good, old, retired servant or tradeswoman is to be found, who keeps a little maid and makes her almost a companion; and the very women whom I mentioned as the mothers of the best servants, often, when their children are young, want a girl to help, and will train her conscientiously. All these make the sort of places where it is well for a girl to begin, and she has some chance of being trained into a good attached and superior servant. But when ladies close their houses against

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anybody under eighteen, rather than have the trouble of teaching them, the process is that which creates 'Servant-galism.'

The first place is as drudge in some family where the mistress does the household work, but wants a *souffre-douleur* for the children, and the little maid is all day carrying the baby or driving the perambulator in the street. Church, prayers, good habits are forgotten, and the girl's clothes would not hang together if her mother did not take them home to wash and mend them. Nothing is gained but the absence of one mouth from the cottage table, one body from the over-crowded room. The girl is induced to submit by the hope of change when she can bring a year's growth and a year's character, but she is not fit for anything much better, except that she is somewhat bigger and stronger, and her next place is principally pleasanter by giving her a little more money to spend on dress, and an utterly unsupervised 'Sunday out.'

If she be a dull, two-fisted girl, unwilling to take the pains required for niceness, and with plenty of strength, she will become the untidy drudge of a lodging-house—too often an utterly godless occupation—or else she will do the rough work of a farm-house, fall into very undesirable ways with the ruder sort of farm-boy, and probably marry one of them, and begin a rough thriftless household in a disreputable manner. If girls have dexterity and ambition they make their places a ladder to rise by, seldom staying more than a year in each; and when they are tall enough and polished enough, offer themselves for the house and parlour work in gentlemen's families. Registry offices are their familiar resorts; they have never learnt to regard their mistresses with any affection or consideration, and service is to them a means of obtaining food, lodging, and fine clothes till they can marry, for which purpose they 'walk' with as many young men as possible, viewing their mistress as the natural enemy of such acquaintances.

Once get into a course of maids of this kind, and your domestic life will be nothing but a series of cook-stories and miseries.

But perhaps the true way of looking at our relations with servants is to remember that the time of service to them is that which answers to our time of young ladyhood, and is their period of domestic training. They begin younger, and often leave off later, but domestic service is really a profession with them, lasting till marriage, and it is much more guarded, and gives them much more useful attainments than the exercise of any little home employment. But their own saying, 'service is no inheritance,' is so far true that no one has any right to be vexed with a maid for having a lover, provided he be a fit one. Any engagement ought to be avowed, and the times of meeting sanctioned; but there is a semi-engaged state of 'walking' with a man on trial which is more difficult to deal with, since it is experimental, and really, as sensible maids have been known to say, the only way of becoming acquainted.

Servants who have once, as young girls, been landed in a kind, sound place, where they are well cared for, and made happy without being spoilt,

and where they see themselves viewing long continuance in the same place as highly creditable, are not apt to be restless. Of course, follies will come over them: some giddy friend may unsettle them, stories of high wages may fire their ambition, some love affair may disturb them or some fret of temper seize them. They are but girls after all; but in spite of all the evil that is said of them, many and many a family could show nice, fresh, bright, good young maids, attached and happy, and only meaning indefinitely to part when the time of marriage shall come.

Where there is a perpetual change of servants there is almost certain to be a fault either in the mistress, the upper servant, or the house. Sometimes there is some inherent defect in the maids' quarters, which keeps them cramped, uncomfortable, and irritable, and, of course, longing for a change. Sometimes a trustworthy, valuable old servant will be very disagreeable and tyrannical to those with her; and sometimes the mistress worries vexatiously.

To be 'very particular' every one knows is right. It is no kindness to a servant, but quite the reverse, to take negligence or neglect of rules easily. It may seem like daintiness and selfishness to complain when the meat is underdone, when there is a taste of smoke in everything, and caterpillars drop out of the cauliflowers, but if the maids are our charge, it is our duty to see that they do theirs. Cobwebs and dust, brushes in wrong places, and candles left to waste their sweetness on the desert air, ought to be noticed. So should unauthorized voices in the kitchen, lingerings at the back door, and unpermitted absences. No servant worth keeping will resent the being obliged to observe rules, and to do her work thoroughly. If she does, she had better go; but if she have any sense, she will for ever be grateful to 'my old missus;' 'to be sure she was particular!'

It is not strictness that alienates servants—it is want of trust, and nagging surveillance. To be always peeping and spying is a continued insult. Keep a quiet check on waste, and do not leave temptation in the way, but do not show distrust or suspicion, or you spoil a good girl's sense of honour. Orders should be given decidedly, as if you meant them to be kept—not worried over, as if you did not believe they would be; and one thorough reproof for their transgression will go much further than a hundred little frets and reminders.

And consideration needs to be shown therewith. Children from the first should be taught not to give servants needless trouble, nor to leave wanton footmarks or litter, to soil and tear without mercy, nor to use unlimited plates at luncheon to be washed up by the poor scullery-maid, who never has her hands free. And the mistress should recollect the same, and be kind to ailments, and thoughtful when maids have home troubles, instead of viewing their summons to a parent's sick bed, or their tearful eyes, as an injury to her own Great Mogulship. It seems impertinent to a Christian woman to remind her of this duty, and yet I have known of instances where a lady has, from the habit of thinking her

maids as mere 'hands,' shown most cruel neglect and hardness towards their sorrows.

Good mistresses and good servants alike are for the most part independent of the registry. There are great ramifications of acquaintance, and a place that is known to be comfortable is almost sure to be applied for by persons of whom fuller knowledge can be obtained than by the mere character. Cooks are the chief exception because they require more skill, training, and experience; and the preliminaries of their work are distasteful to most young girls at an age when present disagreeables are not weighed against future high wages—and thus there are fewer in number of them. On the whole, for houses where there is no call for display, the home-made article is the safest and best. A kitchen-maid straight from a *good* great house, where her character can be answered for, is the best material; and her youthfulness is a much less dangerous defect than those which may exist in people you get from advertisements. If she can train a girl under her to take her post when she marries, or is otherwise disposed of, a succession is established, and traditional habits kept up. This is certainly a case of 'first catch your hare;' but as there are plenty of hares—*i.e.* good servants—in the world, make a start with one, and trust her, and she will train the rest. It seems to me that if there be one good, sensible, well-principled servant in a small household—say of two or three—and she is not very young, whether she be nurse, cook, or parlour-maid, it is better to give her authority, and then not be afraid of youth in the others. She can judge much better than a lady what is dangerous for them, and is a person who can have better knowledge of the character of their 'young men.' A woman over thirty and a girl of seventeen will be more to be trusted than two young things about twenty..

In fact, I think the prejudice against girlhood does much to perpetuate the faults complained of in servants. A little thing of fourteen, enchanted with promotion, has time to become attached, and has given her confidence before the lover-period sets in. She is far more likely to go through it well than if she comes from a series of chance places, for she will have formed steady habits. Besides, a girl taken fresh from school, either preparing for Confirmation or newly-confirmed, can be at once taken in hand with religious teaching, and brought to Holy Communion; whereas the girls who have taken their chance in second-rate places, have too often entirely lost the habit, or have never formed it. They have seen a great deal too much of the world, and not often for their good. Of them nothing is known but that in their last place they have been 'honest, sober, active, &c.;' while a girl whose antecedents are known, and whose mother has put her into our hands, or for whom we feel accountable to our friend, the clergyman's wife of her parish, comes to us far more likely to make our house a home for the time being, than to accept advice or restraint. But we must beware of selfishness in the matter. It may vex us that the girl aspires to better herself as soon as we have had the

trouble of teaching her, but we ought not to call her ungrateful. Rather we should remember that it is not well for any one to outgrow a situation, and we should do our best to find a safe and wholesome place for her, where she may still be watched over by friends. And it is not my own experience that there is this haste for change and promotion. I do not think I should be believed, if I told how many girls I have known clinging to their first place at low wages, because it was a happy home to them, even after it seemed to their mistress as if they ought to rise higher.

As to taking girls from the immediate village, the advisability entirely depends on the character of the place, and its tone of opinion. If it is a place where petty peculation is common, or where there is any very strong habit of gossip, it may be much better to send the girl where she has no acquaintances, especially if the dangerous though charitable experiment be made with her of taking the good one of a bad family. But my own experience has never led me to regret the taking girls whose home lay close at hand.

The truth is that as long as we view our maids as cranky, self-willed machines for getting our work done, we and they shall be one perpetual plague to each other. If we view them as fellow members of Christ, to whom we have our office in the one great Body, who are a part of our homes, and at home likewise in them, we shall, with some disasters, of course, get on in the main with peace and mutual love.

Not that we need be for ever teaching or advising them. A young thing, or an ignorant one, needs special instruction and leading, but after that—if we know she has had good teaching; some regular reading at family prayers, lending of books, and general influence is enough. The reading should be short and spirited. Comments on the Bible and Prayer-book always seem to be liked and should be pointed, not of the old-fashioned, dreamy kind. As to books, I believe it is a great mistake to have a special library of 'books adapted for servants.' There is nothing they so dislike, or that is so unlike themselves, as the model Thomases and Maries in books, except, perhaps, that well-meaning literature in which little nursery-maids convert all the children, while the head nurse drinks wine in the pantry, and hides her lady's jewels in their boxes. Remember that the servants *can*, if they choose, read any book of yours they like and that many of them have been well educated. Tell them, therefore, freely what you think is pleasant reading, and give them a turn of a book from your box, if it is suitable. They are no more likely to soil it than you are, and if there be any reason for special care, you have only to mention it, and you may be sure it will be taken. In general, either a religious book, or a good, rather exciting, story, are the best liked—the present amount of cultivation generally appreciates these, but not often history, travels, or tales connected with unfamiliar scenes—and it is best to give such tales, or the perilous cheap literature will supply the appetite for something interesting, and not innocent.

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The valuable servant of a certain age is of course far less common than the bright, intelligent, neat-handed girl of whom anything may be made. Sometimes she has loved her mistress and the children too much to seek any other home; sometimes she has been disappointed in a love affair; sometimes she has a grim contempt for men, and a belief in the proverb about needles and pins; sometimes she is waiting in a long, lingering, highly respectable engagement for a no longer 'young man,' waiting for the change that is to enable him to marry.

She must any way be grown in the family, or at least transplanted from intimate friends. She is too valuable to be adrift, seeking a chance situation, and in general, unless she be a widow forced to go out in the world again, or a daughter who has lived at home until her parents' death; she is only to be had in the break-up of some household. 'Treasures,' too, do not always bear to be transferred, and on a new ground will be touchy and tyrannical. Moreover, it is quite as necessary to have a character of the lady who gives the character, as of the servant. Whether conscientious truth, timid dread of consequences, easy good nature, or angry temper actuate the writer of the 'character,' there is no knowing without personal acquaintance; but, on our own side, let us bear in mind that there is nothing in which the rule 'to be true and just in all my dealing' comes so much into play.

Good nurses can generally be procured, by getting young women who have been trained in good nurseries. The care of children is so congenial to women, that it brings out their best points; and there is much to be said in favour of the having a lady-nurse in those large nurseries of wealthy families, which form a world apart. Many a young widow, or a nursery governess, would make an excellent motherly nurse, and give the refinement which is sometimes lacking with less educated women.

Ladies' maids are a much maligned race, for in general they are a very kindly affectionate class of women, their mistress's real friends, who will undergo great fatigue and exertion for them in illness, and support them through small ailments, sympathise with their griefs and joys, and often show much tact and discretion in dealing with them and their friends. Literature represents them as affected, deceitful, gay in their dress, and altogether with the air of the Abigail or soubrette; whereas, in fact, they are generally quiet, rather superior people, necessarily refined in their ways, though sometimes erring a little on the over-refined side, dressing not indeed gaily, but with the degree of fashion that their profession almost requires, and usually extremely careful of their demeanour. They are often deeply religious persons, and a little care on their mistress's side is almost always repaid, even when they come young, thoughtless, or spoilt by a careless family. It is a very good plan for a lady to make a practice of reading to the maid who is brushing her hair, a short piece from some religious book, or a hymn in the morning perhaps, and something amusing in the evening. This is especially to be recommended in

the case of young girls, who may thus be prevented from forming habits of chatter and gossip.

Ladies' maids however are but a small class, recruited either from the ranks of upper-housemaids and nursemaids, or from those who may be termed the cadettes, who belong to families who can apprentice them to dressmakers, before sending them out as young lady's maid.

But whatever other servant it lacks, every house must have its cook, and hence the great difficulty in finding them, added to which, they have many more opportunities of marrying than other servants, and shrewd men, of their own class, well know the advantage of having a cook for a wife. However, it is no use to begin on cook stories. I do not believe in the dismal allegations that drinking and dishonest cooks are inevitable; I am certain that where there is care taken that the household should have sound religious habits and morals, and there is kindly care and supervision without spying—not as a measure of self-defence or police, but simply because as mistresses we are responsible, and have a duty to our servants' souls—there a spirit will form itself that will attach and raise the household to a trustworthy level. Those who look on all servants as a class or a hostile race, to be treated as machines, and watched like thievish Arctic foxes, never deserve to have a good servant, and never will get one. There never was a truer proverb than—'Like master like man.' Like mistress like maid. If you are conscientious yourself, you will get conscientious servants, either by forming them or attracting them.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY PICNIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE LEGEND OF S. LESMO.'

On the morning of the 1st of January, 187-, I was lying snugly in bed, with half-closed eyes and a lazy anxiety, trying to penetrate through my window-shutters as to the state of the weather without, when my room door opened, and, can in hand, Seraphine, the brightest and best of French waiting-maids, appeared on the threshold. As she entered, I saw, from her quiet movements, that she imagined I still slept. She gave quite a tragic little scream when I, amused at her cat-like mode of progression, mischievously exclaimed, with unnecessary vehemence, 'Good-morning, Seraphine; put me out of suspense at once. Is the day fine, sunny, warm, perfect, all that we could desire in fact, for our picnic?'

'Oh mais pour le piquenique, oui!' ejaculated she, with that long-drawn breath and short after-respiration which from a French bosom signifies such excess of feeling. 'Le jour est magnifique tout à fait, il fait un temps superbe;' and to verify her words, depositing the tin of hot-water on the floor, she flew at once to the window, jerked the awkward handle dexterously round, and in less than the twinkling of an eye seemed to wrench it apart. With equal impetuosity she unfastened the

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sun-shutters outside, and thrusting them back with a bang, turned with beaming looks to survey my gratification, which certainly could have no alloy. The bright morning light rushed in, almost blinding me—still pale and a little hazy perhaps, for the sun had not long risen from his rosy bed, but most beautiful, with variously-tinted light feathery clouds floating high in the sky, and giving sure promise of glorious weather for our day out of doors.

'Faut-il la laisser ouverte, mademoiselle?' said Seraphine, nodding smilingly at the window and the landscape beyond, as she drew back from contemplating its satisfactory and glittering aspect. 'Il fait bien beau temps, comme vous voyez; faut-il la laisser ouverte?'

'No, certainly not,' said I. The south of France, and anticipations of an *al fresco* entertainment, did not divest me of a true English prejudice with regard to rising from my bed with a casement reaching from floor to ceiling wide open, and from which a balcony abutted common to other rooms besides my own. 'Shut the window now, Seraphine; later on I will indulge in it open; meantime look on my dressing-table, you will there find your *étrennes*. Take them, good little woman, and a happy new year to you.'

The Frenchwoman forgot at once window, weather, *picquenique*, everything but the gift in prospect. She rushed at the table, seized on the little parcel, and advancing to the side of the bed, with flushed face and trembling eagerness, untied the bit of string which encircled it. As the gorgeousness of the present revealed itself to her, the expression of her countenance became rapturous, and loud and long, with marvellous rapidity of utterance, she poured forth a torrent of grateful thanks.

The New Year's gift was one which I knew would please her—a large gilt butterfly, encasing in its wings a good assortment of English needles, always beyond price to a foreign sempstress; added to these the magnificence of their receptacle; nothing scarcely could have given more delight. She held the tinselled insect at arm's length, with her head well on one side, gazing at her treasure in connoisseur-like fashion from every point of view; she stroked it daintily with the tips of her fingers, all but embraced it, as she went murmuring on with spasmodic gasps—

'Oh! mais quelle bonté!——quelle bonté!—comme c'est beau, enfin c'est à ravir. Et les aiguilles anglaises—véritablement anglaises—quelle délice! Vous êtes vraiment trop bonne pour moi, mademoiselle. Je ne saurai——'

If the effect of the gaudy trifle was gratifying to the recipient, to me it was proving overpowering; so, my patience at an end, I broke into these rhapsodies rather abruptly.

'Dear Seraphine, I am enchanted you are pleased, but time flies; tell me the hour. Am I late?—are the others up?'

'Mais je crois bien, mademoiselle,' said Seraphine, and clasping her hands dramatically as well as the gold butterfly would allow, she continued, with a ring of despair in her voice, 'Deux heures du moins, on se

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lève là-bas; ces messieurs font un fracas à vous assourdir et, pour ces demoiselles, il y a déjà bien longtemps que Marie est avec eux.'

'Well then, be off, Seraphine, I entreat you, and give me a chance of showing my face amongst all these early risers. I must not begin the year badly, must I? Go away! go away! and at once.'

'Je m'en vais,' was the reply, 'tout de suite;' and in spite of arms loaded with garments to brush, and the *embarras* of the shining toy, which she chose to poise ostentatiously on the palm of one hand, Seraphine disappeared smilingly, in less time than it would have taken a deliberate and dignified English lady's-maid to think how the process of carrying out your wishes could be accomplished.

At this dear old house in the South of France it was the fashion to celebrate the advent of the new year in a manner totally at variance with our English notions of that festive season; hence the institution of a very special picnic, a further compliment being paid to the genial climate by a dish of fresh green-peas for dinner, which I verily believe, even in the sunny south, was really too costly to justify the pleasant conceit. These arrangements, however, were never varied, and were looked upon as playful satires on the inclemency and unproductiveness of our own country at the same period of the year, and perhaps in this way considered to be consolatory for the expatriation necessitated by the delicacy of those near and dear. Not only fair, but right, was it deemed to make the most of present advantages, and more than pardonable that a mild sort of grudge and rivalry cropped up in our hearts between roses, violets, green-peas, and picnics, and the more sturdy delights of holly, mistletoe, the wassail bowl, and skating.

This New Year's Day [1] was one of great excitement. We had organized a grand outing, and to ensure its perfect arrangement in every respect it had been under discussion for a week or more. English to the backbone as we were, of course we misdoubted the weather, and for days had watched the clouds and changes of wind, and tapped the barometer in agonies of suspense. Our disappointment and depression were intense for a short space of time, when some mischievous spirits amongst our young merry party averred, that as they let the old year out and the new year in, a rush of chilled air prognosticated the sure arrival of the *mistrail* on the morrow—a joke so ill-timed, that it was put down and resented by the elders with expressions of reproof that were quite severe.

The day happily proved to be unexceptionable, and this fact, and the sound of cheerful voices from the dining-room, where all seemed by this time to be assembled, hurried my dressing arrangements considerably. As it was, when I appeared on the scene I was almost deafened by greetings, good wishes, and, although last, by no means least, reproaches at my

[1] We were out of the reach of church services. On Sundays we had a special one in the drawing-room, a clergyman travelling forty miles to and fro to officiate for us. Since the year of the picnic, a little chapel has been beautifully fitted up near by, and services in the winter regularly conducted.

laziness. Fortunately breakfast with me did not take much time, and I had finished mine long before some of my mentors had thought of bringing theirs to an end.

'Eight, sharp!' said Jack Essell, unnecessary loitering making itself evident. 'Those who have finished must get ready at once; there is really no time to lose.'

Everybody started up, and a general move into the hall was made, where each secured their rug, parasol, waterproof, or special paraphernalia for their day's comfort.

Villeneuve was to be our destination, and with much forethought a groom had been despatched at early dawn to find, and secure for us in that remote village, putting-up for our horses and carriages. Jack, at ease on this point, began at once the 'calling over;' a ceremony at which we were, as previously arranged, to present ourselves ready and equipped for the start.

'Aunt Mary,' commenced Jack gravely, and the dear lady stepped smilingly forward, taking her place by the side of her aide-de-camp, as she had immediately dubbed her nephew; when she found the honour of being commander-in-chief of the expedition thrust upon her, her adaptability to chaperoning duties making her feeble protest against the distinction of no avail.

Sisters Margaret and Gertrude, Juliana Falivo (a cousin), Wilfred, myself, John Falivo, Harry and Fred Essell, Tom Fielding (their College chum and ally), all answered promptly to the roll-call, and then made their way to the verandah, in front of which stood the three carriages which were to convey the picnicites to Villeneuve. Some whisperings, plottings, and even discussion, now began as to the placing and dividing the party. Aunt Mary, no doubt thinking such small matters quite beneath the ken of her exalted position, retired from the contest, leaving Jack the onerous duty of settling how things, or rather people, were to be. This he managed with great discrimination and tact. We were soon assorted, conformably, I believe, to every one's wishes and tastes; then we severally took our stand by the carriage in which we were to drive, and watched the packing and disposing of hampers, the contents of which would of course form an important item in the day's festivities. The old Italian cook, a retainer in the family of thirty years' service, was actively superintending these arrangements, and with so much gesticulation and effusion of language, or rather languages, that the effect was as bewildering as amusing.

Old Paolo, an autocrat in his way, had no idea of allowing either himself or his good things to be overlooked. He addressed himself energetically to any one he could prevail on to listen to him, explaining over and over again the contents of various packages; pleasant and assenting smiles, however, sufficed him not, and seeing Aunt Mary seated in her carriage, and thereby having as it were no chance of escape, he fastened on her at once, and with the basilisk-look of his sharp little

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twinkling black eyes, fascinated her into a meek and dazed attention to his entreaties, orders, and objurgations. These were delivered in a composite tirade of racy Neapolitan-French patois and unintelligible English, the latter being especially chosen for Aunt Mary's edification. A calming 'Oui, oui, oui!' she responded to all the directions, understanding none, but with real good nature, glad to divert the old man's volubility from the young and less patient of her troop. One of our cooking cases proved to be peeled potatoes, placed in their saucepan, and ready for boiling; Paolo, considering, in compliment to our nationality, this culinary burden incumbent upon us. The dish of dishes, however, to his mind, was the macaroni. Quite indifferent to the cumbersomeness of the apparatus, another hamper had he devoted to a big casserole, in which were carefully packed the butter, grated parmesan, salt, pepper, &c., and dry sticks of flour, which have to be transformed into such an appetising delicacy! Aunt Mary's placid 'yesses' were quite insufficient to allay the anxieties of the energetic old cook with regard to his favourite *plat*, turning from her he surveyed the company with a rapid glance, and then, darting forward with relentless hand, seized the coat-collar of his own young compatriot, John Falivo, nor released him till that amiable young man had smilingly and intelligently listened to full instructions, and then good-naturedly promised to take the onerous duty and responsibility of cooking their national dish on his own broad shoulders.

At last we, as well as the luncheon, were duly packed. From the home party, Aunt Mary received words admonitory and encouraging, and off we drove, a merry and imposing procession, hurrahing our partings, till, the large gates passed through, a turn into the public road made exuberance of spirits too remarkable to suit or fit in with the shyness and dignity of our English proclivities.

Our road lay through a series of charming scenes, past the tiny and well-cultivated farms peculiar to France—by the terraced gardens of perched-up villas—by olive and orange groves, and for a long reach near the low rocky shore of the bright blue-green Mediterranean, the snow-laden Alpes maritimes, roseate and sparkling in the morning sunshine, towering in the distance;—from the sea to the plains (high up on a distant hill, the picturesque village of Bioto), through the woods to the denser ones of firs and pines, here and there a cork-tree, dry and arid looking, underneath a carpet of fresh sprouting ferns, waving grasses fringing each side of the rugged road,—nothing could be more delightful than our progress. Villeneuve reached at last, our first feeling was regret that the journey had come to an end; here, however, fresh beauties were ready to dazzle and enchant us. The clear and sparkling river, the broken-down Roman bridge, stopping half-way across the stream, a heap of moss-grown grand old stones; the bending weather-beaten crucifix, grim and solemn in its quiet nook; the gently rising grassy knoll merging into the most precipitous of hills, the side of which facing us represented the village of Villeneuve, with its quaint, antique buildings,

its streets a series of steepish steps; and its church, modern, square, and ugly in itself, yet adding to the beauty of the whole by the gleams of reflected sunlight which it gave from the metal ornamentation of its steeple and roof. High, high up on the summit of the hill, reposed in solemn dignity the grand and massive walls of the castle of the Marquis *de V———*, the narrow square tower of its inner court like a giant sentinel rising far into the sky, a relic of past ages, when the Grimaldis held almost undisputed sway in those southern provinces near the Italian border, and built their strongholds with every regard to the safety of themselves and the supervision of their neighbours, friends or foes.

Jack called a halt, and it was arranged that those who had not seen the castle should make their explorations at once before the business of the day began in the shape of lunch. John Falivo, true to his country's dish, pooh-poohed the idea of joining the sight-seeing, and in furtherance of his promise to Paolo began the performance of it forthwith, by taking immediate possession of the macaroni hamper. The rest prowled about to find the right spot on which to encamp. It was *embarras de choix;* but fortunately unanimity prevailed, and the spot fixed on by general consent could scarcely have been bettered.

By the side of the clear rippling water—trees with light fine winter foliage over our heads—dry turfy ground beneath our feet, and a panorama exquisite in variety and beauty—turn whichever way we would, no one could wish for a more charming *al fresco* dining-place; so we settled to the unpacking, and with carriage-cushions, rugs, and wraps, made a perfect *salon* in the way of luxury and comfort.

The culinary department was established near enough for fellowship, but with great astuteness as to the bearings of the wind, so that neither smoke nor savoury odours should mar the appetite or enjoyment of any of the party. When the sight-seers returned, tired and footsore—for they had done their work thoroughly, and mounted conscientiously to the topmost platform of the high square castle tower—they were delighted to find all in readiness for their repose and refreshment; and, in virtue of their fatigue, unhesitatingly appropriated at once the most comfortable seats which were to be found round the convivial table-cloth.

The macaroni and potato-cooking, under the auspices of John Falivo, assisted by Gertrude Essell, was the occasion of much amusement, inasmuch as the interchange of politeness and the unweariedness of colloquy between the *chef* and his handmaid were thought to be more interesting to themselves than necessary for the perfect accomplishment of the national dishes.

A diversion now occurred, which for a time seemed to give a very upsetting turn to affairs. In order to make a good fire, we had gathered liberally from a straggling heap at some distance sufficient wood for our purpose, with but little consideration, I fear, as to the ownership of the said fuel. This appropriation was likely to cost us dear, as, no sooner had the fire attained perfection and the casseroles with infinite pains been

poised on the burning logs, than Nemesis appeared in the shape of a sturdy peasant, who was pleased to say we had feloniously abstracted his property—that the wood was for a special purpose, and of considerable value, and that no persuasion or explanation should induce him to condone our offence under the sum of twelve francs! Violently voluble was the Frenchman, but no less sturdily emphatic was Jack. Like a roused lion he started from his lair of rugs and waterproofs, and confronted our assailant in right good French; but with true English frankness he 'let out' upon the unfortunate countryman, who from his grasping insolence, changed to a humility *émotionnée*, when he found that Monsieur the Maire of N—— was of our friends and acquaintance, and would be appealed to, to set matters straight, if other means failed. No difficulty was there now in bringing our peasant to reason; and having well frightened him, we made peace by the presentation of five francs in payment of our raid upon his property. 'Three francs too much,' said Jack, as he put the money into the extended palm; 'but we English are always generously disposed to fair dealing, and having made a mistake in appropriating your belongings, we are glad to make restitution threefold, *mon ami*.'

This little affair being amicably arranged, and luncheon pronounced ready, John Falivo, coatless, and with napkin tucked round his waist in cook-like guise, approached, bearing aloft his smoking trophy of art. With a grand swoop and evident self-satisfaction he brought it down to the middle of the table-cloth—then flew back, heedless of compliments, to assist Gertrude at the potato dishing-up, a process which must have had its pleasant side, for a blush, fresher than the redness caused by bending over a fire, was mantling on the little lady's fair cheeks; and radiant were both young people as they seated themselves on the ground side by side, after having carefully placed the mealy-looking potatoes as near the macaroni as a very fully-filled table would allow.

To our meal we did ample justice, and no greater compliment could have been paid to the *cuisine débutants* than the empty dishes, which testified to the undoubted success of their efforts.

Some merry toasts were drank in new-year fashion; and those dear, near, and far away remembered with all the honours. Fred ended by proposing the health of our macaroni and potato 'cookers,' coupling their names with a perceptible mischievousness that caused some slight confusion, but gratification withal, and from which we could well augur what coming events might probably be.

A nice little programme for the day's amusement formed itself quite naturally. Tom Fielding and Margaret waited for no orders, but having, as they said, special fern-roots to seek in far-off woods, started at once on their quest. Juliana and Harry, prompted no doubt by strong antiquarian predilections, decided to go on a groping expedition in search of Roman remains, in which, be it said, that country abounds. Aunt Mary was ensconced on a divan specially prepared for her comfort by her young

cavaliers. She desired, as she said, quiet and rest; by which we inferred that she undertook a post of supervision, with regard to plates, knives, forks, and spoons, wraps, &c., and would possibly indulge in a siesta to reinvigorate her for the further fatigues of her honourable position.

The rest of us decided to walk through the woods for a mile or more to a picturesque mass of stone, which in ruined pile bent over the flowing stream of water. This held its course in the old Roman aqueduct, and could be tracked to Villeneuve, where it expended itself in a roaring cascade emerging from underneath a tiny series of quaint arches, adding beauty to the scene, and grist to the mill near by; the proprietor of which had cleverly converted to his own use the water so carefully concentrated and conducted by the labour and talent of bygone generations.

The moss-grown land-mark reached, a bright inspiration seized Fred: he suggested that we should each pluck a leaf from an odd stumpy little tree growing from the ruins (we were none of us wise enough to know its name), and then, standing on the stone that projected somewhat over the ledge, and had certainly a tottering and unsafe aspect, should, in augur-like fashion, and with cabalistic words, cast our leaflet in the fast-flowing water; and, impetuously following its vagaries to the cascade itself, if possible, form thereby a prophetic idea as to the course of our own lives thus dimly foreshadowed.

Fred was now called on for the magic words in which to make the incantation, and, nothing daunted by a perfect fire of satire, immediately poetised a couplet which ran thus:—

'Fairy leaflet on thy way,
Tell my future life, I pray.'

These lines, not being difficult to get at once by heart, were received by jeering but unanimous consent, and one by one we went through the imposing ceremony, enlivened by shouts of laughter, but satisfactory on the whole, as no one fell in the stream after their leaf, which just then seemed the likeliest fate to befall them. Some unfairness might have been observed with one or two of the party, who carefully managed that their leaves should touch in the water, a tampering with the augury which was speedily avenged, a ripple caused by a falling twig severing those who had for themselves arranged what was as yet one of the mysteries of futurity. The leaves started, the race to watch them began, and Fred's project assumed quite the character of a siege perilous; besides the scanty footing at the edge of the aqueduct, sometimes loose and stony, at others mouldy and soft, with a bank which shelved precipitously down on the other side, there was considerable pushing and clutching in each one's anxiety not to lose sight of their own particular leaf. Two were, happily for the rest, speedily wrecked, the one landing itself in undignified obscurity in a *mêlée* of rotten twigs and weeds, the other careering joyously on for a few moments, to be entangled in a trail of woe yellow water-daisies, that were sparkling like gems in the shade of an

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overhanging tree. This little incident was made into a charming allegory hereafter; but we heeded nothing at the time but the pursuit of the victorious trio, which still kept bravely their onward course—now likely, alas! to prove a downward one, for we neared the dark arch, which the indefatigable miller had added to the Roman masonry to engulf the shining waters, till they emerged again to do his bidding from the cascade on the other side.

Two leaves, however, resisted their mysterious fate, and landed together on a tiny ledge which projected from the stonework of the arch. The last one, Fred's, with a sudden and awing sweep, rushed into darkness, and, as we averred, despair, its owner simulating an intense and painful agitation as to this future of his, so obscurely foreboded.

Our golden day was nearing its close, the sun was sinking down into the west, and the air was beginning to feel keenly cold. Aunt Mary in sight, we observed her smiling placidly in her sleep, as she sat enthroned, not a very alert guardian spirit to the surrounding properties. Fred shouting hurrahs startled her from her repose. Thoroughly awakened, she gladly welcomed us back, and administered an improvised *goûté* of Bordeaux and pic-nics to restore us after the fatigues and excitement of the race, and refresh us for the long drive we had to take to get home again.

At short intervals of time, the stragglers appeared; the antiquarians very subdued, silent, and gentle, probably overawed by the archæological mementoes they had encountered, and the reflection which these relics of the past called up. For the fern seekers, their show of work was but a sorry one; but for this they excused themselves by declaring that, with no implements but fingers and a pen-knife, root-abstracting had difficulties of which we could know nothing.

The carriages were soon in readiness; the 'sorting' of the morning came without any pre-arrangement at eventide. Well packed, well wrapped up, very merry, very happy, off we drove, waving our adieu to the gaping villagers, and receiving a most obsequious salaam from the rapacious wood-cutter—to whom we had generously presented empty bottles, and scraps innumerable, he evidently still in terror of the majesty of the law in the form of our little round friend, Monsieur the Maire of N——, in reality the meekest and most harmless of mortals.

The drive home was not a jot less pleasant than the drive out, the horses made their way to their stables with right good will; and for our young men, they were as fresh as larks at early dawn, jumping out of their carriage to walk the hills and gather flowers for ladies fair, till the commander-in-chief, in terror of home rule, late hours, and unpunctual dinner, put forth for the first and only time the most plaintive and feeble entreaty that there should be no more loitering on the way.

All's well that ends well. At half-past six, in darkness certainly, but in the lightest and merriest of moods, we drove up to Villa C——. Like spectres in black, white, and grey, the home party came out to greet us,

and hurry us off at once to dress for dinner. Adventures we had none to recount; but a full and particular account of the day's proceedings, most vividly portrayed, were given to the elders as we sat round the hospitable board, discussing, among other good things, green-peas, the *plat* of the day *par excellence*.

In another hour we were in full vigour and excitement, amidst a pell-mell heap of dressings-up and properties (stage ones we termed them), arranging for the charades, which were to be the finishing *coup* of our festivities on this 1st of January.

Seraphine assisted merrily at my improvised and grotesque costume, hovering round and round me, till at last, as she fixed a great red bow on my head, she almost deafened me by whistling in the loudest whisper, close to my ear—

'Oh . . . . Mademoiselle est-ce bien vrai?'

'Is what true?' ejaculated I, shrinking back somewhat crossly in spite of my love for her.

'Que Mademoiselle Marguerite et ce gentil cher monsieur anglais, vont se marier?'

'We shall see,' said I oracularly, a good deal puzzled to know how the cute little Frenchwoman had discovered one of the romances of our day, as yet unacknowledged, as the head of the family had still to be consulted, and to approve.

Right, however, Seraphine was; and later on, a similarity of tastes, doubtless developed in the cooking-extraordinary of our special pic-nic, added another young couple to our list of 'engaged.' These last received the especial benediction of Paolo, who looked upon himself in the light of a beneficent genius instrumental in bringing together two fond and faithful hearts.

The others of our party are dispersed here and there, to meet again before very long, we hope. Fred alone, like his leaf, has gone far away, we trust, not like that frail omen, to be lost in obscurity, but in some years to return to gladden the heart of the mother who glories in his brave adventurous life, and fondly awaits the time when she shall welcome him home to Villa C——, where may she long live, beloved and honoured, as befits one of the sweetest and gentlest women and truest friends on which the sun ever shone. H. F.

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XVIII.—THE EXTERNAL RULE.

Every Rule of a Religious House, whether accurately drawn or not, is necessarily divided under two heads, External and Internal.

The External Rule deals with the ordinary customs and discipline of the House; prescribes the dress, the hours of rising, prayers, meals,

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recreation, silence, and retiring; the nature of the general and special work of the various inmates; their obligations to obedience; the regulations as to letters, visitors, absences from the House; and all cognate matters.

The Internal Rule prescribes various maxims and usages for the spiritual benefit of individual members, whether in residence or absent from home, to guide their thoughts and actions according to the spirit of the Society. It gives counsels as to the mode of intercourse between members of the community with one another and with externs; the temper in which work of any sort is to be undertaken; the manner of using recreation; the use of private prayer, spiritual reading and meditation, and so forth.

These two parts need to be carefully adjusted to each other, and should each serve as a commentary on the other, that the observance of the External Rule may never crystallize into mere formalism, nor that of the Internal Rule evaporate in mere sentiment.

As I have urged more than once in these papers, it is well that a new Society, which is not intended as an absolute reproduction of an older foundation, should proceed very gradually and carefully in building up its Rule. The restrictions on absolute freedom of action which are easy enough in an established community and amongst trained Sisters, will prove almost intolerably irksome in a household consisting of persons all of whom are only beginning the life, and have been quite unaccustomed to live by a fixed rule. Therefore it is much easier to begin with as few and simple regulations as possible, increasing their number and stringency as time goes on, and the standard of the community rises. Experience teaches that it is a comparatively easy thing to draw the originally lax reins of discipline somewhat tighter, when the members of the community have been so far trained and benefited by the amount of instruction they have received as to wish for an advance; while the result of beginning much above their habits and power usually is immediate relaxation and negligence, with but little prospect of subsequent recovery. It is precisely like overwhelming children with numerous and difficult lessons when they have barely mastered the alphabet, instead of leading them on gradually from light and easy tasks to more advanced studies.

Further, two warnings which have been given already need to be repeated here, that no custom shall be introduced as a mere piece of antiquarianism, nor unless a clear practical reason exist for its adoption; and that place and circumstance must have full weight in deciding on details of the External Rule.

For example, few notions are more widely prevalent than that there is positive merit in choosing certain hours of the day for rising and retiring, and for the principal meal. It is a literal truth that very many persons regard the mere habit of dining at one or two o'clock instead of at six or seven as a test of economy and simplicity, though in fact it usually involves a very heavy supper instead of a slight lunch; and that rising at five or six is taken as a proof of industry, though the bed-time may have

been very early on the previous night, and actually more hours have been passed in sleep than by a person rising at a later hour of the day. No blind adherence to mere tradition in such particulars should cramp the action of legislators for Religious Houses. They should consider simply what hours are best suited to the work and the health of the inmates.

In a very hot climate, for example, the chief meal of the day cannot be taken with health and comfort until after sunset; and on the other hand the most suitable time for getting through any laborious work is in the very early morning hours, just after dawn. It is obvious that a time-table which is suitable enough for Canada, cannot be wisely adopted in Bengal, and that in particulars of this kind no general rules can be laid down, beyond the broad principles that the best hours for meals are such as task the digestive powers least, and interfere least with capacity and opportunity for work, and the best hours for bed-time and rising are such as get the longest period of work out of the day consistent with physical well-being.

It is clear enough that people who go to bed at eight and get up at four, as is done in some French convents, have a longer time there than those who go to bed at eleven and get up at six, and in this climate the hours between 8 and 11 P.M. are for a large part of the year more suitable for work than those between 4 and 6 A.M.

But there are other provisions of the Rule which are more extended in their scope, and apply equally well to all communities and countries. It may be well to set down here such as can be wisely adopted from the outset, or at least so soon as the new community has begun to assume somewhat of a family character.

1. The first clause of the Rule should be a brief statement of the name, nature, and objects of the Society, serving as a preamble to all which follows.

2. The dress should be specified.

3. The stated hours for common prayer in the chapel, not fewer than three a day, should be set down.

4. The obligations of the members as to private prayer, silence, meditation, and doctrinal reading should be defined.

5. The duty of obedience to the Rule, and to the Superior and other office-bearers in their several departments, as executants of the Rule, should be clearly laid down.

6. There should be a provision that all letters and messages to or from the House shall pass through the Superior, or her deputy, and that all visits paid to or by the Sisters, shall be with her sanction only.

7. Sisters should be bound not to canvass the private concerns of the Society with non-members; and not to encourage mere gossip touching them even with one another.

8. Where the accommodation of the House makes it possible, secular visitors should have their dormitory, sitting-room, and refectory apart from the Sisters.

9. The hours of meals, recreation, and sleep should be settled, and care should be taken to give sufficient time for each of these purposes, as a very likely error is to curtail them hurtfully under a mistaken notion of higher spirituality.

10. The maxim 'No admission except on business' should hold good for every department in the House except the common-room and library to avoid dawdling, gossip, and interference with other persons' work.

11. Where the circumstances permit, the mode in which the special work of the Society is to be carried out by the members ought to be explained.

These outlines, which are applicable to all Sisterhoods, whatever their constitution or objects may be, sufficiently exhibit the scope of the External Rule, and though it is possible to multiply them largely, yet it is rather by subdivision into more detail than by embracing other matters within their sphere; with the two important exceptions of any vows and of any specific austerities prescribed by the Rules of particular communities. But neither of these, however helpful or edifying in themselves, are of the essence of a Religious House, and therefore it is not necessary to consider them at this stage of our inquiry, though something will be said on both points further on. It is extremely undesirable to import either one or the other at first into a merely tentative experiment, which may very possibly break down. The case of members of a dissolved community, who have too hastily bound themselves by vows to the Religious Life, and who fail to obtain admission into some other Society after the dissolution of their own, is not a very uncommon one, and is attended by no few serious inconveniences, not to themselves only, but to the Church at large. And as to austerities, it will be found in practice quite enough to reach the standard prescribed by the Church itself, without attempting more, certainly at the outset, perhaps at any time. For it must always be kept clearly in mind that an active Sisterhood, to do its work effectively, must consist of fairly healthful persons, and as a physiological fact it is certain that while simplicity, frugality, and orderliness in life are eminently favourable to sound bodily health, extreme austerity is almost as hurtful as luxurious self-indulgence, and quite as incompatible with a high average of good active work.

It is necessary to insert this caution, for there are few mistakes more likely to be made in the first fervour of a new foundation than extreme severity of rule.

In a question such as this, it is to no purpose to cite ancient precedent. On the one hand, most of the very austere communities were originally founded in countries whose climate reduces the necessities of life to a minimum. The rainless sky of Egypt, for example, the cradle of all Christian monasticism, the bareness and scantiness of furniture exacted by the effort to attain coolness under its blazing heat, the frugal vegetable diet which suits its people, all belong to a very different state of things from the conditions of life in a Northern land, and it is idle to reproduce

them, or Syrian or Italian customs, as being in themselves universally fit and applicable. On the other hand, the enormous widening of the area of intellectual cultivation ever since the invention of printing, and the sanitary improvements of the last century, have both been unfavourable to physical vigour.

All exertion, of whatever kind, is at the cost of a certain quantity of physical energy. The process may not inaptly be compared to the consumption of coal by a steam-engine. The greater speed of revolution maintained, the greater must be the waste of coal. A low speed can be kept up at a low cost, but every additional revolution per minute exacts a definite increase of expenditure. Exactly the same is true of human exertion. Even the mere passive fact of existence involves loss of substance through the exertion of the mechanical force needed to keep up the action of the heart and other vital processes, and this loss is increased in direct ratio by any increase of energy. But the working of the brain is between three or four times as exhausting, and involves three or four times as much waste of substance, as mere bodily labour. Three hours of a professor's lecture, of a journalist's writing, of a barrister's pleading, of a scientist's experiments, of an actuary's calculations, are about equivalent in their strain on the physical powers to twelve hours of a ploughman's, a mason's, or a navvy's strenuous toil. Now, though the number of persons who really work their brains actively is even now very small in comparison with the total of the so-called educated classes, still it is of necessity very much larger than in the days when reading was a rare accomplishment, and books were scarce and costly; and every advance in the standard diminishes the reserve of purely animal strength, so that there is a certain physical dwindling always payable as the price of improved education. Sanitary reform has helped in another way to bring about the same result. Archbishop Whately, on some one commenting upon the superior bodily vigour of savage races, and drawing comparisons therefrom unfavourable to civilization, shrewdly pointed out that the reason is that the conditions of savage life usually kill off all save the very strongest; whereas in civilized countries the weak ones are largely kept alive, and though thus considerably increasing the numbers of population, considerably diminish the average level of health and strength. All the frail and sickly people who would have died in the days of bad drainage and misunderstood regimen, but who now survive, help to weaken the bodily strength of the next generation by the children they contribute to it. And for these two reasons, an average man or woman of our day, though likely to live to a greater age than a similar person would have probably attained two hundred or four hundred years ago, is almost certain to have weaker stamina, and to be less able for very severe bodily strain of any kind. These facts were for obvious reasons not present to the minds of the framers of the austere rules in question, for even in Europe, throughout the middle ages, there was little comfort or convenience in domestic life; but it would be a mark of extreme unwisdom on our part, to whom they

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are familiar, if we were to adopt without due consideration a method of living which might not prove very hurtful to a select few of exceptional vigour, but which could hardly be less than deadly either to the mental or bodily powers of more delicate constitutions.

R. F. L.

HINTS ON READING.

We must mention with admiration Messrs. Rivington's beautifully got up copies of standard devotional works, the *Imitation*, the *Christian Year*, the *Devout Life*, and the *Treasury of Devotion* in especial; books whose value will never lessen and which will be precious spiritual food to the end of time.

The two volumes of *The Life of Bishop Gray* of Cape Town will be read with absorbing interest as the history of a great crisis in the Church. We confess that we could not read it without calling to mind many an analogy with the first great controversy, when the Church was called on to assert the Godhead of the Lord Who redeemed her, and the keen trial decides not only who believes in Him, but who is ready to give up all for that faith. There will be a storm around the history, but it is just as well that people should see how ugly lukewarmness and Erastianism look in a book.

We are delighted also with the large and improved edition of Blunt's *Annotated Prayer-Book*, one of the most useful possessions of English Church people.

Among lighter books we commend *The Silver Skates*, by Mrs. Dodge, an old friend which Messrs. Low have brought out in a very pretty dress.

The *Camp on the Severn*, by the Rev. A. D. Crayke (Mowbray), and the *Martyr of Carthage*, by the Rev. E. Wilson (Hodges), are both Church history tales; the former of St. Alban, the latter of the times of St. Cyprian. We prefer Mr. Crayke's. Mr. Wilson seems to us too anxious to make the notions of his model African Christians exactly square with those of modern Anglicans.

As history we greatly recommend Higginson's *Young Folks' History of the United States* (Low), as a capital account of what is not *well* known.

The *Schoolboy Saint, a Sketch of the Life of Decalogue de la Perrie* (Hayes), by Mrs. Mitchell. We think the book would recommend itself better to the intended readers without the first title, or the moralizing tone, but as the history of a real and a good French boy it is interesting.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

for Members of the English Church.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

'EVEN A CHILD.'*

BY FLORENCE WILFORD.

HIGH floats the holy chant, and high
The clouds of incense soar,
The kneeling worshippers draw nigh
In silence to adore;
And through the stately arches fall
Soft rays of golden light o'er all.

From out the glowing windows there
Full many a saint looks down;
The virgin martyrs, grave and fair,
With palm and shining crown,
And Christ's own Mother, lily-white,
With gleaming robes of azure light.

Some bright beams from her radiant vest
Are on a corner thrown,
Where, in a poor coarse mantle drest,
A stripling kneels alone;
His hands are clasped in humble prayer,
And downward bent his forehead fair.

A little scholar seemeth he,
But pure and grave of mood,
Leaving his playmates' revelry
For holy solitude;
And deeming more of prayer and psalm
Than aught that doth his comrades charm.

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* This story is related of Blessed Hermann Joseph of Cologne.

He kneeleth till the chants are o'er,
The white-robed singers gone,
Though still around the chancel door
Some worshippers kneel on,
And some approach the holy shrine
With gifts of gold and offerings fine.

He sees them pour a gleaming shower
Of richest tribute down—
A maiden offers up her dower;
A dame her ruby crown;
And he alone of all the throng
Has nought that doth to him belong.

Nought? Yes, *one* gift is his, though small—
An apple, rosy red!
And they who give in love their all,
No scorn have need to dread.
Dear are such offerings in His sight
Who praised the widow's lowly mite.

So humbly bends the child in prayer
Unto his Friend Divine,
Then leaves his lowly offering there
Before that gorgeous shrine;
And turns him to the tasks of life
With heart made meeter for the strife.

In after years a saintly fame
Surrounds that scholar mild;
And legends say that Hermann's name
Shines 'mid the undefiled,
And then in simple words record
The child's small offering to his Lord.

DACOIT HUNTING IN BRITISH BURMAH IN 1875.

CONTRIBUTED BY CHARLES RAIKES, C.S.I.

I HAVE often been permitted, in the pages of *The Monthly Packet*, to attempt a description of the lives and duties of Englishmen in India. But I did not expect that my essays on these matters would receive an illustration from the experience of one of my own relations. However, it so happens that a member of my family has been called upon to act in a dependency of our Indian Government under circumstances so novel and exciting that I may, I think, be excused for narrating his adventures

in some detail. I shall generally use his own words. This narrative will suffice to prove that, however much the tendency of the day may be to bring Indian life down to the ordinary level of home existence, yet there is still occasional demand for all the qualities which enabled our forefathers to civilize India, and bring her unruly sons into order and subjection.

My youngest son, Lieutenant F. D. Raikes, after serving in India in Her Majesty's 66th Foot, and in the Belooch Battalion, was appointed by Lord Northbrook to the commission or civil government of British Burmah in 1873. He came from Scinde, one of the most arid tracts in our Indian Empire, to the banks of the Irrawadday, which for many months of the year are deluged with rain,—from dry sand to tropical verdure. Like most Englishmen, he was charmed with the people of Burmah, and in his hurried but regular home letters was never tired of telling us what 'good fellows' the Burmese were. One of these characteristics, I think, was that, like himself, they were dear lovers of sport, and fond of a gun. In due time, after learning the language and details of civil work, F. was placed in charge of a district—or sub-division as I believe it is called—as an assistant commissioner. Early in January last he was sent to act as town magistrate in Rangoon. From morning till night his time was occupied in hearing all sorts of cases, and though only a young fellow of twenty-five he had full-blown barristers and pleaders before him, as he declares 'the plague of his life.'

'I have now,' he writes, 'the highest powers that can be given to me as an assistant commissioner. I am getting on splendidly with the town magistrate's work so far, I am glad to say. Out of more than one hundred cases which I have disposed of during this month I have not had a single appeal,' &c.

So far, then, he was engaged in hard work in the principal seaport of British Burmah, and surrounded by the forms, the observances, and, no doubt, the technicalities of an English court of justice. I merely mention these commonplace matters to show how quickly in India an officer of the civil government is called from one set of surroundings to another entirely new and different. A little later, tired of Rangoon, he writes :—

'There is nothing like the jungles. I shall be rejoiced when my time to go out again arrives. . . . . I am longing to return to the Districts again. Major Street asked me if I would not like to go to the Pegu Division in his district, now that he had lost my services by transfers, &c. All this is very pleasing, and encourages one to go on harder than ever.—*13th February.*'

Between February and June we received occasional hasty scraps of letters, from which we learned that F. had been sent to take charge of the Pegu Division, that he had no private dwelling, and had to make the best of his court-house whilst a house was being built for him. He had little or no European society, and was very hard at work. Incidentally he mentioned that he was going out into the district with Mr. Davidson,

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formerly an officer in Her Majesty's 60th Rifles, but now an officer in the police.

At the end of May or beginning of June a telegram was received by the English papers stating that Mr. Davidson, of the police, had been wounded by dacoits, and that Colonel Hamilton, inspector-general of police, had been shot dead by the same gang.

In the middle of June it was reported in the papers that Lieutenant Raikes was with Colonel Hamilton at the time he met with his violent death. And at last, in the *Times* of 5th July, appeared a letter from a correspondent at Rangoon, dated 4th June, and giving a detailed account of the sad death of Colonel Hamilton, and the part which Lieutenant Raikes had taken in the affair.

In the meantime we got occasional short notes from Pegu, in which F. said he had to 'knock about' his division, but made no allusion to dacoits. The letter of the *Times'* correspondent of 4th June created a sensation in England, not only due to the account of Colonel Hamilton's death by dacoits in British Burmah, but at that moment war with Burmah seemed imminent, and the boldness and activity of the Burmese dacoits in Pegu was attributed to the excitement caused by the rumours of approaching war.

On 19th July, after a period of suspense and anxiety, we at last heard from our son as follows:—

'PYAGALAY, 12*th June*, 1875.

'MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I suppose that the cat has been let out of the bag by dearest C. from Allahabad, as she tells me that she has written home to you about a row with dacoits which I was concerned in a few days ago. I had intended to say nothing at all about it, as I thought it would only alarm you needlessly. As you have heard something about it I will tell you the whole facts of the case at once.

'The original reason of my being posted at Pegu, and why I felt it so high a compliment, was that the country about here was more or less in a disturbed condition. There was a gang of dacoits, headed by two notorious leaders, Nga Kowk and Nga Lowk; this gang was harboured and protected in every way by several villages in which they had relations. They had their head-quarters in dense jungle. Here they built in different spots huts, where they slept at night time when they were not out on a marauding expedition. The great difficulty in getting at these men was that they were armed with first-rate double-barrelled guns, and it was very hard to get reliable information. As I said before, a great number of the villagers in the surrounding villages were related to them, and those who were not related were afraid of being murdered afterwards if they betrayed the dacoits. The gang consisted of seven regular members and five extra men, who were called out when the party was on a dacoiting expedition.

'These dacoits became a great bother latterly, almost every day news was brought in of some fresh outrage committed by them.

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'Mr. Davidson, superintendent of police, went out after them on the 20th of last month. I was in Pyagalay at the time, and was most anxious to accompany him, but he thought it better that I should remain in Pyagalay and attract the attention of all the villagers in the surrounding villages (who were hand and glove with the dacoits) than to go with him. I unwillingly agreed, and Davidson started with his party of police at about 7 or 8 A.M. At about 2.30 P.M., after I had finished my morning's work, and had cleaned my guns, and was thinking of going out for a ride, two policemen came rushing frantically across the *meidan* (plain), and on entering the bungalow told me that Davidson had been shot through the chest, and that he could not walk. I thought that it was all up with him, and started at once with my guns and rifle in search of the dacoits. I had some villagers with guns with me, but they were utterly untrustworthy. On reaching a village called Tamangyee I heard, to my relief, that poor Davidson had been shot through the arm, and not through the chest as was at first stated. I was told at Tamangyee that he had been taken to Pyagalay. I immediately started for the dense jungle where the dacoits were still supposed to be concealed. After a most tedious tramp over small hills and bad ground covered with thick bamboo jungle my guide told me that we had reached the place where Davidson had been shot in the morning. My villagers, of course, carefully kept in the background now. I went on with a few policemen, and beat the whole of the dense jungle round where they had been in the morning. They had decamped. On going further I came across two huts, where they had been sleeping and living evidently for some time. A little further on in the jungle we found two large baskets containing heaps of dacoited property, none very valuable. I thought that there might be a chance of the dacoits returning to their plunder, so I determined to watch the place. I posted men about in the best places I could find to fire into the dacoits in case they returned. I myself, with a few men, kept watch in one of the dacoits' huts. The night was simply fearful; I had had no food since breakfast, and could get none out in the wilds; the mosquitos were in myriads in the dense jungle, and the Burmans who were with me, as well as myself, were nearly eaten up. I watched till about 12.30 P.M., and seeing no signs of the dacoits, returned footsore and disappointed, and reached Pyagalay between 2 A.M. and 3 A.M.

'I shall not forget that night in a hurry, the mosquitos bit dreadfully, and I could get nothing to eat (a most unpleasant combination). After rousing up some of my retainers, who were peacefully sleeping in their bungalow, I found that poor Davidson, after reaching Pyagalay and finding that I had gone out after the dacoits, got some men to carry him into Pegu on a bed. From Pegu he afterwards went to Rangoon. Poor fellow, he has been obliged to have his right arm amputated. The worst of it was he never had a chance of a shot at a dacoit himself, but was potted from behind a thick clump of bamboos.

'After staying for two or three days in Pyagalay, and getting no further

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khubber (intelligence) about the dacoits, I determined to return to Pegu to try and raise some volunteers there to assist me, and to return to a village near Pyagalay. I made up my mind to do this, and not to return to Pegu afterwards until I had accounted for the gang in some way. I sent out spies, and on the 23rd May returned to Pegu. On returning there I found Colonel Hamilton, inspector-general of police. He had come up after the same dacoits. He was a very kind pleasant man, and we made great friends. I told him my plans, and we eventually agreed that he should start for Pyagalay on Tuesday, 25th May, and I was to follow on Wednesday, 26th, as I had a little work in Pegu before I could return. Colonel Hamilton promised that in case of any news coming in he would wait for me in Pyagalay, and that he would do nothing until I arrived. I started for Pyagalay on Wednesday, but was a little too late, and the road was so abominably bad that I had to stop at a place called Kallee for the night. I rode in from Kallee on Thursday morning, and reached Pyagalay at about 10 o'clock, where I found Colonel Hamilton. He told me that no news had yet been brought in about the dacoits. In the evening we were riding to a place near Pyagalay, when we saw a man running rapidly towards us; on his coming nearer we recognized Mong Mo, our Burmese inspector of police, and we knew that something was up. He told us that he had received reliable information from a spy that the dacoits would sleep on that night in a hut in the jungle, about seven miles from Pyagalay. We determined upon attacking the hut ourselves, and at 12 o'clock in the night of the 27th May Colonel Hamilton and I started (with a large party of policemen and three guides) for the hut where the dacoits were said to be sleeping. We were each of us armed in the same way. We were certain that it would be a case of close quarters, so I gave Colonel Hamilton one of my smooth-bore breech-loading guns, and I took the other. We each of us had six cartridges, two ball cartridges each and four slugs. I loaded the cartridges carefully myself before starting. We each of us had revolvers as well, I the revolver which dear father gave me when I was at the Curragh. We started, as I said before, at 12 P.M., and tramped through thick dark jungle abounding with mud, mosquitos, and horse-flies, for a long distance. We took two or three rests, as we did not wish to reach the hut until it was light enough to fire. The last part of our march we came to frightfully thick tangled jungle, and, owing to the darkness, we had the greatest difficulty in picking our way without making a noise. When our guides told us that we were near the hut we split our little force into three parties. Colonel Hamilton and myself heading the attacking party; the two other parties were posted under an inspector and a sergeant respectively, to watch the paths near the hut along which the dacoits were likely to attempt to escape. After sending out two parties Colonel Hamilton and I advanced towards the place where the guides said we should find the dacoits. It was still very dark, too dark to make any certainty when firing. After we had gone some distance further we suddenly came in view of a hut at

the end of a small glade. This hut was not more than forty yards off when we first saw it. Early as it was, we could indistinctly see figures moving in the hut; we were afraid that they might rush out at the back of the hut, in which case we should have lost them; so we charged in at the hut, Colonel Hamilton on the left, I on the right. I fired my two barrels slap into the figures that I could indistinctly see in the hut, and Colonel Hamilton also fired two barrels. Almost immediately five shots were fired in our direction by the dacoits; it was impossible to tell with what effect, owing to the darkness. Besides this, I kept my eyes fixed on the hut while I was putting fresh cartridges into my gun. I fired altogether four shots from my smooth-bore, and two with my revolver, into the hut, with what effect I could not say. It was still very dark, as all what I have now described took place in a few seconds. I wanted to get on past the hut to cut off the retreat of any dacoits trying to bolt, but this was impossible, as a lot of policemen were firing away hard from behind.* I called out to Colonel Hamilton, whom I believed to be standing quite close to me, asking him if we had not better try and get to the back of the hut, and look out for fellows who would bolt out. I received no answer, and on walking a few paces to the left I, to my horror, almost stumbled on his body. He was quite dead, a bullet having passed through his heart. His orderly, who was behind him, and behaved very pluckily, was rolling on the ground behind him, shot in two places. The only way I can account for my wonderful escape is that the dacoits, with guns in their hands, were huddled up together exactly opposite the place where Colonel Hamilton ran up. I was on his right, and they must have delivered their whole fire straight in front of them; the five shots they fired were almost simultaneous. I was, of course, within a few paces from poor Colonel Hamilton when he was shot dead, and about the same distance from the hut. I am thankful to say we killed the two ring-leaders—Nga Kowk and Nga Lowk—on the spot; another man was so severely wounded that he could not get away; two others were wounded, one very severely, so severely that there is little doubt left as to his death, although his body has not been found yet. We got all the guns (three first rate double-barrelled guns) belonging to the gang. I knew that the

* As it appeared in the *Times'* interesting and well-written report from Rangoon of the 4th June that Lieutenant Raikes charged into the hut and shot a dacoit who was aiming at him, Colonel Beville, C.B., commandant of the Belooch Battalion, his quondam commanding officer, wrote to F. for details. Colonel Beville has been so good as to send me a letter from F., from which I make the following extract:—

'MY DEAR COLONEL,—Very many thanks for your most kind letter. I think that you praise me much more than I deserve. Your letter has pleased me more than I can say; I assure you I feel proud of your good opinion. I did not enter as much into detail when I wrote home and when I sent in my official report as I might have, because I was afraid that people might imagine that I was trying to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. *It was true that one of the brutes of dacoits did try to shoot me upon my rushing into the hut;* I gave him a timely barrel, which bowled him over on the spot. . . . . I wished to take a trip to India, but cannot leave Pegu just as I have succeeded in exterminating the dacoits,' &c. The italics are Colonel Beville's.

gang was completely smashed up after this, having lost their two ring leaders, and nearly all of them being more or less disabled. (I must tell you that our attack on this hut took place between 5.15 and 5.30 A.M.)

'After this the terribly painful part of my work began. I was out in dense forest, seventy-eight miles from civilization, and with poor Colonel Hamilton's dead body. I cannot describe to you how terrible this was I do not like writing about it. I had a fearful walk back to Pyagalay the rain coming down in torrents. I will not attempt to tell you anything further. I will only tell you that I succeeded in getting into Rangoon (at the least a distance of seventy-eight miles) with poor Colonel Hamilton's body in time for the hour which had been arranged for his funeral (5 P.M.) on Saturday, 29th May.* Of course I sent off a messenger post haste to Rangoon when this dreadful thing took place; the difficulty was getting the body in; the roads are in such an awful state about here that it is difficult to ride along them at foot's pace.

'I have only written this long account to you, dearest mother, that you may know the whole facts of the case from beginning to end. I *intended* originally not to say a word about it, but as dear C. has already written to you it is, of course, of no use whatever trying to keep the matter secret now. The subject is, of course, a terribly painful one to me; I have had so many inquiries and questions from curious people in Rangoon about the whole matter that I have been driven nearly wild. Nothing will induce me to write another word about it privately. You may imagine poor Colonel Hamilton's sudden death close by my side was a terrible shock, and the sorrow that I feel at his having been shot by such horrid ruffians is intense. I am thankful to say nearly the whole gang has been

* Here is the graphic description of the funeral by the correspondent of the *Times*, a gentleman resident in Rangoon:—'The untimely end of one so well known in India as "Paddy Hamilton" caused great excitement, and when the body was expected the wharves and the sides of the river teemed with Europeans and natives anxious to pay respect to his memory. The steam launch moored up alongside, the rude coffin was reverently placed upon the hearse, and then a murmur arose among some sailors to lynch the dacoit, who, heavily ironed and badly wounded, was being hurried to a carriage provided for him. A large body of police, however, kept the peace, and he was rapidly driven off towards the goal. At 5.30 P.M. the body of the deceased was carried on a gun-carriage to its last resting-place in the cemetery. A guard of honour of 300 men of the Madras 21st Foot, with all the officers of the garrison, and nearly 1,000 civilians, attended. The carriage was dragged by Burmese policemen, who had expressed their desire to show this respect to their chief's memory. The cemetery is situated on the slope of a hill, and as the mourners stood around the grave they could view one of the finest pictures of Eastern scenery that eye ever rested on. At the foot of the hill and across the road lay a lake of about four miles in circumference, studded with small islands, luxuriantly wooded. On the left, about half a mile away, rose the elegant form of the great pagoda, gilded by the Buddhist faithful at the expense of 80,000*l.*, and shining in the rays of the setting sun. The Pegu river wound its course as far as the eye could reach, until lost in the woods beyond; while the men of Her Majesty's corvette *Briton* and of the 21st Regiment combined with the brilliantly-coloured dresses of the crowd of Burmans to give warmth to the picture.'

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accounted for—two have not been finally disposed of, one of those two, a man called Nga Tnwey, is so terribly wounded that he must either die or be eventually captured; the other, Nga Tsan, who is a mere boy, was enticed into the gang, we are certain to have him before long. The whole gang has been smashed into atoms, and I think it will be a grand example to people in this part of the world. One favour I have to ask you, dearest mother, please keep this letter private; I mean to say, let it be seen amongst our relations and *friends* if any one cares to see it, but please send no accounts to the newspapers. . . . .

'I am afraid, after giving yon this long account about dacoits, that it will be useless asking you not to be anxious, but at the same time I assure you there is now no cause of anxiety whatever. The dacoits have had such a lesson here that the chances are strongly against anything of this sort happening again for ages to come. The country is *perfectly quiet in every way* now, and it is just as safe walking about here as in Hyde Park or Upper Brook Street. . . . .

'This subject is such a painful one that I do not wish to write about it again.—Ever,' &c.

A little later F. writes:—

'*21st July.*—The country is quite quiet now, all over my sub-division dacoits are unheard of, and I think there will be no more bother in future.

'*8th August.*—I have still my high opinion of Burmah and the Burmans, and would not change to any part of India for any inducement which could be offered me. The more I see of Burmah the more I like it; and now that I can speak Burmese with as much fluency as Hindustani everything is more or less plain sailing.

'*29th August.*—I leave the letter about Colonel Hamilton's death entirely in your hands, and you can do whatever you like with it. I really had not the faintest idea that people at home would take so much interest in the matter, and I thought besides that some one else would most probably send a full account of the matter. . . . . No troops have been sent up to Pegu. The Chief Commissioner asked me whether I wished for any, and I said that I did not. I am glad to say that I have been able to set everything right with a handful of police.'

I think that the readers of these simple extracts from my son's letters will, while deploring the death of that gallant officer, Colonel Hamilton, be glad to learn that I have just heard from the Private Secretary to the Governor-General that Lord Northbrook had, on the recommendation of the Chief Commissioner of British Burmah, promoted Lieutenant F. D. Raikes in the Burmese Commission, 'as a reward for the devotion he displayed in the pursuit of the notorious Pyagalay dacoits.' The brave Sikh orderly, Gopal Singh, whose life was so nearly lost in defence of his master, I am happy to say recovered, and has been rewarded by the Chief Commissioner for his gallant conduct.

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THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RETREAT.

'What dost thou here, frail wanderer from thy task?'
Christian Year.

ELEONORA VIVIAN was trying to fix her attention on writing out the meditation she had just heard from Dr. Easterby.

It had been a strange time. All externally was a great hush. There was perfect rest from the tumult of society, and from the harassing state of tacit resistance habitual to her. This was the holy quietude for which she had longed, yet where was the power to feel and profit by it? Did not the peace without only make her hear the storm within all the more?

A storm had truly been raging within, ever since Conny Strangeways had triumphantly exhibited the prize she had won from Frank Charnock at the races; and Camilla had taken care that full and undeniable evidence should prove that this was not all that the young man had lost upon the Backsworth race-ground.

Lenore might guess, with her peculiarly painful intuition, who had been the tempter, but that did not lessen her severity towards the victim. In her resolution against a betting-man, had she not trusted Frank too implicitly even to warn him of her vow? Nay, had she not felt him drifting from her all through the season, unjustly angered, unworthily distrustful, easily led astray. All the misgivings that had fretted her at intervals and then cleared away, seemed to gather into one conviction. Frank had failed her!

Eleonora's nature was one to resent before grieving. Her spirit was too high to break down under the first shock, and she carried her head proudly to the ball, betraying by no outward sign the stern despair of her heart, as she listened to the gay chatter of her companions, and, with unflinching severity, she carried out that judicial reply to Frank which she had already prepared, and then guarded herself among numerous partners against remonstrance or explanation. It had been all one whirl of bewilderment; Lady Tyrrell tired, and making the girls' intended journey on the morrow a plea for early departure; and the Strangeways, though dancing indefatigably, and laughing at fatigue, coming away as soon as they saw she really wished it. All said good-night and good-bye together, both to Lady Tyrrell and Sir Harry, and Lenore started at ten o'clock without having seen either. Her sense of heroism lasted till after the glimpse of Frank on the road. Her mood was of bitter disappointment and indignation. Frank was given up, but no less so were her father, her sister, and the world. Sir Harry had made Camilla suffice to

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him, he did not want her. He had been the means of perverting Frank, and Lenore could not see that she need any longer be bound for his sake to the life she detested. In a few weeks she would be of age, and what would then prevent her from finding a congenial home in the Sisterhood, since such kindred could have no just claim to her allegiance. It was the hasty determination of one who had suffered a tacit persecution for three years, and was now smarting under the cruellest of blows. Her lover perverted, her conditions broken, her pledge gambled away, and all this the work of her father and sister!

Conny and Bee thought her grave and more silent than usual, and when Lady Susan met them in London, there was no time for thought. Saturday was spent on a harvest festival at a suburban church, after which the daughters were despatched to their uncle's by a late train. Sunday was spent in the pursuit of remarkable services; and on Monday, Lady Susan and Eleonora had gone to St. Faith's, and the Retreat began.

Here was to be the longed-for rest, for which she had thirsted all the more through those days of hurry and of religious spectacles, as she felt that, be they what they might to their regular attendants, to her, as an outsider, they could be but sights, into whose spirit her sick and wearied soul could not enter.

Here was no outward disturbance, no claim from the world, no importunate chatter, only religious services in their quietest most unobtrusive form; and Dr. Easterby's low tender tones, leading his silent listeners to deep heart searchings, earnest thoughts, and steadfast resolutions.

Ah! so no doubt it was with many; but Lena, with book and pen, was dismayed to find that the one thing she recollected was the question, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither?' After that, she had only heard her own thoughts. Her mind had lapsed into one vague apprehension of the effects of having cut off all communication with home, imaginings of Frank's despair, relentings of pity, all broken by dismay at her own involuntary hypocrisy in bringing such thoughts into the Retreat. Had she any right to be there at all? Was not a thing that should have been for her peace become to her an occasion of falling?

It was Thursday evening, and on the morrow there would be the opportunity of private interviews with Dr. Easterby. She longed for the moment, chiefly to free herself from the sense of deception that had all this time seemed to vitiate her religious exercises, deafen her ears, and blow aside her prayers. There was a touch on her shoulder, and one of the Sisters who had received the ladies, said, interrogatively, 'Miss Vivian? The Mother would be obliged if you would come to her room.'

The general hush prevented Lenore from manifesting her extreme agitation, and she moved with as quiet a step as she could command, though trembling from head to foot. In the room to which she came stood the Superior and Dr. Easterby, and a yellow telegram paper lay on the table.

'My father?' she asked.

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'No,' said the Superior kindly, 'it is your sister, who is ill. Here is the telegram':—

'Sister Margaret to the Mother Superior, St. Faith's, Dearport. Lady Tyrrell has the fever. Miss Vivian much needed.
WILSBRO', *Sept. 26th*, 5.30.'

'The fever!' She looked up bewildered, and the Superior added—

'You did not know of a fever at Wilsbro? Some of our nursing Sisters were telegraphed for, and went down yesterday. I was sorry to send Sister Margaret away just when her mother and you are here; but she was the only available head, and the need seemed great.'

'I have heard nothing since I left home on Friday,' said Eleonora, hoarsely. 'It is my own fault. They think I am at Revelrig.'

'Your family do not know you are here!' said the Superior, gravely.

'It was very wrong,' she said. 'This is the punishment. I must go. Can I?'

'Surely, as soon as there is a train,' said the Superior, beginning to look for a *Bradshaw;* while Dr. Easterby gave Lenore a chair, and bade her sit down. She looked up at his kind face, and asked whether he had heard of this fever.

'On Sunday evening, some friends who came out from Backsworth to our evening service spoke of an outbreak of fever at Wilsbro', and said that several of the Charnock family were ill. I have had this card since from young Mr. Bowater.—

'T.F. in severe form. J. C. well, but both his brothers are down in it, and Lady R.'s brother, also Lady T. and the Vicar. No one to do anything; we have taken charge of Wilsbro'. I have no time to do more than thank you for unspeakable kindness.

'H. B.'

'You knew!' exclaimed Lenore, as she saw her sister's initial.

'I knew Lady Tyrrell was ill, but I do not know who the ladies are whom I address. I did not guess that you were here,' said Dr. Easterby gently.

No one living near Backsworth could fail to know Sir Harry Vivian's reputation, so that the master of Rood House knew far better than the Superior of St. Faith's how much excuse Lenore's evasion might have; but whatever could seem like tampering with young people was most distressing to the Sisters, and the Mother was more grave than pitiful.

There was no train till the mail at night, and there would be two hours to wait in London; but Lenore would listen to no entreaties to wait till morning, and as they saw that she had plenty of health and strength, they did not press her, though the Superior would send a nurse with her, who, if not needed at Sirenwood, might work in Water Lane. It was thought best not to distract Lady Susan, and Lenore was relieved not to have her vehement regrets and fussy cares about her; but there were still two hours to be spent before starting, and in these, Dr. Easterby was the kindest of comforters.

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Had she erred in her concealment? He thought she had, though with much excuse. A Retreat was not like a sacrament, a necessity of a Christian's life; and no merely possible spiritual advantage ought to be weighed against filial obedience. It was a moment of contrition, and of outpouring for the burthened heart, as Lenore was able to speak of her long trial, and all the evil it had caused in hardening and sealing up her better nature. She even told of her unsanctioned, but unforbidden engagement, and of its termination; yearning to be told that she had been hasty and hard, and to be bidden to revoke her rejection.

She found that Dr. Easterby would not judge for her, or give her decided direction. He showed her, indeed, that she had given way to pride and temper, and had been unjust in allowing no explanation; but he would not tell her to unsay her decision, nor say that it might not be right, even though the manner had been wrong. While the past was repented, and had its pardon, for the future he would only bid her wait and pray for guidance and aid through her trial.

'My child,' he said, 'chastening is the very token of pardon, and therein may you find peace, and see the right course.'

'And you will pray for me—that however it may be, He may forgive me.'

'Indeed, I will. We all will pray for you as one in sorrow and anxiety. And remember this: There is a promise that a great mountain shall become a plain, and so it does, but to those who bravely try to climb it in strength not their own, not to those who try to go round or burrow through.'

'I see,' was all she answered, in the meek submissive tone of a strong nature, bent but not daring to break down. She could not shed tears, deeply as she felt, she must save all her strength and bear that gnawing misery which Herbert Bowater's mention of J. C.'s brothers had inflicted upon her, bear it in utter uncertainty through the night's journey, until the train stopped at Wilsbro' at eleven o'clock, and her father, to whom she had telegraphed, met her, holding out his arms, and absolutely crying over her for joy.

'My dear, my dear, I knew you would come; I could trust to my little Lena. It was all some confounded mistake.'

'It was my fault. How is she?'

'Does nothing but ask for you. Very low—nasty fever at night. What's that woman? M'Vie sent a nurse, who is awfully jealous, can't have her in to Camilla; but there's plenty to do; Anaïs is laid up—coachman too, and Joe—half the other servants gone off. I told Victor I would pay anything to him if he would stay.'

'And—at Compton?' faintly asked Lenore.

'Bad enough they say. Serves 'em right; Mrs. Raymond was as mischievous as Duncombe's wife, but I've not heard for the last two days; there's been no one to send over, and I've had enough to think about of my own.'

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'Who have it there?' she managed to say.

'Raymond and his wife, both; and Frank and the young De Laneey, I heard. I met Julius Charnock the other day very anxious about them He's got his tithe barn stuffed with children from Water Lane, as if he wanted to spread it. All their meddling! But what kept you so long, little one? Where were you hiding?—or did Lady Susan keep it from you? I began to think you had eloped with her son. You are sure you have not?'

'I was wrong, father; I went to a Retreat with Lady Susan.'

'A what? Some of Lady Susan's little poperies, eh? I can't scold you, child, now I've got you; only have your letters forwarded another time,' said Sir Harry, placable as usual when alone with Lenore.

Fears of infection for her did not occur to him. Mr. M'Vie held the non-contagion theory, and helpless selfishness excluded all thoughts of keeping his daughter at a distance. He clung to her as he used to do in former days, before Camilla had taken possession of him, and could not bear to have her out of reach. In the sick room she was of disappointingly little use. The nurse was a regular professional, used to despotism, and resenting her having brought home any one with her, and she never permitted Miss Vivian's presence, except when the patient's anxiety made it necessary to bring her in, and when admitted, there was nothing to be done but to sit by Camilla, and now and then answer the weary disjointed talk, and if it grew a little livelier, the warning that Lady Tyrrell was getting excited was sure to follow.

Outside there was enough to do, in the disorganised state of the sick and panic-stricken household, where nobody was effective but the French valet and one very stupid kitchen-maid. Lena helped the St. Faith's nurse in her charge of the French maid, but almost all her time in the morning was spent in domestic cares for the sick and for her father, and when he was once up, he was half plaintive, half passionate, if she did not at once respond to his calls. She read the papers to him, walked up and down the terrace with him while he smoked, and played *bezique* with him late into the night, to distract his thoughts. And where were hers, while each day's bulletin from Compton Hall was worse than the last? Little Joe Reynolds had been sent home on being taken ill, and she would fain have gone to see him, but detentions sprung up around her, and sometimes it would have been impossible to go so far from the house, so that days had become weeks, and the month of October was old before she was walking down the little garden of old Betty's house. The door opened, and Julius Charnock came out, startling her by the sight of his worn and haggard looks, as he made a deprecating movement, and shut the door behind him. Then she saw that the blinds were in the act of being drawn down.

'Is it so?' she said.

'Yes,' said Julius, in a quiet tone, as sad and subdued as his looks. 'He slept himself away peacefully a quarter of an hour ago.'

'I suppose I must not go in now. I longed to come before. Poor boy, he was like a toy flung away!'

'You need not grieve over him,' said Julius. 'Far from it. You have done a great deal for him.'

'I—I only caused him to be put into temptation.'

'Nay. Your care woke his spirit up and guarded him. No one could hear his wanderings without feeling that he owed much to you. There is a drawing to be given to you that will speak much to you. It is at the Rectory; it was not safe here. And his mother is here. I can't but hope her soul has been reached through him. Yes,' as Lenore leant against the gate, her warm tears dropping, 'there is no grief in thinking of him. He had yearnings and conceptions that could not have been gratified in his former station, and for him an artist's life would have been more than commonly uphill work—full of trial. I wish you could have heard the murmured words that showed what glorious images floated before him—no doubt now realized.'

'I am glad he was really good,' were the only words that would come. The hearts of both were so full, that these words on what was a little further off were almost necessary to them.

'Take my arm,' said Julius, kindly. 'Our roads lie together down the lane. How is your sister? Better, I hope, as I see you here.'

'She has slept more quietly. Mr. M'Vie thinks her a little better.'

'So it is with Terry de Lancey,' said Julius; 'he is certainly less feverish to-day;' but there was no corresponding tone of gladness in the voice, though he added, 'Cecil is going on well too.'

'And——' Poor Lenore's heart died within her, she could only press his arm convulsively, and he had mercy on her.

'Frank's illness has been different in character from the others,' he said, 'the fever has run much higher, and has affected the brain more, and the throat is in a very distressing state; but Dr. Worth still does not think there are specially dangerous symptoms, and is less anxious about him than Raymond.'

'Ah! is it true?'

'He does not seem as ill as Frank; but there have been bleedings at the nose, which have brought him very low, and which have hitherto been the worst symptoms,' and here the steady sadness of his voice quivered a little.

Lenore uttered a cry of dismay, and murmured, 'Your mother!'

'She is absorbed in him. Happily, she can be with him constantly. They seem to rest in each other's presence, and not to look forward.'

'And Cecil?'

'It has taken the lethargic turn with Cecil. She is almost always asleep, and is now, I believe, much better; but in truth we have none of us been allowed to come near her. Her maid, Grindstone, has taken the sole charge, and shuts us all out, for fear, I believe, of our telling her how ill Raymond is.'

'Oh, I know Grindstone.'

'Who looks on us all as enemies. However, Raymond has desired us to write to her father, and he will judge when he comes.'

They were almost at the place of parting. Eleonora kept her hand on his arm, longing for another word, nay, feeling that without it, her heart would burst. 'Who is with Frank?'

'Anne. She hardly ever leaves him. She is our mainstay at the Hall.'

'Is he ever sensible?' she faintly asked.

'He has not been really rational for nearly ten days now.'

'If—if—Oh! you know what I mean. Oh! gain his pardon for me!' and she covered her face with her hand.

'Poor Frank!—it is of your pardon that he talks. Tell me, Eleonora, did you ever receive a letter from my mother?'

'Never. Where was it sent?' she said, starting.

'To Revelrig. It was written the day after the ball.'

'I never went to Revelrig. Oh! if I could have spoken to you first, I should have been saved from so much that was wrong. No one knew where I was.'

'No, not till Sister Margaret told Herbert Bowater that her sisters had been at a ball at the Town Hall the week before. Then he saw she was Miss Strangeways, and asked if she knew where you were.'

'Ah, yes! disobedience—tacit deception—temper. Oh! they have brought their just punishment. But that letter!'

'I think it was to explain poor Frank's conduct at the races. Perhaps, as the servants at Revelrig had no knowledge of you, it may have been returned, and my mother's letters have been left untouched. I will see.'

They knew they must not delay one another, and parted; Julius, walking homewards by the Hall, where, alas! there was only one of the family able to move about the house, and she seldom left her patient.

Julius did, however, find her coming down-stairs with Dr. Worth, and little as he gathered that was reassuring in the physician's words, there was a wistful moisture about her eyes, a look altogether of having a bird in her bosom, which made him say, as the doctor hurried off, 'Anne, some one must be better.'

'Cecil is,' she said, and he had nearly answered, "*only* Cecil," but her eyes brimmed over suddenly, and she said, 'I am so thankful!'

'Miles!' he exclaimed.

She handed him a telegram. The *Salamanca* was at Spithead; Miles telegraphed to her to join him.

'Miles come! Thank God! Does mother know?'

'Hush! no one does,' and with a heaving breast she added, 'I answered that I could not and why, and that he must not come.'

'No, I suppose he must not till he is free of his ship. My poor Anne!'

'Oh no! I know he is safe. I am glad! But the knowledge would tear your mother to pieces.'

'Her soul is in Raymond now, and to be certain of Miles being at hand would be an unspeakable relief to him. Come and tell them.'

'No, no, I can't!' she cried, with a sudden gush of emotion sweeping over her features, subdued instantly, but showing what it was to her. 'You do it. Only don't let them bring him here.'

And Anne flew to her fastness in Frank's attic, while Julius repaired to Raymond's room, and found him as usual lying tranquil, with his mother's chair so near that she could hand him the cool fruit or drink, or ring to summon other help. Their time together seemed to both a rest, and Julius always liked to look at their peaceful faces, after the numerous painful scenes he had to encounter. Raymond, too, was clinging to him, to his ministrations and his talk, as to nothing else save his mother. Raymond had always been upright and conscientious, but his religion had been chiefly duty and obligation, and it was only now that comfort or peace seemed to be growing out of it for him. As he looked up at his brother, he too saw the involuntary brightness that the tidings had produced, and said, 'Is any one else better, Julius? I know Terry is; I am so glad for Rose.'

'I asked Anne the same question,' said Julius. 'Mother, you will be more glad than tantalized. The *Salamanca* is come in.'

Raymond made an inarticulate sound of infinite relief. His mother exclaimed, 'He must not come here! But Frankie could not spare Anne to him. What will she do?'

'She will stay bravely by Frank,' said Julius. 'We must all wait till the ship is paid off.'

'Of course,' said Raymond. 'If she can rejoice that he is out of danger, we will; I am content to know him near. It makes all much easier. And mother, he will find all ready to own what a priceless treasure he sent before him in his wife.'

There was the old note of pain in the comparison, Julius's heart was wrung as he thought of Sirenwood, with the sense that the victim was dying, the author of the evil recovering. He could only stifle the thought by turning away, and going to the table in his mother's adjacent room, where letters had accumulated unopened. 'On Her Majesty's Service,' bore the post-mark, which justified him in opening it, and inclosing the letter it contained to Miss Vivian.

He did so almost mechanically. He had gone through these weeks only by never daring to have a self. The only man of his family who could be effective; the only priest in the two infected parishes; he had steadfastly braced himself for the work. He ventured only to act and pray, never to talk, save for the consolation of others. To Wilsbro' he daily gave two morning hours, for he never failed to be wanted either for the last rites, or for some case beyond Herbert's experience, as well as to see the Vicar, who was sinking fast, in a devout and resigned frame,

which impressed while it perplexed his brother clergyman, in view of the glaring deficiencies so plain to others, but which never seemed to trouble his conscience.

The nursing-staff still consisted of the Sisters, Herbert Bowater, Mrs. Duncombe, and her man-servant. Under their care, the virulence of the disease was somewhat abating, and the doctors ventured to say that after the next few days, there would be much fewer fatal cases; but Water Lane was now a strangely silent place, windows open, blinds flapping in the wind, no children playing about, and the 'Three Pigeons' remained the only public-house not shut up. It was like having the red-cross on the door.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STRANGE NIGHT.

'Cold, cold with death, came up the tide
In no manner of haste,
Up to her knees, and up to her side,
And up to her wicked waist;
For the hand of the dead, and the heart of the dead,
Are strong hasps they to hold.'

G. Macdonald.

'Rector,' said Herbert Bowater, 'are you specially needed at home?'

'Why?' asked Julius pausing.

'There's that man Gadley.'

'Gadley! Is he down?'

'It seems that he has been ill this fortnight, but in the low, smouldering form; and he and that hostler of his kept it a secret, for fear of loss of gain, and hatred of doctors, parsons, sisters, and authorities generally, until yesterday, when the hostler made off with all the money and the silver spoons. This morning early, a policeman, seeing the door open, went in, and found the poor wretch in a most frightful state, but quite sensible, I was passing as he came out to look for help, and I have been there mostly ever since. He is dying—M'Vie says there's not a doubt of that, and he has got something on his mind. He says he has been living on Moy's hush-money all this time, for not bringing to light some embezzlement of your mother's money, and letting the blame light on that poor cousin of yours, Douglas.'

Herbert was amazed at the lighting up of his Rector's worn, anxious face.

'Douglas! Thank heaven! Herbert, we must get a magistrate at once to take the deposition!'

'What! Do you want to prosecute Moy?'

'No, but to clear Archie.'

'I thought he was drowned?'

'No; that was all a mistake. Miles saw him at Natal. Herbert, this will be life and joy to your sister. What!—you did not know about Jenny and Archie?'

'Not I—Jenny!—poor old Joan! So that's what has stood in her way, and made her the jolliest of old sisters, is it? Poor old Joanie! What, was she engaged to him?'

'Yes, much against your father's liking, though he had consented. I remember he forbade it to be spoken of, and you were at school.'

'And Joan was away nursing old Aunt Joan for two years. So Archie went off with this charge on him, and was thought to be lost! Whew! How did she stand it? I say, does she know he is alive?'

'No, he forbade Miles to speak. No one knows but Miles and I, and our wives. Anne put us on the scent. Now, Herbert, I'll go to the poor man at once, and you had better find a magistrate.'

'Whom can I find?' said Herbert. 'There's my father away, and Raymond ill, and Lipscombe waved me off—wouldn't so much as speak to me for fear I should be infectious.'

'You must get a town magistrate.'

'Briggs is frantic since he lost his son, and Truelove thinks he has the fever, though Worth says it is all nonsense. There's nobody but Whitlock. Dear old Jenny! Well, there always was something different from other people in her, and I never guessed what it was. I'd go to the end of the world to make her happy and get that patient look out of her eyes.'

Herbert had nearly to fulfil this offer, for Mr. Whitlock was gone to London for the day, and magistrates were indeed scarce; but at last, after walking two miles out of the town, his vehemence and determination actually dragged in the unfortunate, timid justice of the peace who had avoided him in the road, but who could not refuse when told in strong earnest, that the justification of an innocent man depended on his doing his duty.

Poor Mr. Lipscombe! The neglected 'Three Pigeons' was just now the worst place in all Water Lane. The little that had hastily been done since the morning, seemed to have had no effect on the fœtid atmosphere, even to Herbert's well-accustomed nostrils, and what must it have been to a stranger, in spite of the open window and all the disinfectants? And, alas! the man had sunk into a sleep; Julius, who still stood by him, had heard all he had to say to relieve his mind, all quite rationally, and had been trying to show him the need of making reparation, by repeating all to a magistrate, when the drowsiness had fallen on him, and though the sound of feet roused him, it was to wander into the habitual defiance of authority, merging into terror.

Herbert soothed him better than anyone else could do, and he fell asleep again; but Mr. Lipscombe declared it was of no use to remain—nothing but madness, and they could not gainsay him. He left the two clergymen together, feeling himself to have done a very valiant and useless thing in the interests of justice, or at the importunity of a foolishly zealous young curate.

'Look here,' said Herbert, 'Whitlock may be trusted. Leave a note

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for him explaining. I'll stay here; I'm the best to do so any way. If he revives and is sensible, I'll send off at once for Whitlock, or if there is no time, I'll write it down and let him see me sign it.'

'And some one else, if possible,' said Julius. 'The difficulty is that I never had authority given me to use what he said to me in private. Rather the contrary, for old instinctive habits of caution awoke, the instant I told him it was his duty to make it known, and that Archie was alive. I don't like leaving you here, Herbert, but Raymond was very weak this morning; besides, there's poor Joe's funeral.'

'Oh, never mind. He'll have his sleep out, and be all right when he awakes. Think of righting Jenny's young man! How jolly!'

Julius went across to the Town Hall Hospital, and told the Sisters, whose darling his curate was, of the charge he had undertaken, and they promised to look after him. After which, Julius made the best of his way home, where Rosamond had, as usual, a bright face for him. Her warm heart and tender tact had shown her that obtrusive attempts to take care of him would only be harassing, so she only took care to secure him food and rest in his own house, whenever it was possible, and that however low her own hopes might be, she would not add to his burthen; and now Terry was so much better that she could well receive him cheerily, and talk of what Terry had that day eaten, so joyously, as almost to conceal that no one was better at the Hall.

'I will come with you,' she said; 'I might do something for poor Fanny,' as the bell began to toll for little Joshua's funeral.

Fanny Reynolds, hearing some rumour of her boy's illness, had brought Drake to her home three days before his death. The poor little fellow's utterances, both conscious and unconscious, had strangely impressed the man, and what had they not awakened in the mother? And when the words, so solemn and mysterious, fell on those unaccustomed ears in the churchyard, and Fanny, in her wild overpowering grief, threw herself about in an agony of sorrow and remorse, and sobbed with low screams, it was 'the lady' whom she viewed as an angel of mercy, who held her and hushed her, and when all was over, and she was sinking down, faint and hysterical, it was 'the lady' who—a little to the scandal of the more respectable—helped Drake to carry her to the Rectory, the man obeying like one dazed.

'I must leave the sheep that was lost to you, Rose,' said Julius. 'You can do more for them than I as yet, and they have sent for me to the Hall.'

'You will stay there to-night if they want you. I don't want anyone,' said Rosamond at the door.

He was wanted indeed at his home. Frank was in a wilder and more raving state than ever, and Raymond so faint and sinking, and with such a look about him, that Julius felt more than he had ever done before, that though the fever had almost passed away, there was no spirit or strength to rally. He was very passive, and seemed to have no power to

wonder, though he was evidently pleased when Julius told him both of Archie Douglas's life, and the hopes of clearing his name. 'Tell Jenny she was right,' he said, and did not seem inclined to pursue the subject.

They wheeled Mrs. Poynsett away at her usual hour, when he was dozing; and as Frank was still tossing and moaning incoherently, and often required to be held, Julius persuaded Anne to let him take her place with him, while she became Raymond's watcher. He dozed about half-an-hour, and when she next gave him some food, he said in a very low feeble tone:

'You have heard from Miles?'

'Yes; he says nothing shall stop him the moment they are paid off.'

'That's right. No fear of infection—that's clear,' said Raymond.

'I think so—under God!' and Anne's two hands unseen clasped over her throbbing, yearning heart.

'Dear old fellow!' said Raymond. 'It is such peace to leave mother to him. If I don't see him, Anne, tell him how glad I am. I've no change. I know he will do it all right. And mother will have you,' and he held out his hand to her. Presently he said: 'Anne. One thing—'

'Yes,' she said, anxiously.

'You always act on principle, I know; but don't hang back from Miles's friends and pleasures. I know the old fellow, Anne. His nature is sociable, and he wants sympathy in it.'

'I know what you mean, Raymond,' said Anne; 'I do mean to try to do right——'

'I know, I know,' said he, getting a little excited, and speaking eagerly; 'but don't let right blind you. Anne! if you censure and keep from all he likes—if you will be a recluse and not a woman—he—don't be offended, Anne; but if you leave him to himself, then will every effort be made to turn him from you. You don't believe me.'

'My dear Raymond, don't speak so eagerly,' as his cheeks flushed.

'I must! I can't see his happiness and yours wrecked like mine. Go with him, Anne. Don't leave him to be poisoned. Mesmerism has its power over whoever has been under the spell. And he has—he has! She will try to turn him against you and mother.'

'Hush, Raymond! Indeed, I will be on my guard. There's no one there. What are you looking at?'

'Camilla!' he said, with eyes evidently seeing something. 'Camilla! Is it not enough to have destroyed *one* peace?'

'Raymond, indeed, there is no one here.'

But he had half raised himself. 'Yes, Camilla, you have had your revenge. Let it be enough. No—no—I forgive you; but I forbid you to touch her.'

He grasped Anne's arm with one hand, and stretched the other out as though to ward some one away. The same moment there was another outburst of the bleeding. Anne rang for help with one hand, and held him as best she could. It lasted long, and when it was over he was

manifestly dying. 'It is coming,' he said, looking up to Julius. 'Pray Only first—my love to Cecil. I hope she is still young enough not t have had all spoilt. Is her father coming?'

'To-morrow,' said Anne.

'That's well. Poor child! she is better free.'

How piteously sad those words of one wedded but a year! How un like the look that met his mother's woeful yet tender eyes, as she held his hand. She would aid him through that last passage as through all before, only a word of strong and tender love, as he again looked up to Julius and Anne, as if to put her in their keeping, and once more murmured something of 'Love to sweet Rose! Now, Julius, pray!'

An ever dutiful man, there was no wandering in look or tone. He breathed 'Amen' once or twice, but never moved again, only his eyes still turned on his mother, and so in its time came the end.

Old Susan saw at first that the long fluttering gasp had no successor, and her touch certified Julius. He rose and went towards his mother. She held out her hands and said, 'Take me to my Frank.'

'We had better,' whispered Anne.

They wheeled her to the foot of the stairs. Julius took her in his arms, Anne held her feet, and thus they carried her up the stairs, and along the passage, hearing Frank's husky rapid babble all the way, and finding him struggling with the fierce strength of delirium against Jenkins, who looked as if he thought them equally senseless, when he saw his helpless mistress carried in.

'Frank, my boy, do lie still,' she said, and he took no notice; but when she laid her hand on his, he turned, looked at her with his dulled eyes, and muttered, 'Mother!'

It was the first recognition for many a day; and, at the smoothing motion of her hand over him, while she still entreated, 'Lie still, my dear,' the mutterings died away; the childish instinct of obedience stilled the struggles; and there was something more like repose than had been seen all these weary months.

'Mother,' said Julius, 'you can do for us what no one else can. You will save him.'

She looked up to him, and hope took away the blank misery he had dreaded to see. 'My poor Frankie,' she said, dreamily, 'he has wanted me, I will not leave him now.'

All was soon still; Frank's face had something like rest on it, as he lay with his mother's hand on his brow, and she intent only on him.

'You can leave them to me, I think,' said Anne. 'I will send if there be need; but, if not, you had better not come up till you have been to Wilsbro'—if you must go.'

'I must, I fear, I promised to come to Fuller if he be still here. I will speak to Jenkins first.'

Julius was living like a soldier in a campaign, with numbers dropping

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beside him, and no time to mourn, scarcely to realize the loss, and he went on, almost as if he had been a stranger; while the grief of poor old Jenkins was uncontrollable, both for his lady's sake and for the young master, who had been his pride and glory. His sobs brought out Mrs. Grindstone into the gallery, to insist, with some asperity, that there should be no noise to awaken her mistress, who was in a sweet sleep.

'We will take care,' said Julius, sadly. 'I suppose she had better hear nothing till Mr. Charnock comes.'

'She must be left to me, sir, or I cannot be answerable for the consequences,' was the stiff reply, wherewith Mrs. Grindstone retreated into her castle.

Julius left the hushed and veiled house, in the frosty chill of the late autumn just before dawn, shivering between grief and cold, and he walked quickly down the avenue, feeling it strange that the windows in the face of his own house were glittering back the reflection of the setting moon.

Something long and black came from the opposite direction. 'Rector,' it said, in a low hoarse voice, 'I've got leave from him to use what he said to you. Sister Margaret and I signed it. Will that do?'

'I can't tell now, Herbert, I can't think. My brother is just gone!' said Julius in his inward voice.

'Raymond! No? Oh! I beg your pardon, I never thought of that, Raymond——'

'Go home and go to bed,' said Julius, as the young man wrung his hand. 'Rest now—we must think another time.'

Did Rosamond know, was perhaps the foremost of his weary thoughts. Ah! did she not? Was she not standing with her crimson shawl round her, and the long black plaits falling on it, to beckon him to the firelit comfort of his own room? Did she not fall on his neck as he came heavily up, and cling around him with her warm arms? 'Oh, Julius, what a dear brother he was! What can we do for your mother?'

As he told her how Frank's need did more than any support could do for her, her tears came thicker; but in spite of them, her fond hands put him into the easy chair by the fire, and drew off his damp boots, and while listening to the low sunken voice that told her of the end, she made ready the cup of cocoa that was waiting, and put the spoon in his hand in a caressing manner, that made her care, comfort, not oppression. Fatigue seconded her, for he took the warm food, faltered and leant back, dozing till the baby's voice awoke him, and as he saw Rosamond hushing her, he exclaimed:

'Oh, Rose! if poor Raymond had ever known one hour like this!' and he held out his arms for his child.

'You know I don't let you hold her in that coat. Go into your dressing-room, have your bath, and put on your dressing-gown, and if you will lie on the bed, you shall take care of her while I go and feed Terry. You can't do anything for anybody yet, it is only six o'clock.'

These precautions, hindering his going jaded and exhausted into infection, were what Rosamond seemed to live for, though she never forced them on him, and he was far too physically tired out not to yield to the soothing effect; so that even two hours on the bed sent him forth renovated to that brief service in the church, where Herbert and he daily met and found their strength for the day. They had not had time to exchange a word after it before there was a knock at the vestry door, and a servant gave the message to Herbert who had opened it. 'Lady Tyrrell is taken worse, sir, and Sir Harry Vivian begged that Mr. Charnock would come immediately.'

A carriage had been sent for him, and he could only hurry home to tell Rosamond to send on the pony to Sirenwood, to take him to Wilsbro', unless he were first wanted at home. She undertook to go up to the Hall and give Anne a little rest, and he threw himself into the carriage, not daring to dwell on the pain it gave him to go from his brother's death-bed to confront Camilla.

At the door Eleonora came to meet him. 'Thank you,' she said. 'We knew it was no time to disturb you.'

'I can be better spared *now*,' answered Julius.

'You don't mean,' she said, with a strange look, which was not quite surprise.

'Yes, my dear brother left us at about three o'clock last night. A change came on at twelve.'

'Twelve!' Eleonora laid her hand on his arm, and spoke in a quick agitated manner. 'Camilla was much better till last night, when at twelve I heard such a scream that I ran into her room. She was sitting up with her eyes fixed open, like a clairvoyante, and her voice seemed pleading—pleading with *him*, as if for pardon, and she held out her hands and called him. Then, suddenly, she gave a terrible shriek, and fell back in a kind of fit. Mr. M'Vie can do nothing, and though she is conscious now, she does nothing but ask for you, and say that he does not want you now.'

Julius grew paler, as he said very low, 'Anne said he seemed to be seeing and answering *her*. Not like delirium, but as if she were really there.'

'Don't tell any one,' entreated Eleonora, in a breathless whisper, and he signed consent, as both felt how those two spirits must have been entwined, since these long years had never broken that subtle link of sympathy which had once bound them.

Sir Harry's face, dreary, sunken, and terrified, was thrust over the balusters, as he called, 'Don't hinder him, Lena, she asks for him every moment;' and as they came on, he caught Julius's hand, saying, 'Soothe her, soothe her—'tis the only chance. If she could but sleep!'

There lay Camilla Tyrrell, beautiful still, but more than ever like the weird tragic head with snake-wreathed brows, in the wasted contour of her regular features, and the flush on her hollow cheeks, while her eyes burned with a strange fire that almost choked back Julius's salutation of

peace, even while he breathed it, for might not the Son of Peace be with some there? The eager glance seemed to dart at him, 'Julius Charnock!' she cried, 'Come!' and as he would have said some word about her health, she cut him short, 'Never mind that; I must speak while my brain serves. After that be the priest. He is dead!'

'My brother? Yes.'

'The only one I ever loved? There's no sin nor scandal in saying so now. His wife is better. It will never kill her.'

'She does not know.'

'No. There was nothing to make her. He could not give her his heart, try as he would. Why did he turn the unchangeable to hate! hate! hate!'

'Lady Tyrrell, you did not send for me to hear what ought not to be said at all?'

'Don't fly off,' she said. 'I had really something to say. It was not wholly hate, Julius, I really tried to teach his little idiot of a wife to win him at last. I meant it to turn out well, and nothing could with that mother there.'

'I must leave you, Lady Tyrrell, if you will not control yourself.'

'Don't be hard on me, Julius,' and she looked up with the glance of better days. 'You idolize her, like all the rest of you; but she chilled me, and repelled me, and turned me to bitterness, when I was young and he might have led me. Her power and his idolatry made me jealous, and what I did in a fit of petulance was so fastened on that I could not draw back. Why did not he wait a little longer to encumber himself with that girl! No—that wasn't what I had to say—it's all over now. It is the other thing. How is Frank?'

'Very ill indeed; but quieter just now.'

'Then there shall not be another wreck like ours. Lena, are you here? You saw that Frank had let Constance Strangeways win your pebble. It was because I showed him the one Beatrice bought, and he thought it yours. Yes, I saw nothing else for it. What was to become of the property if you threw yourself away, and on *her* son?' she added, with the malignant look. 'Whether he knew of this little vow of yours, I can't tell, but he had lost his head and did for himself. It was for your good and papa's; but I shall not be here to guide the clue, so you must go your own way, and be happy in it, if *she* will let you. Father, do you hear? Don't think to please me by hindering the course of true love; and you, Julius, tell Frank, he was "a dull Moor." I liked the boy, I was sorry for him; but he ought to have known his token better; and there was the estate to be saved.'

'Estates weigh little now!'

'Clerical! I suppose now is the time for it? You were all precision at Compton. It would kill me; I can't live with Mrs. Poynsett. No, no, Tom, I can't have old Raymond quizzed; I'll get him out of it when the leading strings are cut. What right has she——?'

The delirium had returned. Julius's voice kept her still for a few moments, but she broke out afresh at his first pause, and murmurs fell thick and fast from her tongue, mixing the names of her brother and Raymond, with railings at Mrs. Poynsett for slights in the days when the mother was striving to discourage the inclination that resulted in the engagement.

Earnestly did Julius beseech for peace, for repentance for the poor storm-tossed soul; but when the raving grew past control, and the time was coming for his ministrations to the Vicar of Wilsbro', he was forced to leave her. Poor old Sir Harry would have clung to him as to anything like a support, but Eleonora knew better. 'No, dear papa,' she said, 'he has given us too much of his time already. He must go where he can still help. Poor Camilla cannot attend to him.'

'If she came to herself.'

'Then send for me. I would come instantly. Send to the Town Hall any time before twelve, after that to Compton. Send without scruples, Lenore, you have truly the right.'

They did not send, except that a note met him as he returned home, telling him that suffusion of the brain had set in. Camilla Tyrrell did not survive Raymond Poynsett twelve hours.

CHAPTER XXX.

COME BACK.

'And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
J. Thompson.

Eleonora Vivian was striving to write her sorrowful announcements in the deepening dusk of that autumn evening, while her father had shut himself up after his vigil to sleep under Victor's care, when a message came that Lady Rosamond Charnock earnestly begged to see her. She stood with a face white and set, looking like a galvanised corpse, as her lips framed the words, 'He is dead!'

'No!' almost screamed Rosamond, snatching her hand. 'No! But no one can save him but you. Come!'

Without a word, Eleonora stepped into her own room and came back in cloak, hat and veil.

'Right,' said Rosamond, seizing her arm, and taking her to the pony-carriage at the door, then explaining while driving rapidly. 'He has left off raving ever since his mother has been with him, but he lies—not still but weak, not speaking, only moaning now and then. His throat is so dreadful that it is hard to give him anything, and he takes no notice of what one says, only if his mother takes the spoon. He gets weaker, and Dr. Worth says it is only because there is no impulse to revive him—he is just sinking because he can't be roused. When I heard that, I thought I knew who could.'

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Eleonora's lips once moved, but no sound came from them, and Rosamond urged her little pony to its best speed through the two parks from one veiled house to another, fastened it to the garden door, without calling anyone, and led her silent companion up the stairs.

Mrs. Poynsett felt a hand on her shoulder, and Rosamond said, 'I have brought our only hope,' and Eleonora stood, looking at the ghastly face. The yellow skin, the inflamed purple lips, the cavernous look of cheeks and eyes were a fearful sight, and only the feeble incessant groping of the skeleton fingers showed life or action.

'Put this into his hand,' said Rosamond, and Lenore found the pebble token given to her, and obeyed. At the touch, a quivering trembled over face and form, the eyelids lifted, the eyes met hers, there was a catching of the breath, a shudder and convulsive movement. 'He is going,' cried his mother, but Anne started forward with drops of strong stimulant, Rosamond rubbed spirit into his forehead, the struggle lessened, the light flickered back into his brown eyes, his fingers closed on hers. 'Speak to him,' said Mrs. Poynsett. 'Do you see her, Frankie dear?'

'Frank! dear Frank, here I am.'

The eyes gazed with more meaning, the lips moved, but no sound came till Anne had given another drop of the stimulant, and the terrible pain of the swallowing was lessened. Then he looked up, and the words were heard.

'Is it true?'

'It is, my dear boy. It is Lena?'

'Here Frank,' as still the wistful gaze was unsatisfied; she laid her hands on his, and then he almost smiled and tried to raise it to his cheeks, but he was too weak; and she obeyed the feeble gesture, and stroked the wasted face, while a look of content came over it, the eyes closed, and he slept with his face against her hand, his mother watching beside with ineffable gratitude and dawning hope.

Lenore was forgetting everything in this watching, but in another quarter of an hour, Anne was forced again to torture him with her spoon, but life was evidently gaining ground, for though he put it from him at first, he submitted at Lena's gesture and word. She felt the increased warmth and power in his grasp, as he whispered, 'Lena, you are come back,' then felt for the token.

Alas! that she must leave him. They knew she must not stay away from her father; indeed, Rosamond had told no one of her attempt, her forlorn hope. Lena tried to give assurances that she only went because it could not be helped, and the others told him she would return, but still he held her, and murmured, 'Stay.' She could not tear herself away, she let him keep her hand, and again he dozed and his fingers relaxed. 'Go now, my dear,' said Mrs. Poynsett, 'you have saved him. This stone will show him that you have been here. You will come back to-morrow, I may promise him.'

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'Yes, yes. In the morning, or whenever I can be spared,' whispered

Lena, who was held for a moment to Mrs. Poynsett's breast, ere Rosamond took her away again, and brought her once more downstairs, and to the pony-carriage. There she leant back, weeping quietly but bitterly over the shock of Frank's terribly reduced state, which seemed to take from her all the joy of his revival, weeping too at the cruel need that was taking her away.

'He will do now! I know he will,' said Rosamond, happy in her bold venture.

'Oh! if I could stay.'

'Most likely you would be turned out for fear of excitement. The stone will be safer for him.'

'Where did that come from?' asked Lenore, struck suddenly with the wonder.

'I wrote to Miss Strangeways, when I saw how he was always feeling, feeling, feeling for it, like the Bride of Lammermoor. I told her there was more than she knew connected with that bit of stone, and life or death might hang on it. Then when I'd got it, I hardly knew what to do with it, for if it had soothed the poor boy delirious, the coming to his right mind might have been all the worse.'

Rosamond kissed her effusively, and she dreamily muttered, 'He must be saved.' There was a sort of strange mist round her as though she knew not what she was doing, and she longed to be alone. She would not let Rosamond drive her beyond the Sirenwood gate, but insisted on walking through the park alone in the darkness, by that very path where Frank had ten months ago exchanged vows with her.

Rosamond turned back to the hall. It was poor Cecil's pony-carriage that she was driving, and she took it to the stable yard, where her entreaty had obtained it from the coachman, whom she rewarded by saying 'I was right, Brown, I fetched his best doctor,' and the old servant understood, and came as near a smile as any one at Compton could do on such a day.

'Is the carriage gone for Mr. Charnock?'

'Yes, my lady, I sent Alfred with it; I did not seem as if I could go driving into Wilsbro' on such a day.'

Rosamond bade a kind farewell to the poor old coachman, and was walking homewards, when she saw a figure advancing towards her, strangely familiar, and yet hat and coat forbade her to believe it her husband, even in the dusk. She could not help exclaiming, 'Miles!'

'Yes!' he said, coming to a standstill. 'Are you Rosamond?'

'I am;—Anne is quite well and Frank better. Oh! this will do them good! You know—'

'Yes—yes, I know,' he said hastily, as if he could not bear to let himself out to one as yet a stranger. 'My mother?'

'Absorbed in Frank too much to feel it yet fully. Anne watches them both. Oh! Miles, what she has been;' and she clasped his hand again. 'Let me call her?'

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And Rosamond opened the hall door just as some instinct, for it could

hardly have been sense of hearing, had brought Anne upon the stairs, where, as Miles would have hurried up to her, she seemed, in the light grey dress she still wore, to hover like some spirit eluding his grasp like the fabled shades.

'Oh no! you ought not. Infection—I am steeped in it.'

'Nonsense,' and she was gathered into the strong grasp that was home and rest to her, while Miles was weeping uncontrollably as he held her in his arms. 'O Nannie, Nannie, I did not think it would be like this. Why did they keep me till he was gone? No, I did not get the telegram, I only heard at the station. They let me go this morning, and I did think I should have been in time.' He loosed himself from her, and hung over the balustrade, struggling with a strong man's anguish, then said in a low voice, 'Did he want me?'

'He knew it was your duty,' said Anne. 'We all were thankful you were kept from infection, and he said many little things, but the chief was that he trusted you too much to leave any special messages. Hark! that must be Mr. Charnock, Cecil's father! I must go and receive him. Stay back, Miles, you can't now—you know my room—'

He signed acquiescence, but lingered in the dark to look down and see how, though Rosamond had waited to spare them this reception, his wife's tall graceful figure came forward, and her kindly comforting gestures, as the two sisters-in-law took the new comer into the drawing-room, and in another minute Anne flitted up to him again. 'That good Rosamond is seeing to Mr. Charnock,' she said; 'will you come, Miles? I think it will do your mother good, only quietly, for Frank knows nothing.'

Mrs. Poynsett still sat by Frank. To Miles's eyes he was a fearful spectacle, but to Anne, there was hourly progress; the sunken dejected look was gone, and though there was exhaustion, there was rest, but he was neither sleeping nor waking, and showed no heed when his brother dropped on one knee by his mother's side, put an arm round her waist, and after one fervent kiss laid his black head on her lap, hiding his face there while she fondled his hair, and said, 'Frank, Frankie dear, here's Miles come home.' He did not seem to hear, only his lips murmured something like 'Anne,' and the tender hand and ready touch of his unwearied nurse at once fulfilled his need, while his mother whispered 'Miles, she is our blessing!'

Poor Miles! never had sailor a stranger, though some may have had an even sadder, return. He had indeed found his wife, but hers was the only hand that could make Frank swallow the sustenance that he needed every half hour, or who knew how to relieve him. Indeed, even the being together in the sick room was not long possible, for Anne was called to the door. Mr. Charnock was asking to see Mrs. Poynsett. Would Mrs. Miles come and speak to him?'

Mr. Charnock was a small and restless man with white hair, little black eyes, looking keener than they were, and a face which had evidently been

the mould of Cecil's. He was very kind, with a full persuasion that the consolations of his august self must be infallible, but this was coupled with an inclination to reprove everybody for the fate that had left his cherished darling a childless widow at two and twenty. To take him to Frank's room was impossible, and he had to be roundly told so. Neither had he seen his daughter. She was very weak, but recovering, and Grindstone, whom he had seen and talked with, was as strenuous in deprecating any excitement, as he was nervous about it. So he could only be disposed of in his room till dinner-time, when he came down prepared to comfort the family, but fulfilled his mission rather by doing such good as a blister, which lessens the force of the malady by counter irritation.

Julius came up to be with Miles, and to help them through the dinner, the first which had been laid for many a long day. His inquiry for Cecil was answered, 'She is progressing as favourably as there can be reason to expect, but I have not seen her. I follow the judgment of her faithful Grindstone.'

'Then she still knows nothing.'

'Of her bereavement? No. Her state does not yet warrant it. In fact I almost wish I had obeyed my original impulse, and brought down Venn to make the melancholy communication.'

To everyone's surprise Anne bristled up, saying, 'Why, here is Julius, Mr. Charnock.'

Mr. Charnock bowed, 'I understand that my cousin Julius has been engrossed by his wife's family and by the adjoining parish, the care of which he has assumed."

Anne fairly coloured up and exclaimed, 'Julius has been our mainstay and help in everything—I can't think how he has done it. He has been here whenever we needed him, as well as at Wilsbro', where people have been dying everywhere, the poor Vicar and all—'

'Far be it from me to discourage philanthropy,' said Mr. Charnock, 'only I would have it within due bounds. I am an old-fashioned squire, of a school, it may be, antiquated, an advocate of the parochial system, and I cannot help thinking that if this had been closely adhered to by hot-headed young clergymen, my poor child might not have been a childless widow at two-and-twenty.'

Julius was too much tired and too sad-hearted to heed greatly what Mr. Charnock said. It was so strange to have Miles in sight yet to feel so unable to be glad, that he scarcely heard anything, but Anne again took up the cudgels, 'Mr. Charnock, you don't suppose that it was anything Julius did that brought this fever here. It was going to the Town Hall among the drains.'

'My dear Mrs. Miles Charnock, I am sure your husband will agree with me that sanitary arrangements and all connected with them are beyond the range of ladies, who are happily exempted from all knowledge of the subject.'

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Anne could not say aloud that she wished Cecil had held this opinion,

but she subsided, while Mr. Charnock prosed on, asking questions about the arrangements, and seeming shocked to hear that the funeral must be early the next day, this being one of the prime injunctions of the doctors, and that no one had been asked to attend it. It made him sigh again for his poor daughter, as he handed Anne in to dinner. She did not stay half through it, for it was again the time for feeding Frank. Miles went half-way up stairs with her and returned, looking very wistful. Julius smiled at him, 'Your wife is too valuable, Miles; she is everyone's property.'

'It must be very gratifying to you,' added Mr. Charnock, 'to find how example and superior society have developed the native qualities your discernment detected in the charming young lady who has just quitted us. It was a most commendable arrangement to send her to enjoy the advantages of this place.'

'I sent her to be a comfort to my mother, said Miles, bluntly.

'And so she has been,' said Julius, fervently, but *sotto voce*.

'I understand,' said Mr. Charnock; 'and as I was saying, my dear Cecil expressed from the first her desire to assist in forming her stranger sister-in-law, and I am happy to see the excellent effect. I should scarcely have guessed that she came from a colony.'

'Indeed,' Miles answered drily.

Mr. Charnock might have it his own way, if he liked to think Anne had been a Hottentot till Cecil reclaimed her.

The two brothers did feel something like joy when a message at last informed Mr. Charnock that his daughter was awake and he might see her. They drew nearer together, and leant against one another, with absolute joy in the contact. They were singularly alike in outline, voice and manner, in everything but colouring, and had always been one in spirit, except for the strong passion for adventure which had taken Miles to sea, to find he had chosen his profession too young to count the cost, and he held to it rather by duty than taste. Slight as had been his seniority, poor Raymond had always been on a sort of paternal pinnacle, sharing the administration with his mother, while Miles and Julius had paired on an equality.

'Poor mother!' sighed Miles. 'How is she to live without him? Julius, did he leave any word for me with you?'

'Above all that Anne is the daughter for my mother, and so she is.'

'What, when this poor wife of Raymond's was said to be the superior creature?'

'You see her adoring father,' said Julius. 'My Rose has necessarily her own cares, but Anne has been my mother's silent aid and stay for months, and what she has been in the present need no words can say. My mother has had no power to take the direction of anything, her whole being has been absorbed first in Raymond now in Frank, and not only has Anne been Frank's constant nurse, through these five weeks of the most frightful fever and delirium I have seen at all here, but she has

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had thought for all, and managed all the house and servants. We could do comparatively little, with Rose's brother ill at home, and the baby so young; besides there have been eleven cases in the parish; and there was Wilsbro'—but Anne has been the angel in the house.'

'I knew. I knew she would be everything when once the first strangeness was over; but, poor girl, her heart is in Africa, and it has been all exile here; I could see it in every letter, though she tried to make the best of it. If there had but been a child here!'

'I think you will find sufficient attachment to mother to weigh a good deal with her. Poor Anne, she did think us all very wicked at first, and perhaps she does still, but at least this has drawn us all nearer together.'

And then the brothers lowered their voices, and Miles heard the full history of Raymond's last illness, with all the details that Julius could have spoken of to none else, while the sailor's tears slowly dropped through the hands that veiled his face. It was a great deprivation to him that he might not look on Raymond's face again, but the medical edict had been decisive, and he had come home to be of use and not a burthen. As Julius told Rosamond, he only thoroughly felt the blessing of Miles's return when he bade good night and left the Hall in peace and security that it had a sufficient aid and stay, and that he was not deserting it.

Miles had proposed to send his wife to bed and take the night watch, and he so far prevailed that she lay down in the adjoining room in her dressing-gown while he sat by Frank's side. She lay where she could feast her eyes upon him, as the lamplight fell on his ruddy brown cheek, black hair, and steady dark eye, so sad indeed, but so full of quiet strength and of heedful alacrity even in stillness—a look that poor Raymond, with all his grave dignity had never worn. That sight was all Anne wanted. She did not speak, she did not sleep, it was enough, more than enough to have him there. She was too much tired, body and mind, after five weeks of strain, for more than the sense that God had given her back what she loved, and this was 'more than peace and more than rest.'

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTAIN FEVERSHAM fulfilled Mrs. Wyndham's commissions to perfection, even including the particular of knocking at the back door. The schoolroom maid told Cecil rather mysteriously, and with a sly look in the corner of her eyes, that somebody wanted to speak to her. Cecil, who was still idling away her time, discontented and restless, gazing out of window and thinking of Juliet, was astonished. She followed Sarah out

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of the room, who led her down the back stairs with an increased mysteriousness of manner, and the look of slyness in the corner of her eyes deepening with every step. When they reached the passage which terminated in the back door, she said very briskly, 'Here she is, sir,' and vanished, leaving Cecil, to her astonishment and discontent, *tête-à-tête* with Captain Feversham.

'There is some mistake,' said she, drawing back instantly, and speaking very haughtily.

'Only there isn't,' replied the young officer, coolly. 'It's all right—it's Mrs. Wyndham.'

'Mrs. Wyndham!' cried Cecil, still more astonished; but this time with irrepressible joy in her manner. 'Oh, where is she?'

'Safe at home, I hope,' was the answer; 'young women have no business to be out wandering in the snow.' Cecil was exceedingly offended.

'Young women,' she repeated in a low indignant voice; then addressing herself to Captain Feversham, she added, 'did you want to speak to me?—have you any message from Mrs. Wyndham?'

'I have a letter,' said he.

'A letter!' cried Cecil, enchanted. 'Oh, give it me—pray give it me directly.'

Captain Feversham felt in his pockets, looked in his hat, felt in his pockets again, and finally shook his head while Cecil stood by, a silent spectator, actually trembling with impatience.

'I am—very much—afraid—I have—lost it,' said he, speaking slowly, and continuing his search between the words.

'Oh, you cannot have lost it,' said Cecil, quite in an agony; 'you cannot have lost it—pray, pray look again.'

'But I have looked everywhere,' remonstrated this heedless messenger. 'A man *has* nothing except his pockets and his hat. If you'll tell me where else to look for it, I'll look there directly. 'Pon honour I will.'

'It is really too bad,' began Cecil; but before she had time to finish her speech, or even to determine with what words to finish it, she heard a step behind her; and the next moment Mademoiselle stood by her side.

'Good afternoons, sirs,' said she to the young officer, very politely, and then turned with real anger to her pupil.

'Vat means this, Mees Cecile?' she cried. 'Vat improprieties is these? Oh, I am shock! I am shock! Go to your chamber, bold Mees. What will the oncles say ven he hears tell of such behaviours?'

'You have lost the note, Captain Feversham?' asked Cecil, haughtily, without paying Mademoiselle's words any attention at all.

'A man *has* only his pockets and his hat; what else *can* he have?' was the reply, spoken quite abjectly, for Captain Feversham was sincerely sorry that he had lost Mrs. Wyndham's note.

Cecil when she heard the words gave him one look of indignant contempt, and then swept away out of the passage and up the stairs, leaving him *tête-à-tête* with her governess.

'Vy comes you here?' she heard Mademoiselle De Lys say in hurried, almost agitated accents, and then she was out of hearing, and pacing the schoolroom more angry with Captain Feversham than she had thought it possible she could be with a man she felt so much contempt for.

'To have lost Juliet's note!—my note! To think that it is lying out there buried in the snow. Oh, it is too bad; it is intolerable—really intolerable. Juliet's note—my note—lost by that stupid man. I never can understand why a man like that was made at all, and I am sure it would be a hundred times better for himself, as well as for the rest of the world, if he never had been made.'

Cecil was obliged, however, to calm herself and think of other things; and as the day was so bad, and everything had gone so wrong on it, she thought she would try to go on with her French translation of *Proverbial Philosophy*, and so get as much of it off her hands as she could.

'When one is nearly quite miserable one may as well be miserable outright,' said she, philosophically, 'and get it over, so as to be quite happy when happiness comes.'

She languidly opened the book and read what she had already written, making trifling alterations here and there when it occurred to her to do so.

'To be writing this,' she said, wonderingly, 'when I might have been answering Juliet's note!'

'Pensées qui sont restées dans mon âme, et ont peuplées ses chambres intimes,
Enfants sensés de la raison, ou cortége inconstant de l'imagination;
Vin clair de conviction, avec l'écume et la lie de speculation;
Grains des gerbes de la science avec le chaume de mon propre grenier,
Et sont encore retournés au monde avec une connaissance plus profonde.'

Here she found that she had left out a line.

'I declare,' she cried, 'it does quite as well without; it makes no difference, that I can see, whether it is the "grains des gerbes," or the "recherches de la vérité" that have returned to the world with a more profound knowledge. However, I suppose I had better do it right, though to the best of my belief Uncle James does not understand Tupper a bit better than I do, or French half so well.'

Then she continued her reading, having first interpolated the omitted line:—

'Recherches de la vérité qui ont tracés ses filons secrets
Et sont encore retournés au monde, avec une connaissance plus profonde
D'arguments de haut essor, qui s'elevent à la clé du voûte du ciel.
Et de là sont fondus sur leur but certain, comme le faucon sur sa proie,
Les fruits que j'ai amassés de la prudence, le moisson mûr de mes méditations.
Ceux-ci je te recommende, O docile élève de la sagesse!
Ceux-ci je donne a ton cœur gentil, O tu amant du droit!'

'And the idea of a genteel heart is the only thing that has carried me on,' she soliloquised. 'A genteel heart! *Cœur gentil!* I am

perfectly justified in translating *cœur gentil*, in my own mind, as genteel heart; and I am quite sure that if he had thought of it, Tupper would have liked to write about genteel hearts, and that Uncle James would have been delighted! Well, what next, I wonder?'

'Ce n'est qu'un pauvre pécheur qui renouvelle le thème sacré,
Qui frappe, hélas, sans force, la lyre du fils de Sirach.'

'What the son of Sirach has to do with it all I never could make out, nor anybody else, I'm sure.'

'Ce n'est que de bouche d'enfant.'

'That is a libel, and a most unfair libel on children. No child's mouth ever uttered such twaddle yet; children are fresh and frisky, and don't twaddle.'

'Ce n'est que de bouche d'enfant que sort l'ancien parabole,
Et que sonnant, tout faiblement, les sentences obscure du prophète;
Mais le miel vierge des gîepes dans les roseaux ne perd pas son doux odeur,
Et le bras de la reine Africane ne peut pas noircir des diamans.
C'est du Gange tourbeux qu'on tire une poussière d'or pur,
Et la vie joyeuse des fleurs jaille d'une terre morte et froide;
Ecoute, doux cœur aimable, écoute, et pèse mes paroles.
Moi, je suis comme toi.'

'That I could not write, it would be such a horrid falsehood; if it was not that I think it is all addressed to Uncle James and not to me. *Their* hearts may commune together, *their* souls may be in unison, but not *ours*. No, Mr. Tupper, you are not as I am, but you may be as Uncle James is, so I will let it pass.'

'Moi, je suis comme toi; mon âme avec ton âme peut s'entendre;'
Je m'occupe des choses chétives.'

'Yes, and *choses chétives* are the only *choses* you are fit for; you cannot do better than occupy yourself with mean things, I'm sure.'

'Je m'occupe des choses chétives, parceque la vie mortelle est chétive;
Je m'éleva aux cimes de la gloire, parceque la terre peut heriter les cieux;
Les mesquines passions de l'homme, les traits sublimes de l'Eternal,
Les ombres fiévreuses du Temps, l'auguste substance de l'Infinité.'

'And so on, and so on, and so on,' cried Cecil, quite indignantly; 'and one thing would do just as well as another, and another just as well as one; and what a goose Uncle James is. However, it's not such bad fun after all writing French verses. I began literally enough, but have allowed myself a little license since, which made it more amusing. Heigho!'

And the student of Tupper gave a great yawn, and while she did so her governess entered the room, recalling her abruptly from 'fiery passions', 'majestic characters,' 'noblest themes,' 'meanest matters,' 'virgin honey,' and 'jewelled hands,' back to the world in which Mrs. Wyndham had written her a note and Captain Feversham had lost it.

Mademoiselle's good humour seemed to be quite restored, and she shook her head rather roguishly at Cecil.

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'Mees Naughtée,' she cried, 'these things must not be the things that be—we must not stand in back passages with the captains—nevare, nevare—must we.'

'Did he find my note?' asked Cecil, with extreme haughtiness. 'Mrs. Wyndham sent him here with a note to me; did he find it?' and she held out her hand as if she expected Mademoiselle to give her the precious document.

But Mademoiselle only opened her own two hands wide, and shook them in the air, palm downwards; she would apparently have shaken the note out of them if she could.

'No, no,' she said, 'he gave me nothings, nothings.'

'It is too bad,' cried Cecil; 'no man has any right to be so abominably careless; fancy a note from her to me being left out there in the snow—by *him*!'

And a world of contempt centred itself in the tone and manner in which the 'him' was uttered. Mademoiselle only laughed.

'The leetle young mens,' she said, gaily, 'nevare have the heads; the heads are for the wise old, not for the leetle young. The leetle young have the hearts, and finds them quite plenty for them without the heads being given too.'

And then she laughed again, and Cecil felt inexpressibly provoked by her laugh, though she hardly knew why she did so.

Mademoiselle De Lys appeared to be in a very merry humour, satisfied with herself and with all the world also, so that she was not in the least disposed to be hard upon Cecil; but Cecil did not feel as if she required, and certainly did not desire her indulgence. Her manner consequently became all the haughtier for the good-natured easiness of Mademoiselle.

When bedtime came, and the long snowy winter's day was over—when it had become a thing of the past—a thing that nothing could recall or change, Cecil felt wearily as she undressed that she had seldom passed a more unsatisfactory or depressing day, a day on which the world had appeared to be at cross purposes from first to last, and no purpose so cross as the losing Mrs. Wyndham's note.

The next morning there was a change, a change outside which acted on the interior of the house, as outside changes always do and must. The sun shone, there was not a breath of wind, there was not a cloud; the sky was magnificently blue, and the white mantle which enveloped the earth was beautiful exceedingly.

We shall meet to-day, was Cecil's first morning thought as she looked out at the lovely frozen world; yes, beyond all doubt, we shall meet to-day. She ran down stairs to breakfast in the best possible spirits, and hardly believing that she was the same person who had so keenly felt the miseries of life the day before.

The post-bag appeared to have unusual attractions for Mr. Vaux at breakfast time. One letter in particular he read twice over, with an amount of attention which was actually aggravating to spectators uninitiated

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into its contents; and then putting it into his pocket looked round on the others with an air of satisfaction which seemed to express that he knew something they would give the world to know, but which nothing in the world would induce him to communicate to them. The girls bore this quietly enough, but Aunt Flora fidgeted and would certainly have asked a question or two had she dared.

'We will take advantage of this fine day to call on Mrs. Lester,' he said, towards the end of the meal.

'I cannot go, dear James. I never *could* walk in the snow,' replied Aunt Flora.

He made a slight sign in answer to this of acquiescence, and then said he should still have companions, and directed his eyes first towards Mademoiselle and then to her pupil.

Mademoiselle gave a hurried glance at Cecil, and replied in an evasive manner, 'It is the beautiful day for exercise, and we must all use it to our mosts.'

She and Cecil rose to leave the room almost immediately after this, and almost before they were on the stairs Cecil exclaimed to Mademoiselle, 'But it cannot be; we cannot go and call on those Lesters instead of meeting *her*—it is impossible!'

Mademoiselle raised her hand with a warning gesture, and did not speak till they had entered the schoolroom; then she said, 'I understands nothing, do not tell me, I understands not. We will walk a leetle early, and I understands nothing.'

Cecil laughed. 'Really Mademoiselle,' she said, 'there is nobody like you. I never do expect the way in which you manage, but you always do manage nevertheless.'

Mademoiselle's French face was perfectly imperturbable. 'Manage!' said she, with an air of innocent inquiry. 'Manage!'—what does that mean? I understands nots at all—nothings! Vat does your manages mean?'

And then they proceeded to their studies, when Mademoiselle, as usual, was all alive, and without a thought while they lasted for anything else. As far as teaching and attending to her duty while teaching went, she was an excellent governess.

About twenty minutes earlier than usual she advised Cecil to put on her things.

'The sun is bright, and the winter sun is very short. He lives not long,' she said; 'let us take our walks while he lives, not after he is dead.'

Cecil gladly agreed, wondering while she did so at her governess's courage and tact. 'One man may steal a horse while another may not look over the hedge,' said she to herself; 'verily, there is more truth in that proverb than in all Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. Uncle James will believe in Mademoiselle and not be in the least angry when he finds that the mistake is hers; while if *I* had made it!——I wonder whether

there ever was such a thing as justice in the world. I am sure there is not now.'

A terrible fear took hold of Cecil's mind while she prepared for the walk, a fear of what the contents of Juliet's note might have been. The probability appeared too great, that in consequence of the badness of the weather yesterday Mrs. Wyndham had deferred her engagements till that day, and had therefore been anxious to send to Cecil by any messenger she could procure, even Captain Feversham, to warn her that she could not be at the rendezvous.

'Prenez garde, chère petite,' cried the gay governess, joining her pupil before she was quite ready; 'we comes this way on occasions—the stairs at back are most good inventions for occasions—ha! ha! ha!' And she laughed again in that particular manner that grated so much on Cecil's feelings. A manner that grated on her feelings—and yet she felt she must bear it. It was only through Mademoiselle's manœuvres that she could hope to get her walk to-day. One word from Mademoiselle, and not only would her uncle's wrath overwhelm her for her intention of going to the ball; but that intention would never be carried out at all. Mademoiselle and she were companions and conspirators together, and on the silence of the future all her hopes of success depended. Cecil groaned in spirit over the injustice and tyranny that forced her into such companionship, in order that her life might be made worth living at all—not only over the special injustice and tyranny of her special tyrant, but over that the laws of civilization, which rendered a state of society so intolerable and so stupid possible.

She walked down the back stairs, following her governess, with her head very high up in the air, and as stately a step as if she were treading on a palace staircase; while Mademoiselle's exaggerations of tiptoe touch, and her vehement, though noiseless signs for silence, gave the impression that she rather liked the slyness of the situation than otherwise.

Once in the open air, both ladies breathed more freely; and Cecil even allowed herself to enjoy the idea of her uncle's dismay, when he called his victims to pay their visit, and found them flown. A twinkle of humour in Mademoiselle's eyes led her to think she enjoyed it too, though her tactics were to assume that there was nothing to enjoy because she 'understood nothings.'

'Of course, here is Adela Lester,' cried Cecil; 'I never did know such a girl. Is she ever at home? we meet her everywhere.'

Adela stopped them, to inquire if Helen was well enough to see her, and if a visit from her would be welcome.

'It would be welcome as possibility,' Mademoiselle assured her, quite eagerly. 'Poor leetle Mees Helen was vera triste, and Miss Lester's calls were her joy.' Cecil added a cold assurance that her cousin was better, and in the schoolroom, and would be happy to receive a visitor.

They parted then, no inclination to linger and talk being shown on

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either side; and Adela passed through the gates, her maid having entered a neighbouring cottage on a visit to her friends as before.

She found Helen, as Cecil had said, in the schoolroom; and her reception could not leave a doubt on her mind as to being welcome.

'How good of you to come—how kind of you to come,' the invalid cried, gaily. 'They have gone for a walk, and we will have another delightful chat.'

'Have you finished the *Lay*?' asked Adela, smiling.

'Oh, yes; once begun, it must be finished. Who could wait? I have read it all through, and many passages over and over again. It was so lucky for me to be ill, and so have real time to enjoy it.'

'That is drawing good out of evil,' laughed Adela.

'I don't think being ill is at all a bad thing,' said Helen, 'when you have got over the *feeling* ill, and yet are laid up.'

'I was reading the life of a very good man the other day, who used to pray for bad health, but I think it was a daring thing to do. He was afraid of getting thoughtless if he was always well, but I should have been more afraid of praying for a trial God had not sent me,' said Adela.

'Pray for bad health!' cried Helen, quite astonished. 'Why, it is a horrible thing to do.'

'It is not the teaching of the Church to pray for trials and sorrows,' replied Adela, thoughtfully; 'so it seems hardly safe, does it?'

'But how *do* you know it is not the teaching of the Church?'

'It is not in any of her services, either in word or spirit,' said Adela, smiling; 'that is what I mean. There are prayers for all sorts of blessings, and prayers against all sorts of sorrows and trials, the absence of many of which would be blessings in themselves. And there are prayers for the poor people, who are *in* deep affliction of any kind; but I don't think there is a single prayer of which even the *spirit* is to have trials and sorrows sent us, which it has not pleased God to send of His own free-will.'

'I never thought about it before; it certainly does not seem as if there could be; but I never thought about the services in that way at all,' said Helen, greatly surprised.

'In what way?'

'I hardly know. But as if it was anything beyond a number of prayers that the clergyman reads, and the clerk says "Amen" to. Of course, we have to pray too—I don't mean *that*—but I never thought about its being *teaching*, or meaning anything in particular.'

'Oh, it is so full of teaching and meaning,' cried Adela; 'it will be such a pleasure to you; it will make you so happy when you begin to see it.'

'The idea of that being a pleasure, or making one happy, Miss Lester!' said Helen. 'Surely pleasure does not belong to prayers and going to Church! One does that as a duty—but pleasure! Balls and amusements give pleasure, don't they?—but Church!'

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Adela blushed vividly.

'Perhaps I used a wrong word,' she said. 'I did not mean to be irreverent; but it *is* a pleasure, and I don't know what else to call it. Happiness is a higher word, so you won't reprove me for using that, will you?'

It was Helen's turn to blush now.

'Oh, I did not mean *that*,' said she; 'I did not mean to reprove you; how could I? I never thought of irreverence. You seem to me to be very—religious.' She spoke this with hesitation, and an appealing glance. 'But yet you talk about things, and care for things which I fancied religious people thought wrong. Only a very religious person could find *pleasure* in studying the Church services, and finding out all about the prayers; and I am surprised and puzzled, and don't understand.'

Adela looked surprised and puzzled, and as if she did not understand also. She even appeared to be distressed and uncomfortable, and not to know what to say in reply, finding herself in a position to which she was quite unaccustomed, and in which she did not in the least wish to be placed.

'I think,' she said, gently, when she had collected her thoughts a little, 'I think, dear Miss Vaux, it is all habit; it is just what one is used to, and has been taught.'

Helen's countenance fell. 'And is it hopeless, then?' she cried. 'Can one never be it, or feel it, unless one has been accustomed to it, and taught? I *had* thought—I was almost thinking——'

She stopped even before Adela's eager interruptions of 'Oh, no, no; I do not mean that; of course you can—you will—everyone can who wishes, and tries at any time; and I am quite—quite sure you will.'

'I am quite sure I should like it very much indeed,' replied Helen, earnestly. 'I should like anything that made me feel certain of what was right, and what one ought to do. But I never thought about the Church prayers before, except just when I am *in* Church, and not even then always; for it is very difficult to keep one's thoughts from wandering; but of course you don't find it so?' she added, rather despondingly.

'Oh, indeed, I do sometimes,' said Adela; 'it is one of the things one always has to be guarding against, and to put in little prayers about in the pauses of the service; and then, if one fails now and then, it is comforting to feel that the clergyman's prayers are going up for us all the same, and that perhaps we have not lost the whole good of them because our thoughts have wandered for a minute.'

'That is a nice idea,' said Helen.

'Only one must not let it be *too* nice,' answered Adela, smiling; 'because it can only be the case, I am sure, when we are trying to attend, and very sorry indeed that we have failed. We must not get lazy, and leave it to the clergyman to pray for us.'

'*My* great difficulty is to know what is right and what is wrong about anything,' said Helen, summoning her courage and making a desperate

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plunge. '*Do* you think a person's duty to an uncle is as binding a one as to a father?'

Adela could not help laughing.

'That is like Cecil,' cried Helen. 'She laughed and said that the whole duty of woman is not her duty to her uncle.'

'You see,' said Adela, in a moment grave again, 'it is not so much whether it is an uncle or a father, is it, as that it is *the* person set in authority over one? Young people's duties may not be easier perhaps than others, but at least they are plainer. There cannot be any doubt about that, can there?'

'Yes, indeed, I think there can—why are they plainer? What makes there no doubt about them?'

'Why, because the first duty is obedience; they must do as they are bid; it all begins and ends in obedience, and *that* is as plain as it can possibly be.'

Helen gave a great sigh.

'But *is* that the case?' she cried. 'That is just the point; that is what Cecil is always going on about; she says it is nonsense, and that there is no more real reason that she should obey papa than there is that he should obey her.'

'But she must be in joke when she says that.'

'No, she is not,' replied Helen, shaking her head. 'She is very amusing, and says all kinds of droll things about it, and makes me laugh, but in reality she is quite in earnest, not only in saying it, but in acting on what she says. She disobeys papa whenever she can when she considers him unreasonable or unjust, and she quite proves by argument that she is right to do so.'

Adela felt a good deal shocked at this statement, and very much at a loss as to what to say in reply to it. The hints Helen had dropped at their last meeting, and which she had felt justified in not recognizing, as it seemed to her that it would be wrong as well as disagreeable, to call on one cousin, and then canvass the conduct of the other, had now assumed an open form, and she feared it would be cowardly, and worse than cowardly, to shrink from meeting this, and let it pass in silence.

'But you know she *must* be wrong, dear Miss Vaux,' she said gently, after a few moments' reflection, 'because the whole teaching of the Bible is against her; obedience is, one may say, the first duty of everybody. Obedience to God, which we have to practise in our homes by showing it to our parents, or of course I mean also to anyone who is in the place of our parents, and then it goes on all our lives afterwards, mamma says, and therefore it is of such importance to learn it as soon as possible.'

'But how does it go on afterwards? Papa does not obey any one.'

Adela shirked the personal illustration, while she replied, 'Everybody, however old, has to obey God. Everybody has to keep the Commandments, and attend to the teaching of the Church, and everybody also is bound to obey the laws of the country they live in.'

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'So that nobody can ever be free, with the freedom Cecil dreams of—poor Cecil,' sighed Helen. 'Can they in Australia, I wonder?'

Adela laughed. 'No, not even in Australia,' said she. 'The Bible and the Prayer-book are the same even in Australia.'

'Well, Cecil will be very much disappointed when she comes of age, if she finds she has not really got her liberty, and I can't *bear* Cecil to be disappointed.'

Adela was silent. She did not feel as if she was bound to push the subject any further, so she gladly took refuge in silence.

'I can't help feeling you are right, you know,' continued Helen; 'it is just what I have been thinking about and fearing for some time, only I did not understand *how* it was, though I was beginning to see that it *was*. All these concealments, and doing things that must not be spoken of—and knowing forbidden people—and buying what can't be paid for—and—and—other things too—all, in fact, that has been making me so very uncomfortable of late, come out of disobedience, and if Cecil could only see that she ought to obey, there would not be any of it.'

'Cannot you persuade her?' said Adela gently.

'I!' replied Helen, shaking her head. 'Oh no, it is she persuades me: she is so much cleverer and better than I am.'

She spoke quite simply, as if she were only reverting to an acknowledged fact that everybody knew and no one would think of contradicting, and again Adela did not see her way to an answer.

'One odd thing,' said Helen, 'is, that for a long time she only talked about it, and now she does it. I can't think why she is not contented with only talking about it still; and then she began with such little things, that it did not seem to matter, and now she does not care how big the things are. It is so very odd that she goes on more and more, is it not?'

'I believe that is always the case,' said Adela, 'we get accustomed to a thing, and then go further and further; that is the great danger, I fancy, of getting accustomed to the least little thing that is wrong.'

'Yes,' cried Helen, thinking of the ball, 'I quite feel that; and something that looks tremendously big and impossible at first, when you get accustomed to it, seems quite easy, and what can be done!'

'But then it is very pleasant,' said Adela, 'that it is just the same about good things, and so it tells both ways.'

'Does it?' said Helen. 'I wish it would with us then. But the good things don't seem to come into our lives; I wish they did!'

'You must make them come,' replied Adela smiling.

'Ah, if I could,' cried Helen smiling too, but sighing at the same time.

'I am sure you can if you try,' replied Adela, looking quite fondly at her. 'We all can if we try, and I should think *you* could more than most people.'

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'One of the sad things for Cecil,' pursued Helen, so full of her

beloved cousin that she had not leisure to bestow a thought on herself, 'is, that all this brings her so much into a sort of intercourse with Mademoiselle, which is very hard on Cecil, and which she feels as a great trial. They have to act together, and Mademoiselle helps Cecil, and Cecil is, as one may say, in her power; and Cecil is so noble and poor Mademoiselle is so mean. Are Frenchwomen always like that, I wonder?'

'No—indeed no!' cried Adela quite eagerly. 'One of mamma's dearest friends is a Frenchwoman, and she is delightful. I never met any one I admire so much, hardly, and her character is very high and noble. If Mademoiselle is not *nice*, it is not because she is French, but merely that she does not happen to be nice, just as an Englishwoman might not be nice, you know.'

'I am glad of that,' said Helen, 'I am very fond of Madame de Fleury in Miss Edgeworth's story myself, and I wish we had a French governess like her. Oh, Miss Lester, I do so wish we had a good governess. Papa will always have a Frenchwoman, I know, because of talking the language, and so I was afraid we never could, but now I hope we might some day, if he would only send Mademoiselle away. I wish we had a governess like your mamma's friend."

'Yes, it would be delightful to have her, but dear Helen—may I call you Helen?—as you *can't* have *her*, and have *got* Mademoiselle De Lys, I suppose the thing you have to do is to try and make the best of what you have. I am sure you ought to make your cousin, if you possibly can, give up this sort of intercourse you speak of with Mademoiselle, and do what your father wishes—don't you feel as if you ought?'

'No,' said Helen slowly; 'perhaps I *may* feel it, but I never have yet, if I ought I hope I shall. I have often thought that Cecil should do as you say, but never that I ought to try and make her.'

'Well, perhaps as you say, you will come to think so. I am sure if you ought to do it you will feel that you ought when you *do* think about it because you are so very anxious to do right, and if we are really anxious to do right we are always helped. It is such a comfort to know that—is it not? and now,' said Adela rising and kissing her, 'I must go away—Good-bye, but—but—I would just say,' she hesitated, cast down her eyes and blushed, '*when* you think about it, you will pray, *won't* you?'

And the kind eyes were raised and fixed anxiously on Helen, who quite stared into them as her first reply.

'Pray about such a thing as *that?*' she said at length in astonished tones.

'Yes—about everything—everything—and always when there is a doubt or a difficulty, or a trial, always most especially then—so you will?' she added earnestly.

'I will try,' replied Helen, with no less earnestness of manner and giving her a kiss as earnest.

And so the two girls parted, little dreaming under what circumstances their next meeting would be.

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Helen remained plunged in thought, partly of a pleasing, partly of a painful nature. A revolution was taking place in her mind, and revolutions are generally partly pleasing and partly painful, the most useful, having sometimes the largest element of pain in them. She was gradually becoming convinced that Cecil *was* mistaken in her views and in the conduct that arose from those views. Mistaken was the word that expressed her feelings, she could not have for a moment allowed herself to feel even if she had been inclined to do so, that she was *wrong*. No, Helen, always loyal and faithful, sincerely believed that Cecil was only mistaken. But even then it made her very sorry to think about it, and very anxious that Cecil should open her closed eyes and see the matter in the same light that she and Adela Lester did. If she could once perceive that the society laws that irritated her so much were founded on the laws of God, it must alter her views and her behaviour. The difficulty was how to make her see it. Helen despaired of having any power of words or arguments to bring about this change in her cleverer and quicker cousin. She was convinced that if she had courage to begin to argue on these novel grounds that Cecil would by her ready flow of language silence her in a few minutes. But she was well aware that she lacked even the courage to begin. The Bible, the Prayer-book, the laws of God and the teaching of His Church were subjects which never entered into the endless conversations carried on between Cecil and herself, and she shrank with timidity and dismay from encountering Cecil's stare of astonishment and her subsequent contemptuous displeasure. The impression she made on her by only talking about those verses on death, and confiding to her some of the thoughts they had aroused in her mind, was still vivid in her recollection, and she felt an unconquerable, or what at the moment she believed was an unconquerable, aversion to the mere idea of telling Cecil that she feared she was labouring under a mistake, and what her grounds were for thinking so. The grounds were what would astonish and offend Cecil, more than the opinion itself, and the subject was one that was so new to both of them, that Helen felt incapable of handling it. She sighed very sorrowfully as she thought over these things and saw no light whatever out of the difficulties that were gathering round her. Again the memories of the careless ease of childhood came across her with a pang, bringing with it the feeling that it was a doubtful blessing to grow up. The short winter day was darkening the room sooner than she could have believed possible, and adding gloom to her reflections gloomy enough without it. She wondered what Cecil and Mademoiselle were doing, and when they would return home and what they would have to tell her. Had Cecil been enjoying perfect happiness with Juliet, and would she return bright and glowing, expecting the sympathy that Helen was always ready to pour forth for her needs—sympathy as refreshing as hitherto it had been endless? And must she disappoint her? must she not give it to her any more? Poor Helen—her *rôle* was too hard for her to play, and it did not occur to her to seek

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assistance in the manner Adela had recommended; so utterly unaccustomed was she to anything of the kind, that neither the necessity, nor the comfort that would follow, entered into her mind.

While still reflecting somewhat sadly and uneasily, the door opened and her father stood before her—her father, who was a most unusual visitor to the schoolroom.

'I beg your pardon, sir,' she cried, why she could not have explained, but she was startled and her natural attitude towards her father was apologetic. She oftener felt inclined to beg his pardon than to address him in any other way. Then on reflection she added, 'Is anything the matter?'

'I trust not,' replied he with his usual steadiness. 'I trust and suppose that nothing is the matter, but I have been surprised and require an explanation. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been surprised. Where are Mademoiselle and Cecil?'

Helen's heart sank within her and her cheek grew paler than illness had made it, at the question—Where were they? What could she say? Could he know? Had he guessed? Had anyone told him? He did not look angry enough for that and his manner was too composed. He said he was surprised—and that was all he appeared to be—surprised and perhaps ruffled. And he was a man who could hardly be surprised without being ruffled. Surprise was an emotion that did not sit easily or pleasantly upon him.

'They have gone out, sir,' said poor Helen, after a doubtful, uncomfortable pause. And she said this merely because she could not think of anything better to say.

'They have gone out—just so,' replied her father; 'I have been informed they had gone out, and it was from that information that my surprise arose. *I* had invited them to go out with me!'

He spoke emphatically, almost solemnly, like one who knew that an immense impression must be produced by what he said, and such indeed was the case. Helen looked as she felt—confounded.

'You had invited them to go out with you,' she said quite faintly.

'Pray, Helen, do not repeat my words. I have often pointed out to you the ill-breeding of repeating my words. To explain the fact would be more to the purpose. If you *can* do so—can you?'

'No, indeed,' she said earnestly; 'I am sure they must have misunderstood—I did not hear them say a word about it.'

'You did not? Very well; so far my inquiries have led to a satisfactory result as I have learnt nothing. Did you hear them say in what direction they were going to walk themselves?"

Helen pondered. Had she? No, she did not believe, she felt sure that she had not. A few days ago she could have rejoiced at this as enabling her to shield Cecil without telling an untruth. But her newly awakened conscience asked her if this even was right? If this was acting and speaking in accordance with THE LAW OF GOD? She pondered

therefore till her father nearly lost his patience, and at last replied blushing painfully as she did so, 'No, sir; but I think they were going to walk towards Byfield."

The words were out, and she felt that she had gained a victory over herself in giving them utterance. Not so Mr. Vaux.

'You think, Helen!" he answered very mournfully, 'how often have I warned you against jumping to conclusions and unwarrantably stating your own thoughts when facts were asked for! I do not remember that I asked you what *you thought*, but what *they said*. Will you ever learn to answer the questions put to you instead of the questions you put to yourself?'

What he felt to be the neatness of the two concluding sentences, in some measure restored Mr. Vaux's good humour. He was pleased with himself for having spoken them. He, therefore, could not be wholly displeased with Helen, who was the cause of his so speaking.

Just then steps were heard on the stairs; running steps such as seldom approached any room in which Mr. Vaux found himself. The door burst open, and with a skip, a hop and a jump, Cecil danced in. She made a great pirouette when she found herself in the middle of the room, and then sank down as one who would willingly have made a cheese also, only cheesemaking was out of the question in heavy scanty winter dress. Her cheeks glowed with a lovely rose colour partly the effect of the heathful frosty air, partly of joyful excitement, and her pretty eyes sparkled with the brightness of diamonds if diamonds could be illuminated by a gay, human soul.

She waved her handkerchief in the air, and sang, rather than shouted, 'Hurrah! Hurrah! Juliet for ever!'

Then she stood erect to discover that Mr. Vaux was standing erect also just opposite her.

Mademoiselle had followed her into the room, and remained behind her, self-possessed, well-bred, and unruffled as ever.

But Cecil was overwhelmed with dismay and confusion.

'Uncle James!' she rather gasped than said.

'Dear Cecil,' said Mademoiselle, "not to be so boisterous—don't—the wintry airs with his cold touches have made you like drunken men—do not—do not—stand you up and be young ladies as you should.'

'Indeed, Cecil,' remarked Mr. Vaux severely, 'it would be well if you profited by Mademoiselle's kind remonstrances. I am shocked to see a young lady in my house enter a room in such a manner.'

'Really, Uncle James, I had not the least idea you were here.'

'Eye-service, eye-service,' replied he, and Cecil would have flamed out, at the idea of her paying eye-service to any one, but for Helen's gentle restraining hand laid on her arm.

'The afternoons were nicest for walks,' Mademoiselle said pleasantly, addressing Mr. Vaux.

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'I was disappointed in the companions I expected,' he answered

pointedly, and with more stiffness than he usually observed in his manner to her.

'Did you expect the companions?' said she, and added with a mixture of reproach and archness, "Ah, he never asks us, or he would not want the companions.'

"But I did ask you,' he replied. 'I said that I wished you and Cecil to accompany me on a call to the Lesters'.'

'But *non!*' cried she all amazement. 'You speaks and we not hears! *Non, non?* Ah, Cecile, *pauvre petite*, what have we not missed ourselves of! Unfortunate we! The very thing we spoken of and wanted for when we took our little usual dull walks just now, and wished that sometimes just one little times, then and now, the uncles would let us walk with him.'

'How extraordinary,' cried Mr. Vaux, entirely mollified. 'Upon this very morning I asked you both to walk with me, and you appear not to have understood me.'

'Ah, my poor foreigns,' said Mademoiselle sorrowfully, 'my foreigns, that loses me often so much, and prevents my knowing the languages we speaks, but your own clever proverbs do say, mistakes occurs in beast-aggravating families, and if *that* be true it does account for all.'

Helen thought of the charming Frenchwoman whom Adela was so fond of, and who was one of Mrs. Lester's dearest friends; and as she looked at and listened to Mademoiselle De Lys, wished that this only foreigner she had ever known resembled the very different one of whom she had just been hearing. Cecil meantime, assisted by Mademoiselle's able tactics, had recovered her composure, and now only waited for her uncle's departure to pour into Helen's ears all the pleasures of her morning excursion.

'I was quite sure of course that it was only a mistake,' he said courteously, 'and as I deferred my visit till another day, I hope that we may still pay it together, with Cecil, whom I wish to see as much of the Miss Lesters as possible,' he added, having suddenly appeared to recollect Cecil's existence.

'So be it,' cried her governess, 'so be it with gladness of heart for me.'

Mr. Vaux left the room entirely restored to good humour, and with a pleasant expression of countenance.

Mademoiselle De Lys did not show by look or sign the slightest appreciation of her own cleverness, or of Mr. Vaux's consequent mystification. She was just as usual, and said with a cheerful smile as he closed the door behind him,

'That will be vera nice for us alls.'

'Well, Mademoiselle, you do astonish me,' cried Cecil.

'Yees, I doos,' replied her governess, with composure. 'The great minds is always astonishing the minds of the leetle vons.'

"I never could do it as you do if I tried as much as possible,' continued Cecil, not heeding her words.

'Nevare despair,' said the cheerful one; 'you ish but young—I am of ages—wait till you are of ages—you promises well, you promises vera well.'

Cecil blushed quite painfully at this encouragement.

'O Mademoiselle,' she cried, 'you can't suppose that I wish it—that I would ever condescend.'

'Vat ish the condescends!' replied the Frenchwoman quietly. 'I know no condescends. We all tries our bests. If I am the besterest, we wonders not. It is that I *am* which you may bees von day.'

Then Mademoiselle made the kindest inquiries as to Helen's health, whether she had coughed much during their absence, and remarked that she looked flushed, and hardly so well as before.

'Are you feeling well, dear?' asked Cecil, kissing her.

Helen returned the kiss with tender clinging affection, and a feeling as if she had been guilty of faithlessness and want of love to her Cecil, in the thoughts that had filled her mind during her absence.

'I don't feel like myself, you know,' she said; 'not well; but I suppose people can't, who have had bad colds in such wintry weather as this.'

Mademoiselle now left the girls alone; and Cecil instantly began, too certain of Helen's sympathy to mark any change in her manner.

'We went to her house—we did indeed—she took us there, and it was delicious; she showed me all her wedding presents—such beautiful things, and some of her dresses, and the most exquisite pictures of herself and her colonel; and such a lot of jewels and lace, and pretty things we have never even dreamt of. Oh, Helen, what life may be made—should be made—*must* be made. Is it not sweet that hers is just what it ought to be? Juliet's life! It could not be anything else. Being what she is, she must command it all; but it *is* happiness to find that she *does*."

'Did you really go there? Did she really show you all her things?' cried Helen, forgetting in the wonder and delight, her newly-awakened doubts and fears.

'Really and really!' repeated Cecil joyously; then added quite regretfully, 'dear Helen, how I wish you were well, and could have gone also.'

'It *must* have been charming,' said Helen, with a resigned sigh.

'Charming! I should think so! There never was anything like it—such a room—her own room, you know, and a wardrobe full of such lovely things: I never seemed to care for dress before, and I don't think I care for it now for myself—only for Juliet it is different; it seems merely just and right that all sorts of lovely things should belong to her and surround her.'

'Yes, I quite agree with you there,' said Helen earnestly.

'And she showed me loads of wedding presents, brooches and lockets, bracelets and rings. Life is hardly long enough for her to wear half of them; the prettiest of all are what her colonel gave her—emeralds and pearls—a whole set of them. I *do* think emeralds and pearls together are the most beauteous gems imaginable.'

'And what else?'

'Everything else—knicknacks and toilet ornaments, and writing things and vases, and candlesticks, and pieces of carved wood, only made to be pretty. Then she told me that there were heaps and heaps of other things she would show me another day—china and plate, and all sorts of every kind that could be thought of, only there was not time then because of Uncle James. We were limited to a minute, and as she said that was half the fun of it; to see as many things in as few minutes as possible was like a sum in arithmetic. She laughed so, and seemed almost glad that Uncle James was alive, just for the fun of the thing.

'Because of Uncle James!'—the words fell like a knell on Helen's ear, recalling to her the new ideas that had entered her mind, or perhaps the new knowledge that had confirmed the old floating ideas, and turned them into realities. 'Because of Uncle James,' that made an additional pleasure for Juliet; and, through Juliet, for Cecil. It gave a zest to everything, and turned commonplaces into excitements. And yet it was in that, and in that alone, that the evil lay; and it was that against which Helen had been told she ought to use her influence, and make her protest. Poor Helen, how could she do it? Up to this moment her sympathy had been eager and untiring, her interest and pleasure almost as great as Cecil's own; and if she had sometimes regretted the necessity for concealment, and faintly denied Juliet's assertions that the concealment itself was amusing, she had made her faint denials only against that part of the matter, and never attempted to dispute that, though it might in her eyes be an evil, it was still a necessity.

She looked at Cecil now, as the words 'Because of Uncle James,' sounded mournfully to her ears, with a blank countenance, and exclaimed, 'Because of papa—oh Cecil!'

Here she was stopped by a flash from Cecil's eyes, which showed she was on dangerous ground, even before the ground she was on had been felt beneath their feet.

'Well!' said Cecil coldly, after a moment's almost embarrassing pause, 'well? O Cecil? O Cecil, what or why?'

'Because,' faltered Helen, 'if you would only—perhaps, dearest Cecil, if you would not do it till you may!'

The words were not very clear. Cecil, perhaps, did not understand them, but to the poor alarmed speaker they seemed most lucid and daring, and she wished them unsaid as soon as they had passed her lips.

But the angry gleam went out of Cecil's bright pretty eyes, and she laughed gaily.

'What are you talking about, silly child?' she cried; 'poor little coward, don't be frightened, I sha'n't be found out. Courageous people who do things calmly never are! Found out is not an expression for them. It belongs to sneaks: but you need not be afraid for me, dear Helen,' and she kissed her with smiling affection as she spoke.

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'Cecil,' said Helen, almost in a whisper, 'are you sure that it i *right?*'

'In what way? Do you mean that I am right in feeling sure we shal not be discovered? O yes, be at ease; I am as certain of it as I can b of anything that has not happened. How shall we be found out? Uncl James goes on in his humdrum way, and how is he to see us meeting, em bracing, flying about the country on the wings of youth and joy, here there, and everywhere; now driving rapidly along the lanes, now rushin in and out of Juliet's rooms? How is such a man as Uncle James, of the earth earthy, to perceive such movements as ours, and still more, if per ceived, to understand them?'

'But that is not *quite* what I mean,' persisted Helen heroically. 'I mean, *dear* Cecil, it seems to me that it is wrong to do it at all when it has to be concealed from papa.'

'Now don't talk twaddle, don't prose, don't cant; you're not made for it or meant for it, you're not indeed, so don't *do* it. I'll tell you what it is, you poor little Helen, it is not that Juliet and I are doing wrong (Juliet doing wrong!) it is that *you* are ill, you are shut up and moped, and have nothing to do and nothing to amuse you, and so you take all sorts of fancies into your head and brood over them till they seem to get real, but they are *not* real; and it's all right, take my word for it, Helen, that it's all right.'

Helen sighed. She was relieved that Cecil was not angry with her, She was pleased with her kindness, and yet she despairingly felt that her present tone of good-humoured security was more hopeless for her cause than if she had been angry or even unkind. What could she say? How could she meet or answer it? was there the slightest chance that anything she said could be of use, and if not, and she annoyed Cecil without influencing her, would it not be better and wiser, as it certainly would be pleasanter, to hold her tongue? Something within her whispered 'No,' and as she listened to the sound with honest, though reluctant ears, a few words formed themselves almost unconsciously in her mind into a prayer for strength to do right. Then she spoke again, feeling calmed and soothed, if not strong.

'It might not be wrong for Juliet,' she said softly, 'because he is not her uncle, and she may not see clearly, but it must be for you, indeed, dear Cecil, it must.'

'Indeed, dear Helen, it mustn't. Trust me to take care of myself. It is Uncle James's fault, not mine. Haven't I explained it to you over and over again?'

'Yes, but you *know* I never agreed. I never thought as you did about old and young people, and men and women, and we used to argue; but all that didn't signify as long as it was only talk; you did not *do* the things then, Cecil, and now you do, and when you disobey papa you must be wrong. Oh, my dear Cecil, do believe me that you must.'

Here Cecil became angry in earnest.

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'I do wonder at you, Helen,' she cried; 'I never knew you so obstinate or so conceited, determined that you must be right yourself and that everybody who differs from you must be wrong. When you are so extremely eager to correct other people's faults, don't you think it would be a good plan to think of your own? and if going to pay a visit at a friend's house without asking everybody's permission is wrong, I wonder whether obstinacy and conceit are not wrong also!'

'I am very sorry if I am obstinate and conceited,' said Helen meekly, with tears in her eyes.

'But what makes you so?' cried Cecil sharply; 'it *is* so unlike you;' then she turned suddenly upon her like a person inspired, and called out in a loud voice, 'Has my cat been here?'

Helen blushed scarlet. 'Yes,' she said very sorrowfully; 'she has.'

'I would not have believed it of you, Helen,' cried Cecil in great excitement; 'I don't care or wonder about her, but I would not have believed it of *you*—and I do care and do wonder, you have actually been talking me over with her and allowing her to preach and teach, and trusting her and distrusting me. I would not have believed it of you if all the world had told me except yourself, and I hardly believe it now. You, Helen, whom I love so and who I thought loved me.' Helen rose from her chair and came up to her very much agitated. 'No, don't touch me, don't be as you used to be, you are not the same Helen—can we ever be together as we were before?

'"Should I have treated Caius Cassius so?"'

And with these words on her lips Cecil turned indignantly away and marched out of the room, her head up in the air, her eyes on fire, and her cheeks glowing, partly from anger and partly from wounded affection.

Helen stood for a moment, wringing her poor little hands, and then ran after her.

She clasped Cecil in her arms, laid her head on her breast and cried bitterly.

'Forgive me, dearest,' she cried; 'indeed, indeed, I did not. I said nothing you would mind, nothing I could not repeat to you, it came into the conversation and could not be helped, and what I said to you is what I feel and can't help feeling, and I would not say it at all if I did not love you more than all the world—as you know I do. Oh, forgive me and understand me—do—do!'

Cecil kissed and soothed her.

'I forgive you; I will try and understand you. Helen is not a traitor, I know she isn't; *et tu—*'

'Oh, don't say, *et tu Brute,*' cried Helen with almost a little scream, 'I couldn't bear it.'

'But I meant it was *not* an *et tu Brute,*' replied Cecil, almost laughing, for she hardly felt how deeply Helen's nature was stirred, not penetrating

to the moving cause, that having once been set to work, could never more rest, but must go on and on in her for good, and if not for good, for evil, as long as Helen herself had power, for either the one or the other.

'No, it is not,' cried Helen, clinging to her; 'only I *must* try not to be wicked—I *can't* help that.'

'Try as much as you like, my dear, but you are not wicked, and you never could be wicked, so if I were you I would not trouble my head with trying.'

Then the cousins embraced once more and Helen dried her tears.

'It is all this horrid cold you have caught, it is just moping does it,' cried Cecil; 'and you are as cold as ice now.'

She touched her hand as she spoke.

'Am I?' said Helen, with a sickly smile; 'am I cold?' and she took Cecil's hand first, kissed it and then laid it on her forehead.

Cecil gave a perceptible start.

'Why, *how* it burns,' she cried; 'what *have* you been doing to yourself? it is as hot as fire.'

'I feel hot one minute and cold the next, and then hot again,' said Helen, and she shivered as she said it.

'I don't wonder that you are *cold* at any rate,' cried Cecil, 'following me into my room here without a fire, and oh, only see, Helen, the window is open, why you will catch fifty more colds if you don't take care—naughty girl, why could you not sit still by your fire? why must you be running after me into these arctic regions? You are shivering even as you stand here—run back to your fire this minute.'

Helen was shivering indeed. She did not know whether she was hot or cold, but perceptible shivers ran all over her frame, and she turned deadly cold as they did so, though she flushed with heat the next moment. The girls were both of them too young and inexperienced to understand the risk she had run or how ill she really was.

It may seem strange that Cecil's window should be open at this hour on a winter afternoon, but the fact is, she had opened it herself while dressing for her walk that she might listen for footsteps or sounds below so as to be sure that the coast was clear before she and Mademoiselle issued forth on their clandestine expedition. In her hurry she had forgotten to shut it and no housemaid had happened to be in her room during her absence.

Alas, Cecil! you opened the window to assist you in committing a fault and in your haste to do wrong left it open. Your angry denunciation of Helen's gentle remonstrance brought the poor little invalid running after you into that, to her, dangerous place, and if any mischief is done to her, if she should be ill—or die—would your conscience still slumber? would you still be obstinately unaware that the mischief was done, the illness or—*death*—caused by your wilful disobedience? Alas, Cecil! The day of awakening *must* come!

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A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER XVII.

PERPLEXITY.

School work began again with great regularity, and was for once welcome to everybody, since it secured without effort the quiet in the house that had to be struggled after in the holidays. Rose saw less of her sisters, and of Lucy Fanshawe, from being promoted into a new class at the College, and was obliged to be content with such scraps of news on old topics as could be picked up in the English-speaking intervals allowed for hand-washing, hair-brushing, and running up and down stairs, in the school-room children's busy days. It was actually not till the second morning after the Charade that she found time to ask—

'By the way, how does Lucy Fanshawe like the ivory egg? Does she wear it fastened to her belt, as Lady Dunallen did, or carry it in her pocket? I dare say she told you at the class yesterday afternoon?'

'Not a word,' said Maggie. 'I don't know whether she thinks I grudge it her, but she has not mentioned it to any one in the class. I am sure she need not be so careful; she is quite welcome to it for me. I don't think I should have liked the trouble of taking care of it.'

'Perhaps Lucy does not,' suggested Lilly, 'or perhaps Mrs. Fanshawe has put it away. When I asked her to show it me, and put my hand on her pocket to feel if it was there, she shook me off, and told me not to be inquisitive, for I should hear more than enough about that tiresome ivory egg by and by.'

'How odd of Lucy,' cried Rose. 'What more can there be for us to hear about it?'

Press of business put the wonder quite out of her head during the afternoon; but it recurred to her again when she came back to the school-room just before tea, from her music lesson, and found Aunt Rachel seated by the work-table, with Maggie and Lilly standing before her.

'Come here, Rose,' Aunt Rachel said, 'I want to ask you a few questions about last Tuesday evening, when you acted that Charade.'

'What is wrong, Aunt Rachel—has anything happened?'

'Nay,' said Aunt Rachel, 'I want you to answer questions, not to ask them; and please, dear Rose, be careful how you speak. Can you recollect exactly through how many hands the ivory egg passed between leaving the drawing-room and being taken from the dish by Mrs. Fanshawe?'

'Easily, Aunt Rachel, nobody could have touched it but myself and Rose Marshall. I put it into the little basket myself, just before I came into the school-room, and covered it over, and I am sure the covering had not been touched when Rose gave it back to me.'

'And you took the egg out of the basket afterwards and put it on the dish yourself?'

'Well, no, Aunt Rachel, I had not time, I was busy tying up Lucy's feet, to make her hobble like a Japanese lady, and I told Rose Marshall to take the eggs from the basket and put them on the little dish.'

'Was she alone in the passage at the time?'

'For a minute or two. There was no harm, was there, Aunt Rachel? We were obliged to send Mary Anne Sims into the school-room first to lay the breakfast-table.'

'Had you spoken about the ivory egg in Rose Marshall's presence? Did she know what was inside?'

'We were all talking about it at tea, but I don't remember exactly what was said. I think I asked her if she had ever seen a gold thimble, and if she did not think it would be very nice to work with one.'

'My dear Rose, how could you be so silly?'

'But why, Aunt Rachel? I thought she would be so pleased to know that one of us had gained a prize of a gold thimble, by making clothes for her and her sisters, and she did seem very much pleased; she said she had always thought it was only queens and princesses that worked with gold thimbles, and that she would like to see one of all things.'

'Dear! Dear! How sorry I am that I ever trusted so many little chatterboxes to consort together.'

'But why—but why, Aunt Rachel? Do tell me what harm I have done!'

'Not you, my child; but wait one moment more before I explain. I should like to know if anyone present was struck by any circumstance during the evening. Chance observations sometimes throw light on puzzling cases; and if any one remembers anything now is the time to speak out. You were all scattered here, there, and everywhere thoughout the evening, and I should think nothing could have passed without someone seeing.'

'All of us, except Florence,' observed Rose. 'Florence stayed in the school-room quietly the whole evening.'

Florence, who had risen from her seat in a far corner of the room, while Aunt Rachel was speaking, sat down again as Rose said this, and took up a book and held it before her face.

'Did either of the little girls from the Models go to the drawing-room alone?' questioned Aunt Rachel again.

'Oh no, Aunt Rachel,' volunteered Maggie. 'I took Mary Anne Sims to the drawing-room door just before we dressed her, and let her peep at all the pretty things; but we did not go beyond the door-mat.'

'And after she was dressed what became of her?'

'We took her to the housemaid's closet, and shut her up there till we wanted her.'

'And did not you see the dust on her dress?' cried Lilly, 'which showed she had been crouching against the wall, as one does when one stays in that closet till one is tired.'

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'You are sure that Mary Anne was not alone with the egg near her during any part of the evening.'

'Quite sure,' said Maggie, eagerly; 'for I took care of her, except just when she was bolted up in the housemaid's closet.'

'You bolted the door?'

'We always do bolt the door when we shut people in there, it is our regular prison, and at any rate we know she stayed there.'

'You are all of the same opinion?'

No one spoke, but Florence let the book she was reading fall on the floor with a clatter that caused all heads to be turned in her direction.

'You can't help us, Florence,' said Maggie. 'You know less than any of us what happened on that evening, for you were shut up in the schoolroom all the time.'

'Florence may take an interest in what we are talking about though as well as the rest of you,' said Aunt Rachel, kindly. 'Unhappily the news I have to tell is only painful. A very disagreeable thing has occurred. The gold thimble is missing from the ivory egg; and as Lucy discovered her loss when she took the egg out of her pocket on undressing that same night, we fear that some one must have taken it away during the acting. Lucy supposed at first that one of you children had taken it away to play a trick on her, and did not mention it to her Grandmother till the middle of the next day. Mrs. Fanshawe was, however, uneasy, fearing disturbance to your mother, and wrote to me desiring Lucy to be silent on the subject till I came; this is the first moment I have been able to leave Grandmamma, and now I appeal to you all seriously, can any of you throw any light on this painful subject? if so, speak before I take the sad story to the Models and question Rose Marshall and Mary Anne Sims!'

'Aunt Rachel! you will never do that," cried Rose. 'Why, Rose Marshall told me that very evening that her father would be fit to kill his children if he thought they would touch what did not belong to them. You can't think Rose would do such a thing, you can't, Aunt Rachel?'

'My dear, I don't want to think it; but you have said yourself that no one could have touched the egg during the acting but Rose Marshall, and your father knows the thimble was in its place when he left the house half an hour before your play began, for he had pointed it out to a visitor. The next person who touched the egg was yourself, Rose, and you passed it on to Rose Marshall.'

'Oh, how I wish I had not said so! how I wish I could recollect anything else. I am so sure my Rose never touched it. I would sooner believe anything than that she is the guilty person.'

'But you must not try to make yourself or any one else believe anything that really did not take place. I can't bear to have my opinion of Rose Marshall lowered, but we must not let our liking for her make us unjust to other people. It would be very hard on Mary Anne Sims if we tried to fix the suspicion on her, because she is not such a favourite

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with us as Rose Marshall, or even because we fancy she would be the most ready to yield to temptation. It would be ruin to her to be suspected, because she has no friends to take her part, and no previous character for good conduct to fall back upon, and the friends who have taken her up, with many misgivings, would almost certainly let her drop if doubts as to her honesty were raised just now. We must be careful not to mislead ourselves into suspecting her without reason, merely from friendship to Rose.'

'And really, and truly, I took care of her, Aunt Rachel,' said Maggie; 'I am sure I don't want Rose Marshall to prove the thief, but all the same I am as sure as can be that it was not Mary Anne Sims.'

'And of course,' said Aunt Rachel, slowly looking from one to another. 'No one of you four girls meddled with the egg—the boys I know were out that evening. If any of you did—if you know of any accident that through your own or anyone's carelessness it occurred—I hope you will come forward now and acknowledge, and save two poor girls from suspicions that will be most hurtful to them. A good start in life has been given them by a young lady no older than some of you; you would not like to spoil their chance through shrinking from taking any blame due to you?'

There was a murmur of voices altogether, Rose's the loudest and clearest.

'Oh, no, Aunt Rachel, that we would not for the world; but, indeed, we know nothing.'

'I wish I did,' Rose answered alone. 'I wish I could think I had meddled with the egg, and lost the thimble; would not I give anything to find it in this house.'

Florence, who had now come from her corner and joined the group round the work-table, here seized Rose's hand nervously, and gave it a violent squeeze. Rose took this movement for a mark of sympathy, and whispered back, 'I wish you had been with us that night, Flory, you are so much quicker than I am, and see everything, I daresay you would have been able to prove that my Rose was not the thief.'

'Don't,' said Florence, withdrawing her hand and shrinking away. 'It is a shame, why should you wish to put the blame on to the other girl who has no friends?'

'But I don't,' cried Rose, surprised; 'what makes you say that?'

'Well,' observed Aunt Rachel, after a moment's pause, 'if no one has anything more to tell me, I must go.'

'Where, Aunt Rachel? what are you going to do?' asked Rose, anxiously.

'I am going back to Mrs. Fanshawe first, to tell her the result of my conversation with you, and then when I have consulted with your father, I think I must go to the Models and speak to Mrs. Marshall.'

'Oh, Aunt Rachel, must you? how dreadful! Can you not wait for a day or two?'

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'No, my dear, I think not. If this must be spoken about, the sooner

the better. Delay would only make it harder to come at the truth! The truest kindness to the offender, whoever she be, is to seek out her fault and bring it swift punishment. If Rose Marshall's love of out-of-the-way pretty things, excited by your description of the gold thimble, has led her into temptation and she has yielded to it in a moment of excitement, I have no doubt she has repented since and will be glad to have an opportunity for confession given to her. Her remark about her father strikes me as likely to have been suggested by an uneasy conscience. Was it made before or after the acting, by the way, Rose?'

'After; but, oh indeed, Aunt Rachel, if you would let me tell you the whole conversation you would see it came in quite naturally. Oh dear! how unlucky I am, I have said the very things I ought not to have said, so as to make what I don't believe to be true seem true.'

'You have told us the facts as they happened, my dear, and that is what you were bound to do. Now, I must go. The Fräulein will not thank me for coming, I have done worse than hinder study for half an hour. I fear I have made it hard for you to give your minds to your work for all the rest of the evening, but take my advice and do your best; you won't mend the wrong that has been done by talking it over to the neglect of your proper business. You will only help it to grow a little larger and spread out new roots, unless there is something to be done. Silence about wrong-doing is always best.'

Florence won a little praise at the end of the day from the Fräulein for having been the only one among the school-room party who had acted on Miss Ingram's recommendation, and steadily followed the usual course of employment without interrupting herself and everybody else with recollections of 'that evening,' and by jumping up every ten minutes or so to begin a fresh frantic search for the gold thimble in some place where it was just remembered it might possibly have fallen, if only something had happened which no one believed actually to have occurred.

Rose, who had been the worst offender in the matter of searching, and who had felt provoked by Florence's indifference, forgave her at night, when it came out quite by accident that she was grieving over the bad news more deeply than any one else.

Maggie had fallen asleep, and nurse had taken away the light, and Rose, in the act of trying to recall exactly how the gold egg looked in the dish, after Rose Marshall had touched it, was gradually gliding into slumber too, when she was startled wide awake again by a deep sob from Florence's bed. In a minute she was up and leaning over her sister.

'What is the matter? are you dreaming, Flory dear? Why, your face and hair are quite wet with crying! Shall I call nurse?'

'No, no, no; let me alone,' sobbed Florence.

'But what is the matter, dear?'

'I am so unhappy,' sobbed Florence.

'Tell me all about it. What where you thinking of?'

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Florence now sat up in bed, put her wet hair from her forehead, and propped her elbows on her knees, as if she were preparing for a long talk.

'I was thinking of what Aunt Rachel said about a wrong thing growing and putting out roots, so that one never feels one can get away from it again. It is quite true, and it is just the same whether one talks about it or tries to forget it; it won't be forgotten, it grows and grows, and one does not know what to do.'

Rose was impressed and a good deal frightened by the excitement in Florence's tones of voice, and by the odd appearance of the white robed figure huddled up on the bed. None of the children but Florence would have remembered what Aunt Rachel said, and made more of it, and brooded over it in this way, and Rose had an idea that mamma and nurse were always anxious to divert Florence's mind from distressing topics.

'It is very nice of you, Florence,' she said, in a soothing tone, 'to care so much about my namesake's trouble. I love you for it, and it makes me feel as if you and I were friends in this thing above the others; but I don't think you ought to talk about it any more to-night, or to make yourself so very unhappy. You know you have really less to do with it than anybody in the house. You did not invent the Charade or help in it, and all the evening you were safe out of the way of hearing or seeing anything. If any one is to blame it can't be you. So do go to sleep, dear.'

'No, no; I want you to stay and talk, Rose. I want to tell you something more.'

'Had we not better wait till morning?'

'I shall not want to tell you in the morning.'

'Be quick then, dear,' said Rose, a little reluctantly.

But instead of being quick Florence fell into another sobbing fit, and before it was over nurse appeared with a candle, sent Rose off to her own little bed, and retucking Florence firmly into hers ordered her to go to sleep at once without any more nonsense, under pain of a dose of medicine and a mustard plaister at the back of her head.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GOLD THIMBLE AND FALSE WITNESS.

'I WOULD not be such a greedy thing as you, Mary Anne Sims, not for nothink, I wouldn't.'

'Well, take a bit and taste it then, it just is good, this shaky white stuff is. I'll go shares if you like. I ain't a greedy thing.'

A brisk summer shower was falling, filling the gutters of the streets and making pools in which the lamp-light was reflected as brightly as on the January afternoon that first introduced us to the neighbourhood.

Two little girls, sheltered by a great green cotton umbrella, were picking their way along the wet pavement, one holding the heavy umbrella with both hands as she walked and talked, the other stooping her head towards a dingy pocket, from which dingy fingers conveyed every second or two something to her lips.

'There, come now, take a bit, I ain't a greedy thing,' she said, poking a lump of a soft white substance under her companion's nose. It smelt good, but Rose Marshall, the first speaker, turned her head away.

'No, thank you, I'll have none of it. I had my supper before we came out, and I know when I've had enough. I was not thinking of myself when I said "a greedy thing," but of mother, whose appetite's so bad, and of Teddy and the little uns. Not that mother would take anything you brought her, Mary Anne Sims, unless she was very sure how you came by it; and you may say what you like about cook giving you all them tit-bits and dainties, but she never gives nothing of the kind to me, as runs her errands and helps her to wash up more to her mind than ever you do, and who would take it all home to mother, and not eat it up by myself like a greedy pig. That's the young lady's blanc manger you are eating this minute, Mary Anne Sims, and I never will believe that cook 'ud give such as that to you. I doubt you slipped it off the plate as come down stairs from her bed-room this afternoon, and that's picking and stealing, the same we've to keep our hands from in the Catechism.'

'Thank you for making me out to be a thief, Rose Marshall. It is very kind of you, just because I've things give to me as you'd like to have give to you to take 'ome. I would not be you to 'ave such a bad heart as that and tell lies against a poor orphant girl as 'as no friend. I should 'a thought that was going against the Catechism.'

'I don't tell no lies, Mary Anne Sims, and I ain't against you,' cried the York Rose, losing her temper and speaking hastily; 'it must be confessed I said it for a warning, and I say again that I would not be you to carry things about in my pocket that I was ashamed to let people know of. Yes, you do, Mary Anne Sims, and this is not the first time, you know it ain't. The night we came home from Mrs. Ingram's you was afraid to show us what you'd got in your pocket, and you pushed Teddy against the wall because he asked if you'd anything for him there, and wanted to put his hand in to find out.'

'I did not then, and you'd better not tell no more such lies of me,' cried Mary Anne, turning round on Rose sharply, and with an anxious look on her face. 'You want to get me turned off, you do, and all my nice things took from me, and me sent to starve in the streets because you're so grand now with your father and mother, and all you're ashamed of being seen with me, and you want to ruin me, and I did not think you'd such a bad heart, Rose Marshall, as to tell tales and ruin a poor girl as never had no luck till now.'

The quarrel which had risen to a more serious height than any of the other little squabbles in which the little fellow-servants had indulged

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since their joint service began was here happily interrupted by their arrival at the end of their walk. Rose turned at the foot of the general staircase to scrape her feet and shake the rain drops from her umbrella. Before the quarrel with Mary Anne Sims began she had been making a happy plan in her mind of taking her copy of the 'picture story-book' to Mrs. Johnstone's rooms that evening, and displaying its beauties to Reuben and his sister, and she thought it prudent not to risk her welcome by giving Mrs. Johnstone any occasion of complaint against her for untidy habits. Mary Anne, who had never dreamed of such a distinction as being allowed to visit the Johnstones, and who rather enjoyed aggravating the bettermost lodgers, ran on without troubling herself as to the state of her shoes, and only paused at the door of Mrs. Marshall's room to wipe her sticky fingers on the wet ends of her shawl lest Mrs. Marshall should see something suspicious there, and ask inconvenient questions. The sitting-room door stood ajar, and Mary Anne Sims's habits did not allow her to omit peeping in before she entered. There was talking going on inside, a lady's voice, and a lady's figure (Miss Ingram's) occupied the best chair. Mary Anne felt very glad she had had the prudence to pause at the door before going in. Miss Ingram had just finished speaking, and now Mrs. Marshall was answering her.

'Of course, Miss,' she was saying, 'there is not a place in the house I should not wish you to search. After what you have said, Marshall and me, we should not be satisfied if you did not search every corner; but as to a child of ours taking what did not belong to 'em, and robbing those that 'ave been kind to 'em too, is what I can't believe possible. I think I may say, Miss Ingram, that their father would rather see any of them in their graves than 'ave such a thing proved against them, he's that proud of them. I don't say as you ain't right to come here and inquire, but if it's my Rose you suspect, Miss Ingram, you'll find you've mistook very greatly, ma'am, and been misinformed altogether.'

'I hope so indeed, Mrs. Marshall, but I wish to examine both the little girls impartially; and I assure you I am as anxious as you can be that they may be able to prove their innocence.'

Rose was coming up stairs now, and would be in sight in another minute. Mary Anne remembered she had just that minute to do something in which she had quickly resolved to do. She crept noiselessly past the sitting-room door and entered a little sleeping-room beyond. From a nail in the door of this room hung a purple dress. Mary Anne thrust her hand down to the bottom of her pocket, drew out a parcel wrapt in a sheet of an old copy-book, and slipped it into the pocket of this dress, then she crept out again, and was standing close to the sitting-room door when Rose appeared at the head of the long staircase.

'Miss Ingram's in there, talking to your mother,' she said in a whisper, when Rose came up.

'Miss Ingram? Oh I am glad,' cried Rose, restored to good humour at once; but there was something in the tone of voice in which her mother

now called 'Come in girls at once, if you're there!' that checked her joy, and caused her to enter with a grave instead of a smiling face.

'Come here, child,' her mother said, a little sharply and coldly. 'Come here and speak to Miss Ingram—there is something she wants to ask you about.'

Mrs. Marshall's head was held up and the corners of her mouth dropped down in a way that told Rose something was very wrong indeed, and made her timid little heart begin to beat quickly.

'Rose,' Miss Ingram began, 'I want you to tell me exactly all you remember about that ivory egg, with a gold thimble inside, that my niece left in your charge for a little while last Tuesday evening.'

Miss Ingram looked Rose full in the face while she spoke, and, as sometimes happens to perfectly innocent persons who feel themselves suspected, Rose changed countenance visibly and painfully.

'That—that pretty white egg as is a work-box inside?' she stammered.

'Yes, Rose, you know quite well what I mean; the gold thimble which was inside it when little Miss Ingram gave it into your hands was discovered to be missing at the end of the evening, and we are inquiring of all those who are known to have touched the egg during the evening to find out who has meddled with the thimble. It could not have got out of the egg if some one had not taken it out, you know, Rose, and we hope that the guilty person, whoever she may be, will confess her fault voluntarily before it is proved against her.'

'Oh, Miss Ingram——'

Rose paused, a tumult of thoughts rushed into her mind, a suspicion which was almost a certainty, though she had nothing to ground it on, and with that a full understanding of all the little circumstances that seemed to point her out as the thief; and instead of finishing her sentence she threw her apron over her head and burst into a vehement flood of tears. Her mother was so provoked and frightened that she could not help taking her by the shoulders and giving her a hearty shaking.

'Rose, Rose, whatever are you thinking of? to stand there crying like a silly instead of speaking up and clearing yourself. Whatever would father say if he could see you! he'd be fit to knock yer head off, so vexed he'd be at your having so little spirit. Speak out at once, child, and tell the lady you never touched the thing she's asking about.'

'I didn't! I didn't! Oh! I didn't, Miss Ingram!—Oh! mother——' but the words were sobbed out from under the depths of Rose's apron, and somehow had not at all a satisfactory or truthful ring with them in Miss Ingram's ears. She sat looking from the sobbing Rose to her indignant mother for a minute or two, and then said sorrowfully but firmly:

'I am afraid, Mrs. Marshall, there is nothing for it now but an examination of the little girls' pockets, and the places where they keep their treasures. You won't feel satisfied now unless this is done.'

'No, ma'am, that I sha'n't, nor after it is made and you've found nothing

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neither, unless Rose can pluck up a little more spirit, and convince you that it's just downheartedness, and not anything on her conscience that makes her act so foolish.'

'Oh, mother!' Rose began again; but her face only emerged for a second from her apron, and then went down again, while indistinct murmurs came up of, 'Oh dear! the young lady as 'as been so kind to me, that ever she should think such a thing of me! Oh, dear!'

'Well, Rose, I am afraid no good will be done by your talking in that way. You had better bring me your workbox, and the dress you wore on the evening you spent at Mrs. Ingram's house. Or stay, your mother may bring them, and you shall have time to recover yourself, and think quietly whether there is anything you would like to say to me before the search begins.'

Teddy, Susie, and Polly, were now standing round in a circle, staring defiantly at Miss Ingram, and at the weeping Rose, and nothing but the sound of her sobs were to be heard in the room, till Mrs. Marshall came back, laden with all the possessions of the two little girls.

'I've emptied the box they 'ave between 'em to keep their clothes in, and the little closet in the wall; but you'll please to come and look yourself, and search every inch of the room before you go, Miss Ingram,' she said huffily.

'If you wish it I certainly will, Mrs. Marshall, and you will stand by and help me, and forgive me all the trouble I am causing I hope. I do believe this searching is as painful almost to me as it is to you. That is the workbox you received as a prize at school when you left at Easter, is it not Rose?'

'Yes, Miss,' said Rose, brightening up a little. 'I am sure you're welcome to look at it, and at everything I have; it's locked, but the key is in the pocket of my purple dress that mother has got over her arm, I slipped it in this morning as I was leaving the house, for fear Teddy should get at my needles and things.'

As Rose spoke, Mrs. Marshall threw down an arm-load of odds and ends before Miss Ingram, and then, shaking out the purple dress, proceeded to turn out its pocket; first came a crumpled pocket-handkerchief, then a bit of seed-cake, then a hymn-book, then the work-box key, last of all a sheet of dirty writing-paper, twisted tightly round something.

'Sweets left after your Sunday class, I'm afraid, Rose,' Miss Ingram said, picking up the little parcel, as Mrs. Marshall let it fall from her fingers.

'I am sure I did not know as I had any,' sobbed Rose, while Teddy pressed a little nearer, and fixed greedy eyes on the parcel. The unpacking took a minute or two, for a considerable quantity of thread was twisted round the ends of the paper.

Miss Ingram's face grew graver and graver, as she turned it over and over. 'It does not feel like sweets, there is something hard and round inside.' As she spoke the last thread gave way, and the gold thimble

rolled out upon the floor of the room. Mrs. Marshall gave a great cry at the sight, as if she had been shot; and Rose, after staring at the thimble for a minute with wide-open frightened eyes, sat down on the ground, with her apron over her head, and cried worse than ever.

'I don't—oh, indeed, Miss Ingram, I don't know how they came there!' she managed to sob out at last, in a strangled voice.

'Hush, Rose,' Miss Ingram said, rather sternly. 'I can't listen to any further denials now. You are only making the matter worse. Look at the paper in which the thimble is wrapped. Your own hand-writing. The very last hymn I gave you to write out before you left school.'

Rose lifted up her head almost mechanically, and looking, felt seized with despair, as if everything were against her. She had taken such pains with that writing—such pains that even through her tears she could read the verse written on the least crumpled part of the paper, and now for it to be a witness against her—

'The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succour trust.'

Somebody knew the truth then. It might be ever such a puzzle how that thimble got into her pocket, and why circumstances should point her out as a thief, when she knew she was innocent. But He knew it too. It all lay clear before His All-Seeing eye, and to the bright Hosts encamped around those who fear Him, and He could make it clear to everybody whenever He pleased. Rose's heart grew quieter and less despairing as this thought arose. She wiped her eyes with her apron, and turned to her mother.

'Oh, mother,' she said, 'you don't think as I am a thief, do you?'

Mrs. Marshall had picked up the gold thimble and put it on the end of her finger and was looking angrily at it.

'To think,' she said slowly, in answer to poor Rose's appeal, 'to think that a child of mine should have took such a thing as this that did not belong to her! Oh Rose, Rose! I'd rather never have come out of the hospital. I'd have all the pain I suffered over again not to see this here.'

'Mother! mother! I don't know how ever it comes to be here. Oh, mother, do look at me,' cried Rose, half rising from the floor, but Mrs. Marshall kept her eyes fixed on the thimble, sorrowfully shaking her head as she looked, and Rose threw herself down and had recourse to the apron again to hide her face. It was very hard, very bitter; why had such a trial come to her? how should she ever bear it? She would not bear it. She would turn the pain she was suffering herself on another person. She would speak out what she suspected, and tell all the ill she knew of her little fellow-servant, so as to make Miss Ingram see how much more likely it was that Mary Anne should be the guilty one. If she only searched her memory she could remember plenty of bad things to tell of Mary Anne that would set every one against her, little things to be sure

that had nothing to do with this charge, but why not bring them forward when it might lead to herself being cleared? To be sure, if Mary Anne were proved guilty she would be turned out of the house at once and lose the good chance of learning better that had been given to her; but then, even that would not be so hard for her, Rose for a moment thought. As she felt this terrible pain of being suspected, she who had been so used to be praised by mother and Sunday-school teacher, as the best child in the house, the best girl in the class. She would not be put down from that high place for any one, rather than that she would drag some one else down ever so low—and yet, and yet—if He knew, was it not better to leave it all to Him? would evil-speaking and tale-bearing make things really better? Would it not rather be taking her cause out of His hands Who could make her innocence as clear as the noon-day when He chose and spare the guilty person too, perhaps by bringing her to repentance and confession.

Rose's new little mistress had been busied all day, whenever she was well enough to sit up in bed, in illuminating a text; the words were: 'Be still and know that I am God.' Rose saw them before her eyes as she sat with her apron over her face, and it was almost as if some one had laid a hand gently on her lips and bade her keep silence.

In a minute or two Miss Ingram spoke, again addressing, not Rose, but Mrs. Marshall. 'I am very sorry for you, Mrs. Marshall, very sorry, and I think the best thing I can do, now this matter is so far cleared up, is to leave you and Rose alone together. No words of mine will make her feel the seriousness of her fault so keenly as the sight of the pain it causes you and her father. I will call and see her on Sunday before the class, for I hardly think it will be right for her to take her usual place there. I must ask advice on that point and let you know. I fear, too, I must speak to Miss D'Aubigny, she has placed Rose in a position of trust, and grieved as I shall be to do it, I fear I must warn her to keep Rose out of the way of further temptation till we can hope she is more able to resist it. And now Rose, before I go and leave you to your mother, I will say one word as your Sunday-school teacher. I know you will be disposed to grieve most bitterly over the loss of reputation; you have been somewhat proud I think lately of the way in which you have been singled out and noticed, and trusted; you will be tempted to put the loss of your good name, and of the favour you have won, above everything else, but remember, this is in reality the least part of what you have to sorrow for. Try to look at your sin, not as it will appear to Rose Ingram, but as it will shine in the sight of God, and of His Holy Angels.'

To Miss Ingram's surprise, Rose drew her apron from her face, and looking full at her as she finished speaking, said: 'Thank you, teacher, I will try to do that.'

It was a word of comfort to Rose indeed, and lightened the pain about her heart. Perhaps she had been growing proud of so much success, and of that pretty young lady's talking to her like an equal friend. Perhaps

she had been thinking too much of people's caring and not enough about God's, and now all other favour was to go, to throw her upon His —the real, lasting, unfailing Love!

Miss Ingram went away a good deal puzzled by a remembrance of Rose's last, humble, truthful, look contradicting as it did her previous impressions, and making her more hopeful about Rose than facts seemed to warrant. The facts had to be told, however, to those who were waiting anxiously for news of the visit, and in the face of such plain facts, her kinder thoughts only gave moderate comfort to Rose Marshall's crest-fallen namesake.

Rose Marshall's mother was far too much shocked and agitated to observe looks and signs, or to be able to judge of the sincerity of the denials in which Rose persisted during a long and painful conversation that followed Miss Ingram's departure. She did not mean to be hard upon her gentle little daughter, but she had always more or less been frightened at, and foreboded evil from her studious habits and dreamy ways of going about. And now that something much worse than she had ever dreamed of appeared to have come of Rose's unlikeness to other children, she thought it her duty to let her see the full extent of her dismay and grief, and seemed to poor Rose, to be showing, not only that she believed her guilty now, but that she had never really been easy about her, never really trusted her, in all the time when she had been so happy and confidently thought herself her mother's right hand.

A gleam of comfort came for poor Rose from the quarter whence she expected hardest measure. Her mother kept on saying all the evening that she dreaded father's coming home, and did not know how she should frame her mouth to tell him what had happened, yet when he did appear late, and she in her nervousness poured the story out upon him before he had well entered the room, he heard it with greater calmness than anyone expected.

'Come here, child, Rose,' he said, when his wife had finished her complaint; 'come here and look me in the face and tell me the truth. I'm your father, child, though maybe I've not always been the father I ought to have been, but don't be afraid to speak out the truth to me now. Did you take that 'ere trinket yer mother's making all that hullabaloo about?'

'I didn't father—I didn't indeed.'

'Then nobody, not even yer mother, had better not say before me again that ye did. Ye've been a good child to me, and I'll stand by yer. Mother, she never told us a lie in her life that I know on, and we've a right to believe her, now I say, let other folk chatter what pleases 'em. We've the best right to know and believe our own child. Come dry yer eyes both of you and set out the supper, and let us hear no more about it.'

Mrs. Marshall shook her head knowing that more would certainly be heard about it, and having reason to fear that her husband's temper would not hold out against all the disagreeables she foresaw, but she never

contradicted him, and though she looked grave and sad, she made no further allusion to the subject. And Rose got a warm kiss from her father when a few moments later her mother sent her to bed.

Mary Anne Sims was very talkative, and very loud in her anger against Miss Ingram, and in her exhortations to Rose not to mind whatever anybody said, while the little girls were putting themselves to bed in their tiny closet sleeping place. Rose did not answer a word till after she had said her prayers, and the two had got into bed, and then she spoke a word or two to her companion in a low tender voice that somehow or other found a way into depths of Mary Anne's dull heart that had never been reached before.

'I wish Mary Anne,' she said, 'that you would promise me to-night never to take anything again that don't belong to you. I know you do take things, and you see I've said nothing about it, but I wish you'd promise me never to do it again.'

'Why, what business is it of yours, Rose Marshall, what I do? Why should you care?'

'It is a deal to me; I care a deal, and I wish you'd promise. I seem to see to-night how bad it must be to have done such a thing as Miss Ingram thinks I've done, and for God to know, and I'm frightened for you, dear.'

'You haven't no need to be then,' said Mary Anne, gruffly, but as she turned away her head to bury it as well as she could in the flock pillow, the guardian angels watching round the dingy bed were rejoiced by the sight of a tear, the first tear of penitence, shining in the hard eyes of the orphan whose childhood had known no softness or tenderness, and to whom awe and compunction had hitherto been quite unknown feelings.

WOMANKIND.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION.

THE child grows up in happy families watched and checked, and when she has done wrong, pours out her grief for her error to her parents and is forgiven. She is taught her duty to God, and she follows the leading of her home and the circumstances round her through the earlier years of her womanhood.

But she may have had to form her principles for herself, and even when well trained her soul and spirit often awaken to needs that cannot be satisfied with what contented her girlhood. Perhaps she can no longer take family dicta or home habits for granted as perfection. Some unhappy crisis may have deprived her parents of their entire infallibility in her eyes. Or she has feelings and longings with which they cannot

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sympathise, convictions they do not comprehend, or something has revealed to her that there are questions they cannot answer so as to satisfy her, in short that she cannot keep any longer in the old groove without some certainty that it is the right one. Or again, death and change have left her altogether independent, and forced her to think and act for herself, while she has left behind all the familiar voices of outspoken praise and blame that instantly took her to task for her foibles.

What has she when she has lost or outgrown her home guides? She has her God. She has perhaps knelt with a new and overwhelming sensation as she said, 'Our Father which art in heaven,' and she knows what it is to have prayers made nearer and more real by the troubles that have left her to that true Father. Some minds feel this intimate support so deeply and entirely, and are so reserved, that they would shrink from all helps external thereto. No one would dare to say that they are in error. They watch themselves, confess their daily shortcomings with deep repentance, and take home the promise of pardon through the Infinite Merits held out to them in the Absolution and sealed in the Holy Eucharist, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with them. The Absolutions in the Communion Office, and at Matins and Evensong, are spoken in virtue of our Lord's Commission to the Apostles, and to those who truly repent and unfeignedly believe carry the full message of pardon.

The full efficacy of these public Absolutions has been of late called in question; but the whole body of English divines, ever since they were framed, have regarded them as true authoritative absolutions. It may be enough to mention Bishops Sparrow and Wilson, and Keble. Nay, the fact that they can only be spoken by a priest, his position and the language they contain, seem to me to make it conclusive that they were thus framed to serve the needs of those with whom private confession was no longer made compulsory. The grace of Absolution is only granted to the truly penitent, but among those who all alike hear, the true Pardoner can single out the cases where the word is mixed with faith in the hearers.

Therefore it does not seem to me that a person who is not in danger of complacent self-deceit, and is sure to find out, or be shown his or her faults, is necessarily in need of any other confession than that direct to God Himself. And in the case of very young girls (save on very exceptional grounds), private confession has been often found not to work well, partly, perhaps, from the present state of things where it does not come as a matter of course, and therefore (especially in girls' schools) is an excitement and a distinction. Nay, even, if we may judge from the reports of those who have seen the ways of Roman Catholic girls of the same age, there is a strange levity, a hunting up of faults, as if their recapitulation were a mere lesson, and a tendency to treat them as something with which to answer the priest's questions. Then there is the excitement of talking about oneself, especially to one of the other sex, and the

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uncertainty of the perfect judgment of the hearer. Marie Louise de Lamourous complained that her confessors were constantly being *taken in*, unintentionally, by her penitents; and Mère Angelique was whole years in finding any one who could deal with her nuns. A sensible woman is generally much better able to discipline a tolerable girl's little follies than any man can do; and, as we have said before, when she is really penitent, there is the Absolution for her in church.

Of boys I am not speaking. I do not know enough of the evidence of the advantage or disadvantage of the practical working. They have worse temptations; they do not so much love to talk of themselves; and that may be good for them which does not seem to be beneficial to their sisters. Yet my feeling is that private confession ought not to be forced on any one as a prescribed duty or matter of course; but rather its theory should be explained, as showing the way to a privilege which may be much needed, but not certainly.

I would not link it, as some do, with a young girl's Confirmation and first Communion; nor prescribe regular brief intervals for her, while she has a careful home and religious parents; but only lead her to self-examination and direct confession in her heart, going along with the two forms in church, and accepting the Absolution as freeing her.

By and by, with circumstances will come the deepening and the craving for more; but if that *more* can be attained in direct communion with God, all is well.

Yet for one spirit that can thus stand alone, there are twenty (at least among women) who need counsel and guidance. To such the *viva voce* confession, the direct individual Absolution, and the counsel for the future are an unspeakable comfort. The vagueness of the silent confession is removed, and the watchfulness necessary for a future one is a great assistance both in self-examination and in governing the actions. Of course it is easy to say that the confession to God alone is more direct, and that we *must* be honest with the All-seeing. No doubt many have so found it, and they have walked and still walk in light; but they should not constrain all others to measure by the same rule as themselves.

The popular objections to confession are, first, that which I should be ashamed to mention, but that it really is sometimes made by people who ought to know better, and is founded on stories occurring in foreign lands, with a rude peasant priesthood, namely, the insinuation of evil. This is too absurd and preposterous to be made by any one who knows the character of the English clergy.

The next is family dislike to any external person knowing not only the sins of the individual, but the difficulties and secrets of the household, which are supposed to become matter of gossip; also a fear of undue influence. This is for want of properly understanding the system. Not only is the priest bound to absolute secrecy, but it is one of the primary rules that no irrelevant matter should be introduced, nor anybody else accused. And if people doubt of the judiciousness of the

director, they have done their very best to cause the difficulty, by the furious outburst of clamour which met the petition that confessors might be licensed by the Bishops. This, though every priest has *ex officio* the power of Absolution, would have marked off those with wisdom, judgment, and experience enough to be safe spiritual guides. Most likely such a plan was contemplated by the composers of the exhortation in the Liturgy, when the officiating minister is made to say, 'Let him come to me, *or to some other* discreet and learned minister.' And in general, clergymen have far too much on their hands to *wish* to listen to anything superfluous from their penitents.

Another objection, and one which deserves respect, is that the leaning on another mind is fostering weakness, and that direction destroys strength of character. But is not this saying that to lean on a staff makes one weak, and that therefore the weak must not use one. It may be so in some cases. There is a school of discipline in the Roman Catholic Church which makes implicit submission the great perfection, but even there it is only one school that does so, and that one so late as to be of our own day. It is never likely to be a frequent danger of our sturdy English natures, which find a dogged assertion of freedom of action far more congenial. Even if it were, it must be taken as one of the minor counterbalancing evils that beset everything, however good.

Another of these evils, and the worst of all, is the fancy that freedom from the past sin being thus gained, a new score may be begun. Nobody in these days would dare to put this into words, for of course any such feeling shows that there is no repentance, that the confession has been only outward, and that there is no hatred of the sin, so that the very conditions of Absolution are not fulfilled.

Such are the objections usually made, even by those who are fully instructed in the meaning of Sacramental Confession, and would acknowledge the need thereof on a death-bed, or in the case of the conversion of an ungodly person, who could not be admitted to Communion without evidence of sincerity. They would make the rule rest on 'if he cannot quiet his own conscience.'

This is the rule, the Church rule, and a perfectly safe one. The conscience that is unquiet needs spiritual comfort and counsel, and ought not to be debarred from it; and the conscience ought to be disquieted, not only about some great palpable offence, but about the multitude of petty sins that—as it has been well said—are like falling leaves, each one very small in itself, but forming a choking mass of decay and corruption if not cleared away.

A general sense is awakened in a person's mind, that he or she is not going on very well. Prayers are languid, there is dulness and wandering at Church, no energy in the few good works in hand, or it may be a sense of dissatisfaction with oneself after a time of pleasure and excitement; or a doubt whether all one's habits are right in themselves, or whether one is acting from worldliness or obedience. Attempts at self-

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examination often only puzzle for want of definiteness, or from raising up conflicting questions of duty. The numerous manuals given for the purpose seldom can probe to the point. It is like reading medical books instead of going to the doctor, a proverbial way of getting into a morbid state of mind. Some classes of mind do fall into a distressed and melancholy state from never being sure that they are not deceiving themselves, while others wear through the time, and lose the sense of present pain, whether for their own good or not cannot be told; while others, as diaries show, go on struggling and yearning still.

Would it not be wiser to turn to the remedy the Church has provided? A priest is of course not infallible, but, even humanly speaking, if he be known as a spiritual guide, he must have had experience in dealing with souls, such as will enable him to explain how to arrive at the bottom of the vague disquietude, and show where is the untraced sin, and advise how to conquer it, or satisfy the inquirer as to what is the paramount duty where two are conflicting, guide to books and devotions that might otherwise never have been heard of, and point out modes of self-discipline or duties neglected. And if there be some remembered misdeed making the conscience sore, some choice for the worse that has thrown the whole course astray, or an accumulation of offences committed in ignorance, or thoughtlessness, then how infinite is the comfort of the authoritative individual Absolution, in the Name of Him Who gave power to bind and to loose, how blessed to leave the burthen at the foot of the Cross!

It seems to me that during the childhood and simplicity of the child or woman in the hands of her parents, this other guidance is not needed, and that the pardon she needs is pronounced in the public rites of the Church; but that when the time comes that she passes beyond these home props, and becomes uneasy and perplexed in the deepening of her character, and her perception of higher aims, the 'spiritual comfort and counsel' become most desirable. Some crisis in earlier times sometimes makes it well to begin, such as some great misdemeanour, or some fault that no one has been able to correct.

For my own part, I would never press on anyone the need of confession, unless I saw that the conscience was troubled and restless, or I had reason from my own observation to think that there was some evil *habit* visible to others yet undetected by the individual. But the whole doctrine involved in the explanation of the article, 'The forgiveness of *sins*,' and the commission of Christ to His apostles should be taught to everyone. And if the desire for confession were awakened, I would never attempt to hinder it, not knowing what may be the need of the soul that I cannot see, nor what serious loss and damage may be inflicted by withholding it from what it may justly claim as part of its present right in the inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven.

In the choice of the Spiritual Guide, circumstances are the leading of Providence, and the parents, when consenting or promoting, have a full right of decision. There may often be reasons why the parish priest

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(even if he be willing to hear confessions) may not be the best for an individual case. A comparative stranger may be the best judge of the amount of failure, and the lack of knowledge of the surroundings may be a positive advantage; while to another, the fatherliness of the clergyman known from infancy may be a special blessing.

In the absence of any authoritative regulation, nothing is possible but advice and hints given with much diffidence. One of these would be, that the choice had better fall on an elderly priest rather than a very young one, since it is certain that the former must have more experience, and besides he is a tried man, and far less likely to try to carry out theories of his own, or imitations of practices, the fitness of which for English character has not been proved.

The other questions, of frequency of confession, and also whether it shall be only to the Spiritual Guide, or to any other priest when he is not within reach, these must be left to his decision, and there is no more to say about them.

A hint or two more must be given. It is almost incredible that such should be needed, but the want of them has made itself only too evident, though, perhaps, more in those who have been taught to use this privilege when not ripe enough to appreciate it, or who have only taken it up from a sort of fashion.

Of all hateful kinds of gossip, one of the most shocking is that about the different ways of confessors. It is not only irreverent, but a dishonourable breach of sacred confidence. The priest is bound to absolute secrecy with regard to his penitent; the penitent is just as much so with regard to any peculiarities of his. Besides, where can the real penitence be, if there be levity enough to make such observations?

Again, we know how the poor plead that they do not see that such and such a person is the better for going to church, or being a communicant, and bring up all his faults against him. It is the same with those who are known to be in the habit of confession. The world has laid hold of a truth here. They ought to be better than other people, or else they bring scandal on their profession. Relations are quick to note the errors of one another, especially if their notions are not the same, and outbreaks of temper, selfishness, evil-speaking, or worldliness, will be cited as proofs of the incompetency of the system that has not cured them.

Now ill-temper is sometimes a bodily or nervous affection, and sometimes it really springs from intense sensitiveness not yet under control; but the other faults are all wilful ones, and their continuance unrepressed can only spring either from dishonest confessions, from want of earnestness in following out the remedies, or from that terrible levity before mentioned, which presumes on pardon to go on in sin. Therefore, the person who is not striving to improve under this system is in the double danger which is enhanced by all misused helps.

And this is one reason for which I would so strongly deprecate its being enforced before the soul has reached maturity enough to feel the

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need of it. And if a young person asked for it under circumstances that made it possible that she was led by imitation, or fancy, or desire of making a sensation in her family, it would be well to show her the great solemnity of the rite, and beg her to make as sure as possible of her own motives before granting the request.

It should be remembered that the law, universally enforcing private confession before Communion was not one of the Universal Church; but was made in the thirteenth century, in hopes of restraining the lawlessness of the times. Public confession, general enough for all to join in with personal recollection, and public Absolution, applied no doubt to those who truly repent and believe, have been afforded by our Church; but where there is a difficulty in knowing whether the repentance be true, or in detecting the sin, then private confession is the means sanctioned for the recovery of the soul.

Nor does Spiritual Guidance at all mean putting oneself into the hands of one who will exact blind obedience, or exercise priestcraft, as it is called. Such influence as we were reminded of in *Dominie Freylinghausen* exists wherever there are weak women and ministers who try to rule them. The Pharisees devoured widows' houses, and there were those in St. Paul's time who led captive silly women. Molière has shown off a Tartuffe and Dickens a Gradgrind. But these men prevailed by flattery and outward show, not by the stern and strictly-guarded relations of priest and penitent. The leading is not an attempt to direct in the common ways of life, but an assistance in dealing with sins, and in rising to higher and deeper devotion. To those who feel the exceeding danger of drifting into bad habits and worldly customs, and heaping sin upon sin for want of warning, it is an inestimable boon, supplying the lack of those voices of home whose praise or blame were our 'way marks sure' in our childhood. If we look at biography, we shall find religious melancholy far more common among those who try to do everything for themselves, trusting merely to their own sensations, than to those who have kept to the way traced by our Lord for His Church, in which is found the constant joy of Pardon and Peace.

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XIX.—THE CONSTITUTIONS.

ALTHOUGH in strictness of order the consideration of the Internal Rule ought to follow immediately upon that of the external, yet it is more convenient to postpone it until the whole outer framework of a religious community has been dealt with, and its structure made clear to learners. Accordingly, it is desirable to proceed at once to the question of the Constitutions. And here it is to be observed, that whilst the Rules of the most ancient Orders are more profitable as models than those of later

foundations, on the other hand, modern communities usually have more practicable and business-like constitutions and plans of government, and are therefore better for consultation in framing a new scheme.

As the aim of the Rule is to ensure order, piety, and efficiency, so the aim of the Constitutions is to ensure permanence and good government—to protect the temporalities of the society from waste, and the spiritualities from capricious innovation or from ossifying lethargy. The very term Constitution excludes autocracy, and implies the essentially republican character of a truly religious community. No doubt, often, in practice, very large powers are entrusted to Superiors; but as these Superiors in every wisely-planned community are elected by a majority of their fellows, hold office only for a short term, are checked by a Chapter, and are removable before the expiry of their term on proof of misconduct, their position, though one of great influence, is very far removed from a despotism.

The first principle to be laid down in framing a new Society is to provide that the governing body shall be entirely composed of members of the society itself, and not be made up, even in part, from any external source. Nothing is more fatal to the discipline and welfare of a Religious House than the intermeddling of outsiders; and nothing is more likely to form part of the original scheme of founders, under most of the circumstances which give birth to new Sisterhoods. In the majority of cases, it may fairly be assumed that the motive for beginning a new community of the sort will be to get some important and quasi-public work taken well and permanently in hand, such as a hospital, a penitentiary, or an asylum. Whether these institutions be old foundations or contemporaneous with the Sisterhood they will usually have a committee, board of management, or some such organization connected with them, if even only for the purpose of raising, guaranteeing, or administering funds. And this committee is certain to claim rights and powers over the internal economy of the Sisterhood which cannot be suffered for an instant. In every particular which belongs to the external work entrusted to Sisters, their employers have a perfect right to dictate how they shall act, and may most reasonably rescind the contract in case of failure; but they have no right whatever to exercise any control over their private or internal discipline, any more than a clergyman who employs district-visitors in his parish has a right to regulate their dress and diet within their own homes, though he may impose any conditions he pleases on their parochial ministrations under himself. Nor is the official committee of a public institution the only source of this peril of external meddling. It will often happen that a standing committee, to raise funds exclusively for the Sisterhood itself, and to help it in other ways, will be formed; and this too is likely to claim the right of interference as a requital for its expenditure of time and money. No apparent expediency or advantage should tempt founders to listen for a moment to such proposals, for they are altogether incompatible with the conditions of the Religious Life. The

very utmost right of inquiry which should be conceded to any such body is that of examining the vouchers for the various items of expenditure in the accounts; because it is not by any means unusual to find women with many admirable gifts quite incapable of wise economy in the management of funds, especially funds which come to them as subscriptions apart from exertions of their own; and in that case the strict eye of a masculine accountant, intolerant of an error of a halfpenny in a total of thousands of pounds, may prove a very valuable check and corrective, and be profitable even to the spiritual life of the community; for it is difficult to overrate the worry and distraction which come of a state of chronic insolvency, or even of a desperate, though successful, strain to make both ends meet. There is a third manner in which external interference, if not carefully warded off, may be thrust upon a Sisterhood, even if it be not supported by voluntary contributions. It will be found necessary in practice to secure any property which may belong jointly to the community by a trust-deed, drawn up in accordance with the laws of the country, in order to prevent alienation of funds from the objects of the society. If outsiders be nominated as trustees, the risk of their meddling will be considerable; and this can be prevented only by making certain select members of the society itself—including the Superior for the time being—the trustees, with precautions against malversation of any sort, and against their being able, through their position, to divert the funds of the society to objects alien from their original application. It might happen that the trustees, or a majority of them, chose to withdraw from the society altogether, or desired to bring it entirely over to some position repudiated by its founders—as, for example, to attach it to Dr. Colenso's sect in South Africa, or to that of Bishop Cummins in the United States; and provisions should be inserted to make any such misuse of their office impossible. Further, an annual audit of accounts should in all cases be enjoined, and, as a rule, be entrusted to professional accountants, who could more certainly detect any error, whether of fraud, incompetence, or inadvertence (and thereby deliver the society from financial peril), than any unprofessional auditor. No draft sketch of such a trust-deed can be given here, because the terms of the deed must necessarily vary according to the nature of the property and the local jurisprudence. But in all cases it should be committed to a skilful lawyer to be prepared, and in such a manner, moreover, as to make future interference on the part of the State—which in England, at least, has of late years exhibited a tendency to meddle unscrupulously and mischievously with charitable foundations—difficult and improbable.

Having taken these preliminary precautions against interference from without, the next task is to provide for the administration of the society from within. I will therefore set down here a draft Constitution framed on a comparison of several Rules; and the first clause should invariably be Preamble, setting forth the name and objects of the society.

2. The conditions of eligibility should be laid down, such as full com-

munion with the Anglican Church in any of its parts, age between eighteen and forty, previous good character, a certain standard of education and of physical capacity, consent of parents or guardians in the case of minors; absence of prior and binding claims in all cases.

3. The classes into which the Society is distinguished should be stated, as for example—1. Full Sisters; 2. Choir Sisters; 3. Probationers, or Novices; 4. Lay Sisters; 5. Lay Novices; 6. Postulants; 7. Associates. These terms will all be explained a little later.

4. The method of Candidature.—The most usual system is to invite the candidate to take up her abode in the community for a time (say three months), during which she undertakes either to comply with the rules or to withdraw at once. If she be desirous of persevering at the end of that time, she becomes a *Postulant*, on the nomination of the Superior, or of any Sister whom the Superior entrusts with the task of examining the fitness and vocation of candidates. She passes from the position of a guest to that of a pupil, and is subjected to regular training and a stricter discipline, and ought to spend at least six months more in this grade, whether she propose to become a Choir or a Lay Sister. At any time during this part of her probation she may be dismissed by the Superior, as unsuited to the community, without any formal process.

5. If, at the end of the six months, the Postulant be still desirous of proceeding, the Superior may either lengthen her probation, or place her name at once on the list of candidate-Novices. The more usual custom is to leave this entirely in the hands of the Superior, who has the sole responsibility of choice at this stage. But it will be found in practice wiser to submit all names of candidates for the Novitiate to a vote in Chapter; because it is far more likely that a number of persons who have had opportunity of observing a candidate's demeanour during her nine months' residence can judge adequately of her fitness than a busy official, who has perhaps had scarcely any time to devote to this single case. However, a bare majority of votes ought to be considered sufficient at this stage; and to give a further chance to the candidate, votes and proxies should be confined to those Sisters who have been in residence together with her, and have thus some definite grounds on which to base their judgment.

6. The Postulant, having passed this ordeal, becomes a Novice, and thereby an integral member of the community, with a right to be supported at its expense, to receive her dress, food, and lodging in return for her services during her term of probation. This being so, it is but reasonable that she should be required to promise compliance with the Rule for the fixed time—not less, under any circumstances, than two years—during which the Novitiate lasts. Instead of being still at liberty to withdraw at any moment, she should clearly understand that she binds herself, to use a phrase of secular life, for an apprenticeship of at least two years certain. Nevertheless she may be dismissed for adequate reasons at any time within that term. It is well that such dismissal

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should be the act of the Chapter which elected her (or at any rate of the Council or Standing Committee of the Chapter), and not that of the Superior alone; that she should have full opportunity of defence or explanation; and that the excluding majority of votes should be somewhat larger than that required for her election. While two years ought to be the minimum, it by no means follows that it should be the maximum of the Novitiate, even when no longer term is actually prescribed by the Rule—which may require three, four, or five years. The Superior, aided by the opinion of the Mistress of the Novices and of the Chaplain, may keep the Novice's name back for any additional time she judges desirable; or the Chapter may again and again refuse to elect her to the higher grade. Only in that case she is at liberty to withdraw at any time after the expiration of her covenanted term. During the Novitiate Novices are placed under a special officer (the Mistress of the Novices named above), and have no potential voice in Chapter; and though they may be admitted, if such be the custom of the House, to its deliberations, and even invited to give their opinions, yet they cannot substantially vote. They ought, however, to have a full share in *Conference*, an institution to be described later on.

7. While the mere consent of the Superior, verbal or written, is enough for the admission of a Postulant, that of a Novice ought to be much more formal. A specific office, and the donning of a special dress, should be enjoined, and forms of admission to this and to the higher grade, which can be altered to meet local requirements, will be found in the Pontifical included in the *Priests' Prayer Book*.

8. At the expiration of the Noviciate, the same formalities should be observed as in the advancement of a Postulant to the grade of Novice; save that a clear majority of two-thirds of the votes in Chapter should be required for a valid election. On attaining the grade of Choir Sister by solemn admission, the custom in many, perhaps in most, communities is that the newly-advanced member attains to a full share in the government of the House, and can rise no higher, save by election or nomination to an office. But a wiser system is to interpose a second term of probation, from three to five years, before final profession. The grades so far are exactly analogous to the educational ranks of Schoolboy, Undergraduate, Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts. The Undergraduate, on becoming a Bachelor of Arts, does not thereby attain a share in the management of his college or university, though certain privileges formerly withheld are conceded to him. Not until he reaches the higher degree is he eligible to govern; and the interval between the lower grade and it ought to be (and formerly was) spent in deeper and more advanced studies than suited with less mature years. So, too, the Novice, on passing into the next stage of community rank, ought not to regard her spiritual training as ended; and though she emerges from the immediate jurisdiction of a Mistress of Novices, yet she ought to continue her studies, and aim at a higher standard than she has yet attained. A

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right to a seat in Chapter and to speak without being particularly called on (as a Novice, present only by favour, needs to be), might be fairly conceded to her, but not the power of substantive voting, nor of being elected or nominated to the Superiorship or the headship of any department, though capable of being appointed as Deputy or Assistant, or even to the temporary superintendence of some external work. In this way a thorough familiarity with the methods of deliberation and government would be acquired before the time of directly exercising these functions, and the danger to the society from inexperience would be reduced to a minimum.

9. It is to the fully professed Choir Sisters, who have passed this last stage of probation, that the government of the House and the right of election and legislation in Chapter should belong, and from them only ought the Superior and other chief office-bearers to be chosen. Chapter is a term which is used in two distinct senses, religious and administrative. The *religious* Chapter is a daily assembly of all the Sisters and Novices for a rite of confession of breaches of the Rule; the *administrative* Chapter meets only when specially convoked—which it should be not less than once a month—for elections, and the consideration of all other weighty affairs of common interest to the society. The Superior is *ex-officio* President of Chapter, and has not only a casting vote in case of an equal division, but a double vote always. In the absence of the Superior, or during a vacancy, the Assistant-Superior, or else the senior professed Sister, should preside and have a casting vote, but not the double vote. For the election of Novices and for minor matters, a bare majority of votes, i.e. one more than half, may suffice; for elections of Sisters and Superiors, for expulsions, and for any change in the Rule, not less than two-thirds should be required.

10. All voting at elections and for expulsions should be conducted either by ballot or by sealed voting-papers entrusted to a scrutineer pledged to absolute secrecy—the Chaplain of the House will in practice be the most suitable person—because in this wise entire freedom of election can be secured, and the possibility of personal resentment at the vote of any member be materially diminished.

11. When the number of Sisters becomes large, it will be found convenient to have a Council or Standing Committee of Chapter to advise with the Superior on all matters *not involving any changes* in the members or laws of the Society, without necessarily calling the whole Chapter together to debate on them. This Council shall consist of the Assistant-Superior, the Mistress of Novices, the Treasurer, the Secretary, and if these offices be not elective, but in the Superior's gift, of not less than three other professed Sisters elected by the Chapter to represent the general body. But if the offices be elective, one professed Sister in addition will suffice. This Council, answering precisely to the Cabinet of a ministry, is the executive of the Society. It may decide by open voting, unless any member call for a ballot.

12. If the action of the Council should at any time be thought

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prejudicial to the interests of the Society, the Superior, on the requisition of any three professed Sisters, shall be obliged to convoke the whole Chapter, to decide on sanctioning or annulling its procedure.

13. In all cases where important financial interests of the Society are concerned, as the undertaking of new buildings, the investment of legacies or donations, the acquisition of land or houses, the selling-out of funds, and so forth, the sanction of the full Chapter must be obtained by a two-thirds majority, and in all difficult questions it shall be competent for the Council to summon extra advisers as assessors without vote.

14. Every proposal for a change in the Rules or Constitutions shall issue either from the Council, or from at least five professed Sisters not of the Council. Notice in writing shall be given a month previously to the debate to all Sisters entitled to vote, and a majority of not less than two-thirds of those present at the Chapter in which the change is proposed shall be necessary to carry it through the first stage. A second notice that it has been so carried shall be given immediately to all who were not present, and a second division be taken at not less than a month's distance from the first, at which the proxies or voting-papers of the Sisters who cannot be present should be tendered, in order that the mind of the whole body of voters may be ascertained. A second majority of two-thirds shall authorise the change, unless it be disallowed by the Visitor, on a protest of the minority that it involves a fundamental alteration of the institution, incompatible with its objects.

15. Motions for the expulsion of a Sister or Novice on the ground of misconduct must proceed from the Council alone, and be ratified in the case of the former by at least a two-thirds' majority, and in that of the latter by a majority exceeding at least by one that which voted for her election.

16. If a Sister or Novice who has either voluntarily withdrawn from the Society, or has been dismissed from it, seek readmission, the Superior and Council only shall decide on submitting her name to the Chapter; and if they do so submit it, a majority of three-fourths shall be required for her readmission, and if it be obtained, she shall take the lowest place amongst those of her own grade, losing any seniority she may have previously attained.

17. The term 'Choir Sisters' was anciently applied to those of a higher social grade, who were competent, in days when education was rare, to recite the Psalter in choir. In contrast with them were devout women of lower station, to whom the rougher manual labour of the House, such as in the kitchen and laundry, were entrusted. These were and are styled Lay or Serving Sisters, and are usually not bound to the same number of attendances in chapel, nor the same period of study and mental prayer as the Choir Sisters, but receive a rule suited to their less advanced mental training. They never acquire a vote in Chapter, nor can be placed at the head of a chief department; and both their novitiate and

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their second probation ought to be considerably longer than those of Choir Sisters; a minimum of at least three years being required to pass from the grade of Novice, and seven years more to reach that of a fully professed Sister; because it is necessary to supplement the deficiencies of their early training by a more detailed and prolonged course of instruction than is needed by such as have been highly educated before entering the Society.

18. The Superior should be elected by the whole Chapter, either by ballot or by sealed voting-papers, and only for a short term of years, three, five, or seven. The first of these is the more usual. A bare majority should suffice for her election; but if at the expiry of her first term she be again proposed, a majority of at least two-thirds shall be necessary to re-elect her; and in the event of a third nomination when the second term has expired, at least three-fourths of the Chapter should vote in her favour.

19. In a fully organized and large Society, the following additional offices should exist (all of them, as mentioned in an earlier paper, being functions of the three primary posts of Superior, Sacristan, and Housekeeper, and be filled either by nomination of the Superior and Council or by election):—1, Assistant-Superior; 2, Mistress of the Novices; 3, Sacristan: 4. Precentrix (who may also be Organist and Choir-Mistress); 5, Treasurer or Burser; 6, Housekeeper; 7, Secretary; 8, Keeper of the Wardrobe; 9, Mistress of the Lay Novices; 10, Guest-mistress; 11, Hospitaller, or Infirmarian; 12, Librarian; 13, Portress; 14, Commissionaire. Of these, the Assistant-Superior ranks first, as being intrusted with the government of the House in the Superior's absence, and then the Treasurer and Secretary as being *ex-officio* members of Council; but the others have precedence merely in the order of their seniority, save that each head of a department, when in that department, ranks above every one except the Superior and the Assistant-Superior. For instance, the Treasurer, if in the Infirmary for any reason, must submit to the Hospitaller's directions, although holding a higher office in the House. Orders devoted to special work, as, for instance, education, will have additional officers for its purposes, not here specified.

20. As the Assistant-Superior is the Superior's representative and deputy, and clothed with her full authority in her absence, it is important that they should be entirely of accord, and for this reason it is usual to leave the nomination of this officer in the Superior's hands. If it be judged well, however, a power of veto may be lodged in the hands of the Council.

21. It is, on the whole, better to make the other officers, save those of Portress and Commissionaire (usually conferred on Lay Sisters) elective by the Chapter, or at least jointly nominated by the Superior and Council; and the tenure may be annual, or for a longer time, provided it do not in any case exceed the Superior's own duration in office.

22. In the event of any Sister having ground of complaint against

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another, the dispute shall in the first instance be referred to the head of the department to which they both belong, or in which the matter of dispute has arisen. If they belong to separate departments, or if one of the parties concerned be herself a head of department, the question shall come before the Superior in Council, to whom also an appeal shall be from any decision of a head of department. No private or anonymous accusation shall be received or acted on, and the accused must in all cases be confronted with the accuser, and given full opportunity of defence and explanation.

23. No member of Council, if the subject of an accusation, shall be entitled to sit or vote in her own cause.

24. If a charge be brought against the Superior, for violation of the constitutions, or any other form of misgovernment, it must be discussed in full Chapter, presided over by the Visitor; and his concurrence, with a two-thirds' majority, shall be necessary for conviction and punishment by deposition or otherwise.

25. Any Sister who regards herself as unjustly treated by the decision of the Council or Chapter, or who has failed in an effort to prevent serious breach of the Constitutions, may appeal to the Visitor to examine and decide in the case; and the Superior shall have no power to read or intercept any letter addressed to the Visitor by a Sister. But in every instance where the Visitor judges the application to be groundless, the appellant shall lose her seniority, and descend to the bottom of her grade, and undergo any further penalty assigned by the Visitor and Council, or else submit to dismissal from the Society.

26. Sisters possessed of adequate private means shall pay during their membership of the Society such capital or annual sums as will defray the expenses incurred on their behalf. The pledge of poverty need not deprive them of the rights of property which they enjoy at their entrance, or may acquire subsequently, but does bind them to apply to their personal uses only such a portion of their income as covers the necessary average expenditure of a member of the community. The surplus income, if not made over to kindred, may be applied to the general needs of the community, or to such other uses as the Chapter may recommend.

27. As no candidate with prior and indisputable claims on her services should be admitted to full membership of a Religious House, so too no Sister possessed of property should be permitted to transfer, either by deed of gift or by will, the whole or any such portion of it as would involve injustice to kindred with reasonable claims. The moral injury to the Society from the acceptance, and still more from the solicitation, of any such donation or bequest, would very far outweigh the temporal advantages.

28. It shall be competent for the Superior and Council to admit candidates who have no means of support whatever, if they judge them fitted for the purposes of the Society; but no distinction is to be made, and no information given, as to the paying and the non-paying members, that

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absolute equality, save in the official aspect of the House, may prevail amongst the Sisters.

29. On the entrance of any Sister into the community, an inventory shall be taken of any property she brings with her, and it, or its equivalent in money value, shall be returned to her in case of her withdrawal or dismissal. No Sister so retiring from the Society shall be suffered to depart in the habit of the Society, but other clothes shall be provided for her, at her own cost, unless the Council should judge otherwise. But she cannot reclaim any sums derived from income, and not from capital, which she has expended on behalf of the Society during her sojourn. Capital which she has sunk must be refunded, but in case of her dismissal for misconduct, without interest.

30. Members of the Society who desire to withdraw from it, whether as Sisters or Novices, must apply to the Chapter for a formal release from their obligation of continuance. In the event of their quitting the Society without such permission, asked and granted in due form, they shall forfeit all claim to the restoration of any property which they may have brought with them into the Society on joining it. The Chapter shall be bound to release any member so applying, unless in case of such misconduct as to justify expulsion when it is inexpedient to allow the withdrawal to appear a voluntary act.

31. No order may be given by the Superior, or any other official, which involves a breach of any fundamental rule of the Society: although the Superior, or the Assistant in her absence, may dispense individual Sisters from exact compliance with minor details; as, for example, the hours of rising, the quality of diet, the length of absence from the community, and so forth.

32. Should such an order be given as plainly contradicts the Rule, the duty of the person receiving it is to point out its incompatibility with obedience to the Rule, and to refuse compliance on that ground; bringing the matter at once before the Council for decision, with right of appeal to the Visitor, whose judgment shall be final. But in case the objection be overruled as frivolous, the complainant must submit to any penalty for disobedience imposed by the tribunal to which she has appealed, or be dismissed from the Society.

33. But if an order be given which does not contradict the Rule in any particular, yet appears to the person receiving it to be gravely injudicious—as, for instance, if the Superior should call on the Treasurer to expend a large sum of money at a time when the finances were very low—it is the duty of the person receiving the order to remonstrate respectfully, stating her grounds of disapproval. If the order proceed only from a head of department, the dissentient may refer it to the Superior, who shall decide the dispute; but if it be the Superior herself who gives the order, and she repeat it after hearing the remonstrance, the Sister shall then execute it in accordance with the duty of obedience, though she shall be at liberty to mention the circumstance in the next Conference.

34. Conference is an informal Chapter, at which all members of the Community, Novices as well as Sisters, have a right to be present and to speak. It has no legislative powers, but is a purely family gathering for the discussion of matters of common interest; and one special utility of it is that it brings all the heads of departments together, to compare their several wants, and to provide in concert for the requirements of the House. It is desirable that no measure should be proposed in Chapter till it has been handled in Conference, in order that it may be thoroughly ventilated. Conference may be daily, and in no case should be less frequent than weekly.

35. For the spiritual guidance of the House, a Chaplain shall be appointed by the Superior and Council, to hold office during their pleasure, subject, in the event of his receiving a stipend, to a quarter's notice or salary in case of his dismissal. He should have the right of sitting as assessor in all grave cases brought before the Council or Chapter for decision (especially such as involve expulsion as the penalty for conviction), but has no vote. He is free from interference in his pastoral dealings with individuals; but is bound not to enjoin nor permit any course of action inconsistent with the Rule of the House. The rule which forbids the Sisters to discuss the affairs of the Society with outsiders extends to him also.

36. There are commonly two classes of Associates in Religious Houses, those who work for a part of each year with and under the Sisters, and those who simply bind themselves to a community of prayers and good offices. The rules for both of these will vary according to local circumstances, but it is sufficient to say that the former class, which alone need be here considered, will generally follow the rules laid down for Postulants.

37. The one exception to the maxim of non-interference from without is in the office of Visitor. The importance of this function, which should always be provided for in the Constitutions, is that owing to malversation, neglect, or partizanship, serious deviations from the Rule, or acts of injustice, may take place within a community, and owing to the state of the internal local opinion, no redress may be immediately obtainable, and it becomes necessary to invoke arbitration from without. The founder of a new Society, if not its first Chaplain, will naturally be, certainly have a right to name, its first Visitor. In all subsequent cases, the Visitor (who should be a person of dignified position, high character, and clear upright judgment) ought to be elected by the Chapter. An ecclesiastic of rank, who had some previous experience as a lawyer, would be the best Visitor; but no person should be chosen to fill this post on *ex-officio* grounds; especially the Bishop of the diocese should not have an official right to it (though in the case of personal fitness no more suitable Visitor could be found), because in the present day it is more than possible that he might avail himself of his position to overthrow or revolutionize an institution with which he had no sympathy. Whoever

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be Visitor, he should be empowered to bring not more than two assessors or experts with him to assist in forming his judgment.

38. The Constitutions should provide for the future growth and expansion of the Society, and settle the relations of the Mother House with daughter houses. These may take one of two forms, both of which widely prevail in existing institutions, and the choice between which must be guided by local considerations. In the one case, each daughter house, as soon as its numbers and resources become sufficient, achieves independence, and becomes a copy of the Mother House in all particulars, having the right of electing its own officers, training its own Novices, and so forth. In this case, no more need be said than that to insure conformity to the spirit of the institutions, the Novices of daughter houses should pass a portion of their novitiate at the Mother House; and no important change in the Constitutions should be made without the consent of a joint Chapter of delegates from all the Houses. In the other case, the Superior of the Mother House is Superior-General of the whole Society, and has in some instances the right of nominating, and in all, the right of vetoing the election of, the Superiors of daughter houses; and a joint Council and Chapter, formed by delegates from all the Houses, decides upon all questions of more than local concern; while there is, where practicable, only one House of Novitiate, in which all Novices are trained before being distributed to the local communities. Each of these has its own Council and Chapter for internal management, but is subject to Visitation from the Mother House. But where this is the case, the Chapters of the daughter houses have a share in the election of the Superior-General. On the whole, the balance of advantages seems to be in favour of the former plan, which is also the older, as it makes cavils in local houses less probable than where a minority is nerved to continual resistance by the hope of gaining the ear of a distant head, to whom complaints can be freely despatched. As regards precedence, the Superior of the Mother House ranks first everywhere, the Assistant-Superior of the Mother House before all Superiors of daughter houses when at the Mother House, and next after them in their own Houses, and other Sisters in their order of seniority, the Mother House ranking first when this is equal.

R. F. L.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART III.

ARIOSTO.

Ruggiero made literally a 'flying visit' to England, for, finding himself pressed upon by a crowd of curious spectators, and willing to excite their wonder still more, he shook the bridle of his strange steed and mounted again into air above the heads of the gaping crowd. Having a mind to

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visit St. Patrick's Well, 'in which such grace is found that man can there purge away every heinous sin,' he turned his course in the direction of 'fabulous Hibernia,' and thence back towards Lesser Britain (Bretagne). In passing over the islands of the Hebrides he beheld, upon the wild rocks by the sea-shore, what he at first took for a very beautiful statue of alabaster; but, drawing nearer to admire this work of art, he perceived that it was a real, living woman, with tears on her lovely cheeks, and the wind lifting her golden hair, who was thus barbarously exposed, bound by her delicate wrists.

This was no other than Angelica, who had, as above stated, been seized by sea-rovers, and brought hither, to the 'Island of Weeping,' to become the victim of an ork which infested those shores.*

The surpassing beauty of Angelica had touched the hearts even of the barbarous inhabitants of the country, and they had deferred her doom until a time when no other victim could be found. This moment had now arrived, and even as Ruggiero approached to inquire with respectful pity how he could aid her, the roar and swell of the sea, as the vast body of the monster divided the waves, announced the coming of the destroyer.

Ruggiero, of course, attacked it, but its skin resisted both thrust of lance and cut of sword. The beast, unable to reach its flying persecutor, raged and dived, following the shadow of the hippogriff on the water; the furious lashing of its tail caused such torrents of spray that the knight feared for the wings of his courser, and resolved to try the effect of the shield, but first, lest Angelica should be injured by the dreadful splendour, he slipped the ring (her own long lost ring) upon her finger.

The ork became stupefied by the exposure of the magic-shield, and Ruggiero hastened to free the lady and mount her behind him.

But her beauty was dangerous as ever: Ruggiero could not resist turning in his saddle to gaze upon her; and, alas for Bradamante! a second time he forget his fidelity to her in the ardour of a new passion. Instead of prosecuting his journey therefore, he alighted upon the shores of Lesser Britain.

But Angelica did not respond to his advances; she had recognised with delight that it was her own ring which he had placed on her finger; she immediately slipped it into her mouth, and was lost to the sight of her new admirer. Ruggiero, who knew the virtues of the ring, guessed what she had done, and groped about with extended arms as if he had had been a blind man, but all in vain.

* This monster had been sent by Proteus in revenge for the murder of a maiden whom he loved. In order to prevent the entire depopulation of the island, the inhabitants were directed 'by the oracle' to offer every day a young maiden to appease the appetite of this dreadful beast. In consequence of this, the place had become almost destitute of women; hence the necessity of endeavouring to recruit the supplies for the ork from other countries; so that the Hebridean kidnappers had become a perfect pest on all the neighbouring shores.

In the meantime the ever-watchful Atlante had stimulated the hippogriff to take flight, so that when Ruggiero, perceiving his search to be hopeless, would fain have remounted, he found himself, if he would continue his journey, obliged to do so on foot. Sounds of clashing arms soon struck his ear, and he turned in the direction of them. He beheld a knight, whose horse lay dead, defending himself from a giant; and when the knight fell and the giant loosed his helm to despatch him, to Ruggiero's horror the uncovered face appeared to be that of his Bradamante! He dashed in to the rescue, upon which the giant caught up his victim in his arms, and took to flight. Ruggiero followed this lure to a castle where Atlante detained him by continual illusive appearances.

In following thus the fortunes of Ruggiero, we have passed the epoch in the poem at which Orlando makes his reappearance; but as he has to arrive at the Hebrides later than Ruggiero's rescue of Angelica, it ensured fewer interruptions in the story to do so.

Orlando, within the besieged walls of Paris, though occupied by day with his military duties, was at night perpetually haunted by the thought of Angelica. His lamentations for 'his gentle life' are most pathetic. He pictures her to himself as surrounded by all sorts of dangers—

> 'As, after the day's light hath passed away,
> Amidst the thickets wanders the strayed lamb,
> And, hoping by her shepherd to be heard,
> Goes here and there complaining, and the wolf
> Hears her instead—and the poor shepherd weeps.'

His dreams exaggerate the terrors of his waking thoughts—a tempest seems to separate his beloved from his side, and whilst he vainly seeks her in the gloom, he is maddened by hearing her voice in accents of wild distress calling upon him for help. He wakes in anguish, and leaps from his bed, and unable longer to bear such torment, hurriedly puts on his armour—not that with the red and white quarterings, however, but the sable suit he won from Amostante—mounts Brigliador, and leaves the city without any attendant, and without even acquainting his tried friend Brandimarte of his intentions.

'Thus, caring little for his uncle, or himself, and less for his God,' he set out upon his search. He passed through the Moorish camp, and might, without difficulty have slain numbers of the foe, but he disdained to draw his sword upon a sleeping enemy. Aided by his Moorish armour, and by as perfect a possession of the Arabic tongue, 'as if he had been born at Tripoli,' he still continued to prosecute his search when the day dawned. But it was destined to be very long before he obtained tidings of her he sought. All the autumn and winter months he passed in traversing France and Spain. In the spring, one day as he debated how, 'being neither fish nor fowl,' he should pass a river which separates the 'Normans from the Bretons,' he perceived a damsel with a boat, who offered him a passage on condition that he should join the king of Ireland in an expedition to destroy the island of the Hebrides; the

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corsairs, who despoiled all the neighbouring coasts of their women, having become a scourge no longer to be endured.

Orlando's sensitive imagination immediately represented to him his adored Angelica exposed as a prey to the frightful monster described in the damsel's narration; and he thought it very long before he could embark for the shores of the Island of Weeping. He hurried to St. Malo, took ship, coasted Bretagne, and attempted to make the English shores; but need we say that a storm prevented his doing so? Antwerp was the point upon which his vessel was driven. Here his aid was urgently besought by Olympia, the oppressed daughter of the Count of Holland, whose relations had been slain, and her lover imprisoned by the king of Friesland.

This king was aided in his wickedness by a new and frightful invention of Satan, 'a hollow iron, two arms long, concealing within it certain powder and a ball, and upon being touched with fire at an air-hole, it thrust out the ball with a great noise, so that you would say it thundered and lightened, and its effects were similar, for, what it touched it burnt, beat down, tore open, and shattered.'

Orlando, however, did not fear this 'deceit,' but went to parley with the possessor of it. The treacherous king endeavours to surround him; but the sturdy knight, perceiving the ambuscade, charges into the midst of his enemies, who are so numerous that he spits six upon his lance at once, and mortally wounds the seventh, 'as an archer would send an arrow through so many frogs on the margin of a fosse!' Throwing away the thus 'heavy lance,' he takes to Durlindana, which, 'where it touches, changes blue, green, white, and black into vermilion.'

Upon this wholesale slaughter of his troops, the king calls loudly for his 'fire-reed,' and orders the gates of the city to be shut; but the paladin thunders over the bridge before it can be raised. The streets are cleared before him as if by magic, but the king waits behind a corner with his hollow iron, and, as Orlando approaches, the walls tremble with the discharge of the dreadful implement. But whether it were haste or that his hand 'trembled like a leaf' with fear, the ball killed, not Orlando but his horse. We take this announcement, however, with equanimity, since we have been preinformed that Brigliador had been left in Bretagne by his master when he embarked.

Olympia's lover was soon set free, and she departed with him amidst great rejoicings. Orlando, having completed his adventure so successfully, continued his journey to the Hebrides. But he carried with him, as his share of the spoils of Dordrecht, the 'torment which resembled the thunder-bolt'—not in order to take advantage of it himself, for that the loyal knight would have considered the act of a coward soul, but to bestow it where none could ever make evil use of it again. Accordingly, when in mid-channel he drops the weapon, powder and shot into the sea, addressing it as follows:—

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'That no knight may be bold by reason of thee; that no wicked one

may boast himself to be of more valour than the good by aid of thee—O accursed, O abominable invention, framed by the hand of Beelzebub, who made thee to ruin the world—to hell, whence thou camest, I consign thee!'

But the honest paladin's precautions were unavailing, for as we are told, a necromancer in later days discovered the weapon, and rescuing it from the sea, carried it amongst the Germans; and 'the devil gave them subtlety to find out the use of it;' and the Italians and French learned to make it; and according as it was small or large they called it gun or cannon.

Orlando arrived at length, despite delays by contrary winds, at the Isle of Weeping, having, by the way, formed in his own mind a very artful plan of destroying the monster. He found a lady, indeed, bound to the fatal rock; but it was the wretched Olympia whom her perfidious lover had abandoned on a desolate island* where she was found and carried off by the corsairs as food for the ork.

When the monster approached to seize its lovely prey, Orlando put into execution his pre-conceived plan. He rowed in a small boat, as the terrific, gaping jaws were opened to devour him, straight into the horrible abyss—for a man on horseback could have entered—and dexterously fixed the anchor he had brought, so that one fluke entered the palate and the other the tongue; and thus the great jaws were prevented from closing upon him. Then, with Durlindana, he endeavoured to penetrate by this direct passage to the beast's heart! But the ork, in its agony, dived, and the paladin, finding 'the water abound too much,' swam out from his hazardous position, and made for the land, bearing with him the end of the rope which he had made fast to the anchor. He then, tugging 'with that strength which exceeded all other strength,' and 'which took more effect at one effort than a windlass can do in three,' towed the wallowing, floundering ork to land, pouring blood from its mouth in such quantities that 'the sea is red with it to this day!'

Upon this the barbarous inhabitants, fearing the wrath of Proteus at the destruction of his ork, poured down upon Orlando; and Durlindana had to go to work again. The king of Ireland now arrived with his forces, but found his work already done. He had been a page at Charlemagne's court, and consequently recognised the great paladin, and did him much honour. He also fell deeply in love with the beautiful Olympia, whom he soon contrived to console for the cruel desertion of Bireno.

Orlando, not having succeeded in discovering Angelica, now returned as quickly as he could to Bretagne, reclaimed Brigliador and continued his search. His investigations led him one day near the new magic-castle of Atlante, and he was enticed thither by a similar ruse to that which had been practised on Ruggiero. He seemed to see his Angelica struggling and crying for help as she was borne before a mounted knight. Pursuing in hot haste, Orlando entered the castle, and traversed its rich

* The description of Olympia when she discovers her desertion is considered very fine.

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chambers in the vain effort to reach her whose voice, wherever he went, still seemed to call on him for help from some other part. Angelica herself, in the meantime, arrived at this enchanted castle, and being secure from all enchantment by means of the ring, stood no unamused witness of the perplexities of the victims of the spell. She had, on leaving Ruggiero, entered a shepherd's hut and provided herself with food and necessary clothing, then making free also with one of the horses of the drove, she had resolved to endeavour to continue her journey to the East. But she sadly felt the need of a protector. 'Would,' thought she, 'I had here either Orlando or Sacripant!' She did not prefer one lover to the other, but weighed their several uses discriminatingly. Orlando she knew would be by far the ablest protector, because of his strength in arms; but, then, if she accepted him as her companion he would wish to be her master; whereas, when she had done with Sacripant, she could get rid of him more easily. As she stopped to watch the strange delusions of the various knights whom Atlante had here brought together, she beheld the very subjects of her meditations, both Orlando and Sacripant, and also Ferrau, all quite unconscious of each other's presence and all engaged in a most earnest search for herself! After amusing herself with observing them for a while as they quested upper and lower chambers, and surrounding grounds, she chose a moment when Sacripant alone was near, to render herself visible to him. But as she did so, both Orlando and Ferrau arrived upon the spot and beheld her also.

She was quite perplexed by such a superabundance of defenders, and in her confusion had recourse to her usual expedient of flight. They all gave instant chase; but she bethought her to put the ring in her mouth and thus vanished from their sight.

Ferrau thereupon began, with great insolence, to demand the business of the other two. Orlando, who was not accustomed to give a reason for his actions, could ill brook this. He would fain have chastised the Spaniard, but Ferrau was without a helmet.

Cries he, 'Bestial man, if you had a helmet I would quickly show you who I am!'

'What affair is it of yours whether I have a helmet, or not?' retorts Ferrau.

'I pray thee do me the service to lend him thy casque till I drive the folly out of him,' begs Orlando of Sacripant.

'Who would be fool then?' rejoins Sacripant; 'lend him thine own; Perchance I as well as thou, can chastise a madman!'

'Fools both!' cries Ferrau. 'If I had wanted a helmet, I would have taken both yours. But I have made a vow never to wear one till I gain that which Orlando wears!'

'I think,' says the paladin, smiling grimly; 'if thou sawest Orlando, thou wouldst tremble from head to foot, and yield him thine arms instead of taking his!'

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'Many and many a time,' replies the Spanish boaster, 'have I so hard

pushed Orlando that I could have taken, not only his helmet, but all the rest of his armour.'

Here Orlando's patience gave way.

'Liar! Foul Pagan! When and where didst thou prevail against me in arms? Try now if thou canst take my helmet—not the smallest advantage shall it give me now.' So saying he tore off the helmet of Almonte, hung it on a tree, and attacked the astonished Ferrau.

Sacripant seeing them so well employed, and thinking to lose no time, took the road by which he believed Angelica to have gone, and left the two knights to fight as long as they pleased. But Angelica, who seems to have gained courage by the fact of her invisibility, remained to witness the battle.

She was soon satisfied with that amusement, however; and not wishing Orlando to be injured, fighting thus foolishly bareheaded, she thought to play both the warriors a trick in order to see what they would do when they found it out; so she took Orlando's helmet and went away. After a while she came to a fountain where she thought she would await the issue of the battle.

Ferrau was the first to perceive the disappearance of the helmet, 'Alas!' cries he; 'what fools that knight has made of us both! What does it matter who is the victor, when he has stolen the helmet?'

Orlando agreed with him in the opinion that it was Sacripant who had taken the helmet, and they divided in search of him; Ferrau, by chance, taking the road by which Angelica had gone. Soon he came within sight of her, waiting at the fountain. Now Ferrau, of all men was the last with whom Angelica wished to come in contact, and she started up in such a violent hurry to escape, that she had not time to take the helmet. When Ferrau, therefore, reached the spot, he found, not Angelica, but the long-coveted helmet of Almonte! He did not hesitate an instant to appropriate it, for, as we have remarked before, the Saracen knights were not troubled with too nice a sense of honour; and Ferrau never parted with the helmet again until he was killed by Orlando. Angelica was, in this instance, really unselfishly grieved that she had caused the good paladin to lose his valued helmet. She even acknowledged that she was under obligation to him. 'I did it with a good intent,' cries she sadly; 'I only wished to bring the battle to a truce, and not that this ugly Spaniard should obtain his object by my means!'

Orlando, however, was comparatively indifferent as to the loss of his helmet; the fleeting glimpse he had obtained of his mistress had made him more ardent than ever in the pursuit of her; but he still pursued her in vain. One day, when his route brought him near Paris, he encountered two troops of Saracens, and he attacked and cut them to pieces, and so spread a rumour of the terrible valour of the 'black knight' amongst their camp. He also, in the course of his wanderings, delivered Isabella, the daughter of the King of Gallicia, from the hands of a band of brigands. She had been on her road to meet her intended bridegroom,

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Zerbino of Scotland, who had won her love on a visit to her father's court; but his false friend Odorico had taken advantage of her shipwreck to endeavour to win her for himself. These robbers, however, drove him off, and took her. They kept her prisoner, leaving her when they went on their expeditions, in the charge of a very wicked old woman named Gabrina. Orlando now destroyed the whole band, and took Isabella under his care until he could restore her to more fitting guardianship.

And now it is high time that we should turn our attention to the fortunes of the besieged capital of Charlemagne, whose enemies had reduced her to very great straits. Agramante having heard that Rinaldo, with large reinforcements from the British Isles, was on his road to the relief of Paris, resolved to take the town by storm before these allies could arrive, and made his preparations accordingly.

The most biting satire to be found in the poem is here introduced. Charlemagne, in expectation of the assault, caused masses to be celebrated by 'all the brothers, black, white, and grey,' in all the churches of their orders; whilst he, 'amidst his barons, paladins, orators, and princes,' received the sacrament at Notre Dame, and joined in the other 'divine acts,' in order 'to give an example to the others.' Then, with joined hands, and eyes raised to heaven, he solemnly acknowledged the sins of himself and his people, but entreated that, nevertheless, the Pagans might not be permitted to boast that the Christians were not helped by their religion. This prayer was borne direct by Charlemagne's 'better angel,' and seconded by all the company of saints. In consequence, the archangel Michael received the divine command to seek out Silence to guide the army of the Christians, and Discord to distract the councils of the unbelievers. Upon this the 'blessed bird,' as the angel is here oddly called,* descends to earth in swift obedience, and, as he flies, concludes that Silence may readily be found, in company with Peace and Charity, in the fitting retreat of church or monastery. But his search in such abodes is entirely fruitless, for the virtues he expected to find have been driven out by Avarice, Anger, Sloth, Pride, Gluttony, and other vices. As the angel surveys this ugly troop with wonder, he discovers, however, at least one of the objects of his search. Discord, to find whom he thought he should have to visit hell, is here, on the contrary, quite in her element, surrounded by lawyers and notaries, and with both hands and every fold of her vest filled with citations, libels, and briefs of ecclesiastical causes!

Discord, being questioned as to the abode of Silence, beckons Fraud, who is also amongst the company, and who replies that once, indeed,

* '*Benedetto augel.*' The same expression is used by Dante, in his *Purgatorio*, Cant. II. '*Uccel divino*' is the epithet given to the celestial pilot of the vessel containing the souls who descend to earth to be purified. Of course the allusion is to the angelic wings, since both Italian words mean winged creature; but the familiar employment of words leaves original sense behind, and this kind of reversion to it necessarily strikes us as grotesque.

Silence did inhabit ecclesiastical institutions, but that of late she had taken to bad ways, and consorted only with Treason, Murder, and Theft; but that she might sometimes be found in the house of Sleep. Here accordingly the angel finds her, and despatches her to direct the motions of Rinaldo's army.

At beleaguered Paris, meanwhile, the assault had begun. Without the walls were battering-rams, fascines, and scaling-ladders, in the busy hands of myriads of foes. Within were the clang of bells in every steeple; the hurried tramp of the defenders; the pale faces of priests, women, and timid citizens, who throng the churches; 'so that if treasure were as precious in heaven as on earth, each saint in the consistory might that day have had a statue of gold!'

The mighty descendant of Nimrod, Rodomonte, in his heir-loom armour of dragon-scales, more terrible than ever, now once more appears upon the scene. He is, as usual, considerably more destructive to his own men than to the enemy; he urges on the assailants, at the point of the sword, to mount the ladders; he passes the first fosse himself, up to the neck in mud and water, and forces his way amidst thick-hailing stones, bolts, and arrows, 'like a wild swine of Mallea.' Then, with blows and threats, he compels the hesitating soldiery to cross the second ditch. He cuts down some, seizes others by the hair or the arms, and flings them into the fosse 'till it is well-nigh full!' Finally he crosses it himself, by a leap of full thirty feet, alighting as noiselessly 'as if he were shod with felt!' Once there, he is soon on the summit of the city-wall, whence, alone as he is, he makes his way into the town, quite regardless that the defendants have fired their mines beneath the fosse he has just crossed, and that eighty thousand of his people have there miserably perished!

But, says the satirical poet, 'to conquer was ever a laudable thing!' Exaggerated as are the details of the slaughter in these poetical battles, they remind us but two painfully of the little value which attached to the lives of the common soldiery in the real wars, not only of that period, but of times much nearer our own. Ariosto, indeed, gives these imaginary details of the most bloody carnage of defenceless people with as much *sangfroid* as if his knights were literally engaged only in the domestic occupation, by which he describes their deeds, making 'mince-meat!' but in this instance he allows that the expenditure of much blood on his own side detracts from the glory of a victor.

The deeds of Rodomonte within the walls quite equal the means by which he gained an entrance. He hacks and hews as he goes, sparing neither age nor sex; firing temples and palaces, and driving the populace before him in wild panic. It is curious with what evident gusto Ariosto prolongs the description of the mad feats of Rodomonte in this place. The fierce Pagan performs his wonderful leap in the fourteenth canto, and we leave him in Paris, but are not suffered to forget him; the poet returns to him again and again. Now a pale herald hurries to inform Charlemagne that Lucifer has once more 'rained down from heaven'

into the town; now, when all the paladins Charlemagne can muster, set upon him, he 'rolls his horrible eyes,' revolving dreadful thoughts of penetrating to and setting open the gates in spite of them. It is not till the eighteenth canto that, retreating slowly, step by step, towards the Seine, he plunges in, full-armed, of course, to retreat! Even then he is tempted to return and complete the destruction of the town; but Discord has chosen him as a fitting tool for her appointed work. He sees on the opposite bank a messenger, who gives him such tidings of his own personal affairs as make him forget the siege of Paris, and send him off on a quest of his own. For his dwarf tells him that Mandricardo, who had quitted Agramante's army to seek combat with the 'black knight,' had taken Doralis, daughter of the king of Granada, Rodomonte's own promised bride!

And now the British army approaches the beleaguered capital. Part of the English troops succeed in throwing themselves into the city, whilst the Scotch, under their gallant leader, Zerbino, engage the main body of the Saracens. At one time the issue of the battle was doubtful, for Zerbino was unhorsed, and his troops wavered disordered; but the prodigious valour of Rinaldo rescued the Scotch prince, and retrieved the fortune of the day; and the whole Moorish army was in danger of perishing utterly, had not Marsiglio wisely ordered a retreat. At nightfall Charlemagne stopped the pursuit, remaining thoroughly master of the field, and encamping without the city walls.

Amongst the knights slain by Rinaldo on that day was Dardinello, the young son of the famous Almonte. Rinaldo seeing the vermilion and white quarterings borne by a young knight, who is surrounded by a heap of slain, says, with a touch of the grim humour Boiardo has accustomed us to expect of this hero, 'I had best root up this bad sprout before it grows bigger!' Then, addressing Dardinello, 'Child,' says he, 'he who left thee heir to this shield left thee heir to a great sorrow! If thou wilt wait, I will come and prove how thou guardest thy red and white! for, if thou canst not defend them from me, still less canst thou from Orlando!'

'If I wear them, I can defend them!' cries the stripling, fearlessly. But he pays for his hardihood with his life; and, as a 'flower beneath the ploughshare, so fades and passes the valour of that race!'

Upon the death of this youth hinge the circumstances which lead to the culminating point of the whole plot of the poem, the madness of Orlando; but at present those circumstances are not come to maturity.

The fate of Astolfo, who has a most important part to play in the future, now engages the attention of the poet. The fairy Logistilla appears to have devoted much attention to the instruction and improvement of this prince, so that, henceforth, though he is much wiser, and though his adventures are very astonishing, it must be confessed that he is personally less amusing.

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The wise fairy, before he left her palace, furnished him with a book

which taught him what to do in all cases of perplexity; and also with another precious gift, a horn of such horrible sound that every creature hearing it was obliged to take to flight. Thus endowed, and with the golden lance, and Rabican to complete his equipment, the gallant duke set sail, accompanied by Andronica and Sofrosina (Fortitude and Temperance), who guided the vessel's course.

His voyage is very curious in its geographical details. In order to avoid the danger of Alcina's snares, it is decided that the vessel shall not pass by the way of the 'Northern Ocean,' but shall coast 'the land of the Scythians and Indians, and the Nabathean realms,' till it reaches Persia and the Erythrean Sea. In order to accomplish this, the vessel passes the rich and populous shores of 'Odoriferous Ind,' discovering 'to right and left a thousand scattered islands.'

So far do they proceed, that they discern the 'land of Thomas.'* Then, steering northwards, and coasting the Golden Chersonese (the peninsula of Malacca), they beheld the Ganges whitening the sea-waters at its mouth. Taprobane (Ceylon) comes next into view; and, after a considerable distance, Cochin; and so the vessel passed beyond the extreme limits of the Indies. Now, even taking Cochin not, as some have supposed, to mean Cochin-China, but the Cochin on the Malabar coast, it must have been a very extraordinary course which could take the navigator far enough west to behold St. Thomas's land, and yet not too far to make it necessary for him to coast the Golden Chersonese. However, in a poetical journey like Astolfo's, poetical license must be allowed.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

CHAPTER IX.

There are not many passages of general interest in the history of the next few years of Clara Trant's life. They were spent in moving about from place to place as her father's companion; her brother was at school during the earlier part of them, and during the latter absent with his regiment, which, to the great grief of his sister, was ordered to Burmah, with which country we were then at war.

The first incident worth noticing in this period was a journey made by Sir Nicholas to the Brazils, in order to settle affairs relative to the pension which the Portuguese government had promised him. In September his daughter writes: 'I had the happiness of receiving a long letter from my father, dated from Rio de Janeiro. He had been most kindly received by the old king, Dom João, who offered him the government of a province with the rank of lieutenant-general, on condition that he would

* The Malabar, or western coast of Hindostan, where St. Thomas is said to have preached and suffered martyrdom.

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remain in the Brazils, but this my father begged to decline. And to the astonishment of the Court, with whom "Trant's expedition" became a favourite proverb, he settled all his affairs in twenty days, in time to return to England in the same packet which had brought him out.'

The Queen remembered having seen my father at Lisbon in the year 1798, when he was on the staff of Sir Charles Stuart. The princes and Infantas were a sadly educated race; indeed, with such a mother how could they be otherwise? I remember hearing at the Palmellas that one of Don Miguel's favourite amusements when he was a boy was that of screwing out the hearts of little birds with a corkscrew. In after years I met this tyrant Miguel at the Palmellas.

We made a visit to Hannah More, who gave us some reminiscences of Dr. Johnson, whom she had known well. She told us that on one occasion when he was pressed by a lady to eat of a particular dish on the plea that 'a little would do him no harm,' he growled out these words, 'Madam, Abstinence is a very easy virtue, but Temperance is a very difficult one.'

In 1820 they determined to return to the Continent, partly for economy's sake, partly because moving from place to place had become almost a necessity of life to Sir Nicholas, whose active energy suited ill with his entire want of occupation. They travelled from Normandy, through the west of France, to the south, staying at various towns on their way. It was a dull journey; in Normandy the English were so much hated that they had to call themselves Irish to escape insult; the inns were dirty and uncivilized, the coaches fatiguing, and the present amenities of Continental travelling not to be found.

Nantes.—We were passing the evening at the Chevalier Tobin's in company with M. de la Bourdonnaye, the celebrated ultra-royalist member of the Chambre des Députés, when the news arrived that a conspiracy against the Bourbons had been discovered in Paris. All our royalist friends expressed the utmost indignation, and M. de la Bourdonnaye said he was only surprised to feel his head still safe upon his shoulders. Amongst the conspirators was M. de Trogoff, an officer of the Guards, who in my very youthful days at Versailles used to persecute me by asking me to dance, and whom I always most cordially disliked. I now gave myself credit for some discernment.

August, 1820.—After crossing the Loire we found ourselves in La Vendée, and every step we travelled was classic ground to those who like ourselves had received their impressions of the Vendéan war from many of its heroes, and who had just quitted the forces of royalism. The features of the Bocage itself are not particularly interesting, but I could not help feeling a degree of respect for every grey-haired peasant I met, when I remembered that they had quitted their plough in early youth to contend with the most disciplined troops in Europe, and that their efforts to defend their religion and their king had often been crowned with success for the time. In a small wood near

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Montaigne, the brave Charette was betrayed into the hands of the republicans, and soon afterwards executed at Nantes. An eye-witness of his death pointed out to my father the exact spot where he was shot.

Poitiers.—For the first and indeed the only time during our travels in France we found that our being English was a recommendation rather than a drawback. The principal families had emigrated; many of them had received kindness from the English, and were anxious to repay it. We were therefore treated with as much attention as if we had some particular claim on their kindness. I remember one very brilliant conversation given by the aged Bishop of Gap, who at eighty-seven continued to open his house twice a week to all the principal inhabitants of Poitiers. They seemed to look upon me as a young heretic, with a mixture of pity and interest. I was soon surrounded by some elderly gentlemen, who seemed most anxious to convince me that 'hors l'église il n'y a point de salut,' and with the Bishop of Orleans on one side seconding their argument, the Bishop of Luçon on the other, my little head was fairly bothered, but although in those days I knew little, and thought less of the errors of the Roman Church, I still knew enough to feel very thankful that I had been brought up a Protestant, and my opinions were not shaken by these good-natured Bishops.

May 10, 1821.—We left Bourdeaux for the neighbourhood of Limoges, where my father had hired a French country house, or as it was called, a *château*. At Périgueux I walked with my father before breakfast to visit the Tour de Vesuve and some other Roman antiquities, but our guide told us there was nothing compared to the gardens of a certain old Receveur-Général, where we indeed saw an endless variety of temples, ruins, hermits, cupids, and Hymen's torches. I stopped to look at a monument of painted wood in the midst of a gaudy *parterre*, which the gardener told us was destined to receive the earthly remains of his master, already far advanced in years. 'Tenez, Ma'mselle, il y a de bien belles choses écrites là dessus, car c'est Monsieur qui a composé lui-même son épitaphe, et il a bien de l'esprit.' We read these lines—

'Persecuté par les intrigants, enfin je suis tranquille;
J'ai vécu tout aux beaux arts et à l'amitié!'

At the little village of Pierre Baffière we found a poor postillion lying in extreme pain before the kitchen fire at the post-house. His illness was violent inflammation, and owing to the ignorance of all the people around him he would probably have died, if my father had not most providentially brought some medicines in the carriage, which relieved him. This little circumstance laid the foundation of a report which spread far and wide in our neighbourhood, that my father was one of the first physicians in France. 'Ma femme est bien malade,' said one old man to our servants. 'Je suis sur que M. le Chevalier pourrait la

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guérir, puisqu'on dit que c'est un fameux docteur; mais je n'ose pas lui demander son avis parcequ'il ne veut pas prendre de l'argent.'

We were now drawing near the close of our melancholy journey. The evening proved cold and wet; we were coming to a place of which we knew little, and we were surrounded by half savage peasants whose very language was almost unintelligible to us. The badness of the road not permitting the carriage to proceed, we stopped to speak with a clumsy, stupid-looking peasant, whose fixed and vacant stare announced the measure of his intellect. 'M. de la Piconnerie est il-chez lui?' 'Êtes vous les Anglais?' was the satisfactory answer.

'Oui, mon ami, nous sommes les Anglais; voulez-vous bien nous répondre—M. de P. est-il à la maison?'

'Ah, vous êtes les Anglais—ah!'

Finding it impossible to obtain any answer from this Hottentot Arcadian we went to the little village, when we were no sooner seated at supper than M. de la P. entered the room. The next morning he conducted us to our romantic cottage, which we found in a most comfortless state, destitute even of the most necessary articles of furniture.

We did not find the Limousin peasantry an agreeable race. They do not seem to show any particular affection for their friends, but are kind to their cattle. Their *patois* is a corruption of the old Romance tongue of the South of France, and I was surprised to find it so like Portuguese; many words are identical in both.

In April 1822, the Trants left France for England; and thenceforward for two years the journal contains little that would interest any but those for whom it was written. Their time was divided between a little cottage just outside Cork harbour, which they made their home, and visits among English and Irish friends. In 1825, however, they again left British territory for the Continent, and the following chapter contains some of their adventures in that year.

CHAPTER XI.

September 16, 1825.—We arrived at Bologna, where at one time my father had thought of spending the winter; it is a most dirty disagreeable town. The inhabitants are coarse in their manners, and detest the English in proportion as they love the memory of Napoleon. 'Ah, monsieur, du temps de l'Empereur! Mais nous sommes dans les prêtres. C'est fini!' said our *valet de place*. After revelling in galleries and feasting on the most glorious *chef d'œuvres* of art for three days, we again proceeded on our journey. Our road lay along the lovely shores of the Adriatic—the coast of Dalmatia in the distance—such a sunrise! We remained two days at Ancona, during which we met several Greek refugees in full costume among the crowds who were sauntering through the narrow streets, or drinking coffee before their doors in the evening.

We breakfasted at Loretto, and spent two hours in visiting the *sanctis-*

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sima cava. It was fair time, and the streets were crowded with pilgrims from all parts of Italy, who were hurrying to Rome to witness the closing of the Porta Santa, which is only opened at St. Peter's once in twenty-five years, and that once is called the Giubilio, or Anno Santo.

October.—We made a little trip to Naples: crossed the Pontine Marshes, or, as Mrs. P. used to call them, the Ponteen Mashes, and arrived at Terracina. Here two *gendarmes* offered their services in escorting the carriage, but as my father did not trust much to their courage in case of danger, he declined. I felt very nervous when we entered the narrow defiles of these mountains, notorious for so many atrocious crimes, until I found that guard-houses had been established at every mile, and that the Tyrolese *chasseurs* regularly escorted the carriage *deux à deux* from one to another. At Itri we found the whole town in commotion; a robber was to be executed the next morning. He had murdered a pretty village girl a month before, and now obstinately refused to confess. Five priests were despatched this morning with an offer to the five remaining robbers to spare their lives if they will surrender; if they refuse, the mountains are to be surrounded by an armed force.

[Then comes an account of a visit to Naples, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Portici, which have been too often described to need a fresh description.]

October 23.—Left Mola at five: it was still dark when we travelled the formidable stage between Itri and Fondi, where the four remaining robbers had concealed themselves—romantic, but not *pleasant.* We reached Rome the next morning.

Just as we were seated at our evening occupations, we received a message from our landlord, Cardinal di Gregorio, inquiring whether the Signorina was disposed to receive company, as his eminence felt disposed to honour me with a visit. Of course I was overwhelmed, obliged, frightened, and everything that one ought to be on such an occasion; my curls were newly frizzed in a tremendous hurry, chairs set in order round the room, and I was seated in the Italian fashion with my hands before me, ready to receive the great man. My affectation and palpitation both disappeared when the good-natured, sensible old Cardinal made his appearance, and taking his seat beside me on the sofa, chatted most pleasantly and unaffectedly for half an hour.

We returned the Cardinal's visit a day or two afterwards; the moment we appeared a blazing fire was lit, in compliment to our English constitutions, and a collation laid out in the dining-room, of which we were obliged to partake, although we had just breakfasted. He showed us his chapel, library, bedroom, and family portraits.

November.—We visited the Irish convent of Isidor, where a young Hibernian friar, who introduced himself to us as Father John Francis, from the county Mayo, was celebrating mass with a thundering brogue. A young novice, who told us he had just arrived from Skibbereen, said that the brothers lived very peaceably together.

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Miss A. accompanied me to the Trinità de Pellegrini, where the pilgrims are lodged and fed during the three days they spend in Rome. No gentlemen are admitted into that portion of the building which is reserved for the women, and the whole establishment is conducted with great regularity and decorum. Five hundred female pilgrims, attired in every picturesque variety of costume, were seated at supper. Each table was served by a lady of the first distinction. Princess Doria, whom I had seen a few nights before at the French ambassador's dressed in a style of Eastern splendour, struck me as infinitely handsomer in her costume as Superior of this institution. She wore a black silk gown, mob cap, and lawn apron, and was busily employed in helping the soup with a large iron ladle out of an immense caldron. Cardinal Vicario and a number of priests were admitted into this hall, and the former chanted the *Benedicite* at all the tables before the guests commenced their supper. A separate room, decorated in a more elaborate style, was reserved for a select number of rich peasants in different groups, who had written to announce their arrival, and who came from near Venice. These groups were called *aggregati*. Wax lights were burning on their tables: the dormitory was large and airy; the principal room held 240 sleepers. The number of women at the Trinità and other buildings amounted at one time to 5,000: the men to 7,000. In the two days preceding the closing of the Holy Door at St. Peter's we heard that 15,000 had arrived in Rome.

December 24.—At twelve o'clock we reached St. Peter's, and were met by one of the Portuguese ambassador's suite, whom he had sent to secure us places. The gentlemen-in-waiting conducted us to the places reserved for the ladies, which we found so crowded that we could not even hope for a glimpse of the ceremony. I believe there was some manœuvring on the part of the Pope, with a golden trowel and some mortar, when he knelt at the threshold of the holy door, but I could not distinguish his actions. Instead of a door closing as by magic, according to the idea I had formed, a white damask curtain richly embroidered with a golden cross, was let down, while the sound of hammers announced the operation of workmen on the other side. The Pope's entrance, surmounted by cardinals in full costume, was very imposing; he was distinguished from the cardinals by his magnificent golden mitre. As he entered, the instrumental music ceased, and the most perfect chanting began.

Christmas Day.—The Pope gave his benediction to the multitude who were assembled in the Atrio of St. Peter's. It was the finest sight we had yet witnessed. The troops were all drawn up in front of the church, leaving a large space between them and the steps, which were thronged with pilgrims, distributed into the most picturesque groups. The crowd extended as far as the eye could reach. The balcony at which the Pope appeared was hung with crimson and gold drapery. The cardinals first advanced; the military band struck up, and all eyes were directed to the same point. Suddenly the Pope was seen, elevated on the shoulders of his attendants, seated on a throne of gold, which was ornamented on both

sides with an immense fan of white peacock's feathers, and looking more like an enchanter seated on a magic car than anything else; his ashy pale face and stately figure when he rose contributed to the illusion. A cardinal now waved his hand as a signal for the music to cease. A dead silence followed; every head was uncovered, every knee bent to the ground, when the Pope raised himself with great dignity, and extended his hands over the kneeling multitude. He then resumed his seat. After a few minutes' interval, he rose again and repeated the same gesture, with this difference, that he employed first one hand and then the other. Three times the benediction was repeated before the car was withdrawn. Two papers and some small medals were thrown amongst the crowd, who struggled hard for the prize.

January 5, 1826.—I accompanied my young friend, the Marchesa de Fronteira, to the old Conde de Funchal's, where she always did the honours, as being the Portuguese lady of highest rank in Rome. I was struck by the bold and singular appearance of a lady whose dress was in such bad taste, or, in other words, so immodest, that I am ashamed to say that I took her for a countrywoman. (At that time Englishwomen seemed to have forsworn their national character, and to glory in having exchanged appearances with the once impudent but then modest-looking Frenchwomen.) It was some relief to my national pride when I discovered that this person upon whom all eyes were turned with pity or disgust was no Englishwoman, but the Countess Guiccioli.

February 3.—All Rome is talking of a dreadful crime which was committed on Saturday. A young prelate of twenty-six was murdered while in the act of undressing, by a servant whom he had discharged. So little was the culprit suspected that he remained two days in the house before he was taken up; he refused to confess until he had been chained for two nights in solitary confinement to the bedstead on which the body of his murdered master lay. This unhappy wretch, whose age did not exceed nineteen years, was executed a few days later on the Piazza del Popolo in a manner so cruel as to excite general horror and indignation against a government which could tolerate such barbarity. He was first knocked on the head by the executioner with a club; his throat was cut, and his legs and arms separated from his body and exposed on poles. An Italian gentleman of my acquaintance observed that this barbarity could not produce a good effect upon the people; it either hardened them in cruelty, or irritated their minds against the Pope, whom he described as a very 'Nero in pontifical vestments.'

We have received an interesting visit from Colonel Piontowsky, the gallant and faithful Pole to whom Lord Byron addressed some beautiful lines on the occasion of his having entreated permission to accompany Napoleon to St. Helena, even in the capacity of a servant. He is a common-looking but very soldierlike man, about forty-five; his manners are awkward, and there is a vulgarity in his language which betrays his low origin. From his own account we could discover that he had entered

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France with Napoleon on his return from Elba as a Lancier de la Garde. The Emperor Alexander behaved very well to him, and gave him a Colonel's commission in the Russian service; but Constantine objected to his return to Poland, lest he might awaken dangerous *souvenirs*. He was only suffered to remain eighteen months at St. Helena, in consequence of having offended Sir Hudson Lowe, whom, by the by, he said it was his intention to challenge if ever he came across his path. He said that 'Napoleon n'avait qu'un défaut! il était trop bon.' In speaking of the various accounts given of Napoleon's life at St. Helena, he told us that he preferred O'Meara's, as being most to be relied on than any other, although in some places slightly incorrect. Las Casas he described, whether truly or not I cannot say, as a selfish intriguing parasite, who had acquired great influence over Napoleon by his fascinating manner and agreeable conversation. He laid to his charge all those jealousies and dissensions among the persons of Napoleon's suite which embittered the last days of his life. Bertrand he described as 'un brave homme, aimant beaucoup sa femme, between whom and Madame de Montholon much jealousy existed.' Napoleon and all the persons of his suite at first looked upon O'Meara with a suspicious eye, but by degrees he became a great favourite with them. Napoleon had at one time desired Piontowsky to invite an officer of the 53rd to dine with him every day. Captain Y—— and his wife were once invited, and the latter made herself so agreeable by her good humour and her musical talent that Madame de Montholon took offence. Captain P—— was affronted at not being asked, and poor Napoleon's good humour could hold out no longer.

'Comment!' he said, impatiently, 'on veut encore me faire la loi à ma propre table? Qu'on n'invite plus personne!'

Piontowsky was conveyed from country to country, and from prison to prison for two years. At length he obtained his liberty on condition of never setting foot in France. His poor little wife, who was only fifteen when he married her at Plymouth, was not permitted to accompany him to St. Helena, but she no sooner heard that he had been transferred to America, than she followed him thither. She sought him for a long time without success, as she was often misled by the erroneous information in the newspapers; but at length they met. Poor thing! she is now dying from the effects of her long troubles and indefatigable exertions.

Marie-Louise has written the most heartless answer to Piontowsky's application for employment in her service, desiring him never to enter her territory, and always speaking of Napoleon as 'Cet Empereur.' Those members of Napoleon's family who are here have all, with the exception of Hortense, refused him any assistance, alleging that Napoleon had done very little for them, and left them nothing in his will.

The last days of the Carnival had now commenced, and Rome was eized with its periodical insanity, which continues for forty-eight hours.

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I could hardly persuade myself that they are the same Romans I have seen wrapped in their cloaks and walking at a funeral pace until the precise time arrived for 'making themselves gay.'* All the houses in the Corso where the Carnival takes place were hung with crimson damask, and reminded me of the preparations for a procession in Portugal. The number of carriages had increased very much by five o'clock, when the cannon shot gave the signal for a general clearance of the Corso. We then took possession of the places which Madame Brancadero had offered us at her balcony, from whence we had a good view of the race—if, indeed, the absurd scamper of a dozen wretched ragged Rosinantes, covered with gold and silver tinsel, bells and ribbons, can be called a race. In order to stimulate their exertions, kettles were tied to their tails, and they were goaded by spiked iron balls, which at every motion entered their skin, while bunches of thistles were fastened to them in every direction. A detachment of cavalry galloped along the street to clear the way for them (worthy employment for a Pope's soldiers!) The mob pursued them with every variety of noise and uproar.

Next day the Corso was crowded to excess. Several carriages were filled with masks, coachmen and footmen dressed in female attire. Both sides of the street were lined with chairs occupied by masked women; showers of bon-bons were pelted by the gentlemen at the carriages, some of them of the most dainty and costly description, but in general made only of a coloured mixture of chalk and sugar. On the other hand, we were not idle in returning the compliment, and the ex-queen of Holland, Hortense Beauharnais, whom I saw to-day for the first time, was particularly profuse in her folly and extravagance.

Torlonia's grand masquerade took place this evening. I cannot accuse myself of having for a moment wished to go, but I was not even tempted, as my father knew from experience that such scenes were not suited either to the habits or feelings of Englishwomen in general, and he would have been grieved indeed if I had felt differently. I heard that a group of the most beautiful women in Rome went as the figures in Guido's Aurora, arranged by Camuccini the painter!

All Rome has been manœuvring to obtain tickets for the tableaux, which the Portuguese ambassador has prevailed upon some of his friends to perform, for the gratification of a select few, among whom, in compliment to my father, I have been included. The number of tickets is limited to seventy. Count Funchal has more than once urged me to take an active part in the business, but setting aside the insignificant figure which my pug nose would cut among the fairest of the fair ladies in Rome, I should not like to make such an exhibition of myself. The tableaux represented Mathilde kneeling beside the corpse of Malek Adhel; Caravaggio's gamesters; Sappho asleep, watched by her physician: the

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* Note in Journal, '"Je me fait gai," disait un Allemand, en sautant par la fenêtre.'

various passions represented one after the other on the countenance of a young Roman artist; and, for a conclusion, Apollo and all the Muses.

Tuesday.—While we were hesitating whither to direct our steps we remembered that we had not yet seen the Ghetto, and thither accordingly we proceeded. After passing through a number of dirty bye-streets we reached the gate, where a sentinel was posted to keep guard over the poor Jews, whose condition at Rome was (in 1823) nothing better than absolute slavery. The Ghetto is not like any other part of Rome; the streets are narrower, the houses more wretched, and the inhabitants have a particularly squalid and miserable appearance. The men, generally speaking, are very ugly, but I remarked many bright black eyes among the notable Jewesses, who were all sitting before their doors occupied in their respective trades. Few strangers appear in this quarter except to borrow money or make purchases, and such is the eagerness of the shopkeepers to procure customers that they actually pulled us by the arm to attract our attention to their goods.

We entered one of their synagogues, where every inscription is in Hebrew letters, which all the Jews, even the lowest classes, can read. It is only on Wednesdays that the Jews are allowed to sell their goods out of their own quarter. At five o'clock in the evening they are all locked into the Ghetto. They are obliged to wear a yellow ribbon to distinguish them when they mix among Christians. The rabbis entreat permission at the commencement of every carnival for their brethren to remain in Rome another year. The ceremony takes place in the capital. A gentleman who was present tells me that the governor answered haughtily that he hoped they would give no cause of complaint if their petition was granted. Formerly they were obliged to run races during the carnival instead of horses, now they only pay the expenses of the races.

February 15, 1826.—I awoke with a heavy heart, for we were to leave Rome. After packing my trunks and paying bills I still had a few moments before breakfast to indulge in sighs and tears, and I take it for granted that I looked as melancholy and felt as hungry as all young ladies do on leaving Rome at six o'clock in the morning. I gave one lingering look at my pianoforte, which had added so much to the cheerfulness of our little social *soirées*, and after a most pathetic parting with our two Italian servants, Santa and Angela, who had each seized one of my hands to kiss, we left the Palazzo Gregorio and Rome.

CHURCH WORK IN HAITI.

I THINK your readers may, perhaps, be interested in hearing something of the Church's work in Haïti (St. Domingo), one of the West India Islands, inhabited entirely by coloured people. I believe there are only three whites on the Island. The natives are independent, and appear in

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every way capable of governing themselves and looking after their own interests.

The language spoken is French, and the religion nominally Roman Catholic,—the priests being usually sent over from France. But there are numbers, especially among the mountains and rural districts, who are entirely destitute of Christianity, and are little better than heathens.

In 1861, Mr. Holly, a coloured priest of the American Church, accompanied by 111 persons landed in Haïti with the purpose of settling as a missionary colony; but the change of climate proved disastrous to the enterprise. A low fever broke out amongst them, which sent a large number of the colonists to the grave; and many others became so discouraged by this and other trials, that they returned to the United States. The priest, however, with his family and about twenty others remained, and did what they could to carry out the original enterprise. There are now, besides Dr. Holly, ten missionaries, with as many parishes in the Island. Dr. Holly's original Church, Holy Trinity, at Port au Prince, numbers 81 communicants, besides other attendants at the services.

It has been thought well by the American Church to appoint a Bishop over this interesting colony, and Dr. Holly was accordingly chosen, and consecrated on the 8th of November last, in the city of New York, at the hands of Bishop Smith, of Kentucky; the first instance of the consecration of a coloured Bishop in the American Church. While in New York, Bishop Holly wrote to the Sister Superior of the Mission which the sisterhood of All Saints, Margaret Street, London, established in Baltimore about two years and a half ago. The object of this letter was to ascertain if the Sisters would train coloured women for Sisters, if suitable persons should offer themselves for such a life. The work of the All Saints' Sisters in Baltimore has lain a great deal among the coloured people, and has been much blessed; they have a Mission House and Schools for them; and it is their desire as soon as God sees fit to draw souls to Him in the religious life, to found an Order for them. So they agreed to train as many persons as the Bishop could send, if he or his friends would defray their expenses, as the Mission at Baltimore is very poor.

Some time after the Bishop's return to Haïti, a letter was received from him by the Sister Superior, saying that he could find only one grown person, a widow, but nine girls had offered themselves to be trained either as Mission-School Mistresses or Sisters, with the view of returning to Haïti after their training should be completed, to help the Bishop in carrying out the work of the Church, by planting schools in different parts of the Island; but remaining still for a time under the direction of the All Saints' Mission. Their youth was no drawback to the Sisters, who hope that the longer training may produce a deeper work; but the Bishop's friends in New York thought otherwise; they would have defrayed the expenses of grown persons, but not of children. This of

course caused much disappointment on all sides. The Sisters decided that ten dollars (about 2*l.*) a month would cover the expenses of each person, and did all they could to interest people in the work, and to get subscribers for it; for the Bishop and the people in Haïti are extremely poor, and a great part of this Island has since the beginning of this correspondence been burnt down, so they can do nothing.

The congregation of St. Mary's, a little church for coloured people in Baltimore, undertook the expenses of *one* child—the Sunday School children of Mr. Calvary another. Help came in by degrees from other friends, until at length a letter was despatched to the Bishop, saying that *seven* of the girls could be provided for, together with the widow whom his friends in New York had *promised* to undertake. The Bishop was much gratified at this intelligence, and wrote at once to beg, that if possible, three more might be taken, two of those who had originally offered themselves; and one other, an orphan, saying that this would complete the number eleven, the same number as the faithful Apostles who stood on the Mount of the Ascension. He begs for a favourable answer, and proposes himself to bring his little band to Baltimore at the end of July, or the beginning of August.

In the meantime, is there no one in England who will interest themselves, and help forward this good work? The Sisters cannot bear to refuse the good Bishop's request, and yet they are so poor they could not even now live without begging from stall to stall in the markets. How could they provide for three more entirely unassisted? Then these children are used to a tropical climate, and winters in Baltimore are very severe; they will need warm clothing, &c. I know it is the feeling in England that America is rich, why send help there? But nearly all in the South are, since the war, very poor, and already give to the utmost of their power. Besides, Haïti has nothing to do with the United States, and the Sisters under whose charge these young girls are to be placed are English. I am sure if your readers could know some of these coloured people, they would be much interested in them. They are so bright, and simple, and loving; and though, as a race, they have serious faults, they have been so neglected and despised that every allowance ought to be made for them. When they do turn to God they are so devout and earnest that it is a joy to work among them.

At some future time I may be able to give a further account of the Sisters' work among this long-misunderstood race. I trust, and I cannot but believe, that some who read this will be touched at the self-devotion of these young girls, and will come forward to help in this good work. Subscriptions or donations, however small, will be most gratefully received for them by the following:—Miss E. Stewart, 5 *Cambridge Square, London, W.*; or Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler & Co., 50 *Cornhill.*

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

for Members of the English Church.

MARCH, 1876.

THE APOSTOLICAL PRIESTHOOD.

'Let a man so account of us, as of the Ministers of CHRIST, and stewards of the Mysteries of GOD.'

ONCE consecrated where
Upon the mountain-side
For us the Cross in love He bore
In the blest Passion-tide.

So now for us as then
His Priesthood pleads in heaven,
And where Himself, the Life of men,
To fainting souls is given.

And ere He left He drew
Upon the mount once more
His Saints, the called and faithful few
Who His bright Symbol bore.

And there He gave that day
To them His endless Peace:
'With you will I remain alway
Till heaven and earth shall cease.'

So those by Him ordained
On others laid their hands,
That all the earth should thus be gained
With the Church's bands;

That so before His Face,
Within His Fold Divine,
Should last His Ordination's grace
In one unbroken line.

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O Sacred Ministry
Ordained by CHRIST the SON!
That evermore His Orders Three
Should serve before His Throne,

To give the Second Birth
That joins us in CHRIST'S grave,
Regenerating sons of earth
In the pure Fontal wave.

To give the laden heart
Sweet Absolution's seal;
CHRIST'S Peace and Blessing to impart
To true souls as they kneel.

To bless the marriage vow,
To comfort those that weep,
And in the Name at which we bow
To lay the dead to sleep.

And holiest, best of all,
CHRIST'S Presence to impart,
Where Saints and Angels prostrate fall,
To each pure longing heart.

LORD, if the thought be Thine,
Give me Thy Priest to be,
Faithful through Thy sweet grace Divine.
In Thy blest Ministry.

O blessèd high estate!
With faithful heart be mine
Upon the Chancel-step to wait,
Then dwell before Thy Shrine.

LUXURY: A CONVERSATION IN LENT.

MY niece Georgie is what you may call a favourable specimen of the 'girl of the period.' She is rather *too* modern in her views to suit me in all respects, and I have a shrewd guess that at the bottom of her heart she thinks me 'awfully' narrow and old-fashioned. She is a dear affectionate girl, however, and I am getting used to the independence, bluntness, and want of sentiment which jarred upon me a little when I first came to live here, and to respect more than I then did her unfailing good temper and energy. What her invalid mother would do without her I cannot imagine, though she does bustle and lay down the law rather too much in the sickroom. But then she is only nineteen after all!

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'Aunt Molly,' said Georgie to-day as we walked back from church—it was the First Sunday in Lent—'do find me a story to read to Arthur and Ethel. I can't give them their lesson on the Collect to-day, because I don't approve of it.'

Heaven and earth! to hear a chit like that talking openly of 'not approving' of a Collect! What will these girls come to?

'How does it incur your disapproval, my dear?' I said.

'Why, it is all about subduing our flesh by fasting,' said Georgie, who goes in for muscular Christianity. 'Of course that was all very well in the middle ages, when people drank like fishes, and kings of England killed themselves with lampreys and peaches, and then they thought their bodies were sinful and all that,' proceeded my young lady.

'And now?' I said much amused.

'Now we know that our bodies are not sinful, but ought to be educated up to perfection, and then it would be all the better for us. I do wish there were athletics for girls!'

'But, my dear Georgie, it seems to me that you quite misapprehend the drift of the Collect,' I said, waiving the question of the athletics as not being imminent enough to need my protest.

"Well, Aunt Molly, I certainly don't believe in people being any the better for fasting, and I don't believe St. Paul did, either. He said it was false teachers who commanded to abstain from meats, and that is what all ascetic people do. As if bread and butter were better for one's soul than roast mutton and potatoes. It's a thing that belongs altogether to middle-age notions, and ecclesiastical authority has handed it down to us, and I think it is a Manichæan idea.'

'My dear child,' I said, 'it seems to me that you are running a tilt against a windmill. I won't argue all the points on which I don't hold with you now, but all this is beside the drift of the Collect. For myself I should not object to it if it ended with "that our flesh may be subdued to the spirit," and went no further; for one may hold a sober and unexaggerated sense to the words without being credited with the mediæval asceticism which you hate so much. But it does not end there. Don't you see that "our flesh being subdued to the spirit," is to be only a means to an end?—that we may "ever obey Thy godly motions in right-eousness and true holiness." You can't object to that, Georgie?'

'No,' said Georgie, 'somehow I don't think I ever thought it meant anything before.'

If my niece is not less positive than many other youthful critics, at least she is very candid in her confessions.

'Well,' I said, 'to me this Collect seems to be the one most of all suited to this present age of ours, Georgie.'

'I don't see *that*, Aunt Molly,' said the girl, who dearly loves an argument.

'Well, let us have it out. Only remember my old-fashioned prejudices, dear Georgie, and don't let us forget that we are talking on a grave

subject.' For Georgie sometimes strikes me, involuntarily, I believe, as a little bit irreverent. I don't think she means it; but young people do talk as freely now-a-days about religion as about bonnets, and old aunts have a way of remembering the fashions of their youth about such things.

'Very well, Aunt Molly. I like a talk with you—you don't preach.'

Highly gratified by this compliment, I went on.

'Do you think you understand my view of this Collect? It is this: that we don't pray that we may subdue our flesh in the abstract, though to my mind I should not find fault if we did; but that we may so far subdue our flesh that it may not interfere with our doing any work which God sets us to do.'

'I see. But why do you think we want it now more than ever?'

'Because, here in England, at least, we make everything so comfortable for our bodies that our souls are simply appendages to them. If Wordsworth thought in his time that "plain living and high thinking are no more," what would he say now? We have ten times the luxuries of fifty or sixty years ago.'

'Well, they don't hurt us,' said Georgie.

'I don't agree with you. I think they make us self-indulgent in the first place, and in the next they become so necessary to us that many of us can't do without them, and get knocked up if we try; which effectually stops us making ourselves of as much use in the world as we might. I knew two girls who were just examples of this, Ella and Annie Furness, who lived near my old home——'

'Tell me about them.'

'They belonged to the most luxurious set of English people; for their father was a very wealthy man of business, without any very intellectual tastes; and every luxury that was invented was to be had in that house. He gave away a great deal, and was really a most excellent man, and his wife a most estimable lady; and the daughters were nice refined lady-like girls, really religious-minded, and earnest and anxious to do right. I used to laugh at them about their luxuries, they were such an *eating* family. I do not mean that they ate more food than other people, but that they were always at it. Seven meals a day I used to count; there was tea and bread and butter brought in by the maid when she called you, heavy breakfast at nine, wine and biscuits at eleven, hot luncheon at half-past one, afternoon tea, dinner at seven, tea and coffee and bread and butter at nine. Then they always had fires in their bedrooms all day from October to April, and all through the summer they had a fire at night when it was cold or wet. And the furs, and rugs, and flowers, and cushions, and stoves; and the great lumps of ice that cooled every room in hot weather, and the softness of the sheets, and the magnificence of the washing arrangements! It really was a sight to see for curiosity, and at first I was only amused by it. I could not think that it did them any harm, they all seemed so good and nice.'

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'And what changed your mind?'

'Well, the first sign I saw that luxury might have its bad side, was when I heard Ella discussing whether she should accept an invitation from a cousin who had married a poor curate. "Lucy," as she called her, had been her very dearest of friends in old days; they had told one another all their little troubles and difficulties in being good, and Ella had been the confidant of Lucy's love affair, which had not run at all smooth. Ella had been to see her once, and did not seem very willing to repeat the visit. I tried to get out of her why it was; she said that Lucy was not in the least altered, that her husband was perfectly charming, that their home was one of the prettiest places she had ever seen. When Annie enlightened me, laughing, with, 'The fact is, Miss Bell, they haven't room for her maid; and their spare bedroom has no fireplace in it, and no room for a bath.'

'It must have been awfully uncomfortable,' said Georgie, sympathetically.

'So Ella thought. Certainly she might have been of great use to Lucy if she could have made up her mind to face a little hardship; for Lucy had no sisters, and was in delicate health, and ordered to the sofa for months. In fact, I always thought that Ella's care might have saved Lucy the great disappointment of her life, for her poor little baby was born dead, and she never had another. But Ella did not seem to see that she had preferred her own selfish care to the ministry of love. That is the worst of luxury; it seems to wrap up one's soul by degrees in a kind of spiritual wool, so that it can neither see, hear, nor feel keenly.'

'What became of Ella?'

'She disappointed me a good deal. She was engaged to a poor man for a year or two. I think she really loved him too. He was one of the best and noblest men I ever met. But there seemed to be no immediate prospect of their marrying, for Mr. Furness said that Ella should not marry into poverty, and he called everything poverty under two thousand a year. He said that when Mr. Dale could show an income of five hundred, he should have Ella and fifteen hundred a year with her. But the poor man had a mother to support out of his work, and their prospects did not seem bright, and Mrs. Furness was always lamenting that her dear Ella should not have things about her such as she was accustomed to, and finally Ella broke off her engagement and married a rich city man, not especially refined or delightful. But she has money enough to pay for fourteen meals a day if she wishes for them, and fires of sandalwood all day long if she likes. I cannot help being out of patience when I think of her, Georgie, and so I shall be with you if you follow her example.'

'Very well, Aunt Molly,' said Georgie dimpling, and thinking, as I guessed, of a certain Cousin Philip in India, who certainly is not burdened with much of this world's goods, but who hopes to marry Georgie in time. 'But how about the other girl?'

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'Annie was really a good girl and anxious to be useful in the world; and her one idea was to be a hospital nurse. Her heart was so set on it that her father and mother soon consented to let her try, and she went as probationer into a hospital. Poor girl, it did not answer at all. She had been brought up on luxuries so long, that they were really necessaries to her; and when the seven meals were reduced to bread and butter for breakfast, and bread and butter for tea, and a plain dinner of meat and potatoes in the middle of the day, Annie could not stand it. The change of living, and the constant currents of air in the hospital, in place of heated passages and warm rooms, gave her incessant neuralgia, and at last the doctors sent her home saying that she was not fit for the work. She was terribly disappointed, poor child; and I firmly believe that under sensible physical training she would have been invaluable as a nurse.'

'You think that was a "godly motion" that abstinence would have enabled her to obey?' said Georgie, thoughtfully. 'That certainly seems sensible. But probably fasting from meat would have made her ill too.'

'There you see the framers of the Collect have answered your objection. They don't say anything about fasting from meat. They only say "such abstinence" as may make our bodies useful servants to our souls, instead of tyrannical masters. In the East, I imagine, excess of animal food is much more prejudicial than it would be here, though some of us it seems to me eat more meat than we need. However, no doubt this climate is not a suitable one for literal fasting. But to me, Georgie, it seems that my interpretation of the Collect goes further than abstinence from food, and would have saved you that illness you got last autumn by playing croquet all one rainy afternoon with a bad cold upon you. That was a piece of self-indulgence which certainly did not improve the condition of your body as the servant of your soul.'

'No,' said Georgie, candidly, 'it didn't; for I couldn't teach in the night-school all through the winter, and there was nobody to take my class, and the boys ran wild.'

'Then there is another consequence of our luxuries which people often forget. We go in for refined and delicate self-indulgence; but the servants who minister to our needs follow our examples, without the refinement and delicacy, and without the intellectual tastes which balance our minds in some degree. If there is any enemy in this day for us to fight, I believe it is this luxury of ours which puts on such an innocent face, and ends, like Spenser's fatal river, in taking all the strength out of our limbs when we have need of it. No, I can't speak as strongly about it as I feel. I should like to assemble all the good and religious people of England together, and to hear them say the words of this Collect aloud with all their hearts. For it seems to me that this fault eats into the usefulness of the good people, and it is so insidious that they don't see and fight it as they would any other. Georgie, dear, will you join me in making what stand against it we can?'

'Yes, Aunt Molly, only I don't see exactly what I am to do,' said Georgie.

'Train yourself not to be dependent on luxuries, dear. No one can do it but yourself; and above all, watch yourself carefully when you find the love of comfort stepping in to make you refuse to do what you think right. For only think what we lose if we pamper our bodies so that when God calls us to work for Him, we have made ourselves incapable of obeying His call!'

Georgie was silent for some time.

'Do you want the story-book?' I said as we reached my door.

'No, thank you, Aunt Molly. I shall go in for the Collect.'

'Then you don't disapprove of it now?'

'No. In fact, I begin to think that the people who wrote it know better than I do!'

With which wholesome reflection Georgie kissed me and went away home.

M. B.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARIAN HISTORY.

BY SELINA GAYE.

XXXV.—A RETROSPECT.

Hungary at the mercy of the Turks! and yet only six-and-thirty years had elapsed since the death of one of the most illustrious kings, whose reign had been rendered especially memorable by repeated and brilliant victories over the Infidel.

What had wrought so rapid and terrible a change in her fortunes?

Let us glance back at her internal history during the interval which had been so disastrous to her.

The death of Mátyás had been very quickly followed by what had seemed to him so desirable an event, namely, the union of Hungary and Bohemia under one sovereign. To this end he had devoted vainly the latter years of his life, but its accomplishment under Vladislav had not brought to either country the benefit he had expected, for *Dobzse Hászló* and his son were both quite incapable of making the union a real one, and the two countries remained strangers to one another throughout both reigns. The accession of such a sovereign as Vladislav must needs have been a misfortune to any land, but it was especially so to Hungary, which at this critical juncture of her history more than ever needed a powerful ruler. The covetous and ambitious magnates had indeed in him a king after their own heart, but if their was a spark of patriotism yet lingering in their breasts, they must soon bitterly have lamented their choice.

The loss of the Austrian conquests made by Mátyás was little to be regretted, indeed he himself would scarcely have wished to retain them, but that whole provinces should be lost almost without a blow, that Maximilian should have penetrated into the heart of the country and

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taken the coronation city without encountering any serious opposition—all this was a disgrace which a nation but lately everywhere victorious must have felt deeply. She rose up indeed, drove out the enemy and threatened him even in his own land, but she was betrayed by her weak, cowardly sovereign, who concluded behind her back that peace of Presburg which could not have been more humiliating had she suffered the severest defeat. Not only were the Austrian provinces resigned without ransom, and Friedrich's old debt remitted, but Hungary was made to pay the costs of the war, to cede portions of her own soil, and, worse than all, to promise her crown to the House of Hapsburg. But, if certain venal lords chose to accept and even help forward this shameful peace, the people rejected it with anger, and learnt to despise a king who was capable of such a deed, while it shunned his counsellors as traitors, and hated Maximilian as an oppressor, chiefly because he was forced upon them against their will.

From henceforward there were two hostile parties in the state, one holding with the court and the house of Austria, the other striving to uphold the rights and honour of the nation and to oppose at any cost the Hapsburg succession, and therefore subsequently attaching itself to Zápoyla János. But for the peace of Presburg it seems probable that Zápoyla would never have been chosen king, that the Hapsburgs would have succeeded peaceably to the throne, and that half Hungary would not have lain for long years under the Turkish yoke.

In the sad change which came over all public affairs with the accession of Vladislav, one is especially struck by the way in which royalty sank into contempt and impotency. The Hungarian constitution had gradually circumscribed very closely the sovereign's power; the yearly Diets gave laws, granted supplies, provided for the defence of the country, decided peace or war, took account of the officers of state, and more than once summoned the king himself before its tribunal. The king had, moreover, a council of state constantly at his side, without whose consent nothing important could be done. But the constitution, having grown up in the course of centuries, was not a perfect whole, and the respective powers of the sovereign and the Diet were by no means clearly defined. In fact the relations between the two were of a very elastic nature, and varied greatly with the personal character of each individual king, and hence it was that a ruler with the vigour and wisdom of Mátyás could do almost anything without actually infringing the constitution, while Vladislav and Lajos could with equal legality be deprived of all power.

Vladislav, indeed, in his pitiable weakness, soon fell under the dominion of Bishops Bakáos, Szathmáry, and Szalkay, who, one after another, rose to the head of affairs, sharing their power at first with Zápoyla István and afterwards with Báthory and others. Unhappily, besides being no statesmen, they did not possess even the honest intention which might in some measure have atoned for their deficiency in political knowledge. Inordinate ambition and contemptible selfish-

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ness were the moving springs of all their actions, which quickly ruined the country and brought the king to poverty and contempt, while their misuse of power roused the people against them. Whoever had suffered a wrong at their hands, whoever envied them, whoever wished well to the fatherland, all these joined the ranks of their adversaries, and were soon followed by the majority of the nobles who stood forward as the champions of the nation's rights and liberties. The bonds of order and obedience were loosened, and in the party-strife which followed royalty sustained severe shocks. Each Diet set narrower limits to the king's power, not indeed with the idea of depriving him of his lawful rights, but simply to prevent their misuse, and thus gradually royalty became little more than an unsubstantial shadow. So much the more did the power of the lords spiritual and temporal increase. The former had long been powerful by virtue of their office and prossessions, and now through their rank and unbounded influence over the people they occupied the first place in the state. The rank of the temporal lords had depended formerly on their tenure of office or the extent of their possessions, and had varied accordingly; but now the law having recognised *Barones Naturales*, barons by birth, the counts and the bannerets could transmit their rank to their children, and thus, of course, began to hold more and more together and to form a class distinct from and superior to the ordinary nobility.* They were all members of the council of state, and had a right to attend the Diet even when only the county deputies and not the whole nobility were summoned; latterly they had been commissioned to present ready-prepared measures to the States for their adoption, and hence they had been able to force such motions as they wished and to prevent such as they did not like; they enriched themselves at the cost of the state; their homagium was fixed at 100 silver marks, double that of the ordinary nobility; and, living in their castles surrounded by troops of armed men, they defied the laws and the powerless magistrates, while they lived riotous, luxurious lives, caring little for the misery to which they had reduced the state.

Their altered positions and still more the misuse they made of it, gave occasion for an important change in the Diet. The nobles and citizens rose up to resist their oppressors and to guard the honour of the nation, nor had they any difficulty in finding leaders. Men like Zápoyla, ambitious of power, or like Artándy, ambitious of honour, or like Verböczy, honest-hearted patriots, placed themselves at their head, and the Diet became the arena in which the struggle between the two great parties was carried on. To secure a majority for the nobility, it had been decreed in 1495 that not only the county deputies but all the prelates and barons and all the nobility should be summoned to attend; and to make the attendance more possible and less onerous for the poorer nobles, the

* In 1487 the *Barones Naturales* were: Duke Ujlaky, the Counts Frangepani, Zápoyla, Pösing, St. George, Korbavien, Zrinyi, and the Lords Losonezy, Perényi, and Rozgonyi.

duration of the session was in 1498 limited to a fortnight. Gradually the prelates and barons had come to hold separate meetings, and the nobles, too, had their assemblies from which the magnates were excluded, and thus, though the division of the Diet into an upper and lower house had not yet been made, the way for such a change was being slowly but surely prepared.

The weakness of the government favoured the struggles of the nobility for more liberty and for the greater independence of the counties. Bishops being envied for their wealth and influence were extremely unpopular as counts, and the Diet of 1498 forbade the king to appoint any prelate to the office, with the sole exceptions of the Bishops of Gran and Eger, whose sees were erroneously supposed to have been endowed in this manner by the early kings S.S. Stephen and László.* In 1504, finding that no attention had been paid to its former decree, and that the appointment of episcopal counts still continued, the Diet ordered all bishops to be deprived of their temporal offices; and, at the same time, the counties, to make themselves as independent as possible of the officer nominated by the king, strove to throw more and more power into the hands of the vice-count, who, though still appointed by the count, was now obliged to be chosen from the nobility of the county, and with their consent. Very soon his election came to rest entirely with the nobility, and instead of being merely the count's representative as heretofore, he became the first official in the county, which was much less dependent than formerly on the Fö-ispán. The counties acquired yet more power in 1495, when the Diet withdrew from the bishops and other lords the privilege they had hitherto enjoyed of being tried before the royal court of justice, and placed them under the jurisdiction of the county magistrates. Unhappily prelates, magnates, and nobles were all agreed upon one point, the desirability of casting their own legitimate burthens upon other people.

They paid none of the ordinary taxes, but at least they should have held themselves bound to pay the war-tax, which had now become an annual necessity; for they enjoyed their estates on the understanding that they were to provide for the defence of the country, and they had been exempted from personal military service on the express condition of their supporting paid troops. Only in cases of great emergency were they now bound to take the field with their men, and this obligation they made as light as possible, and evaded when they could. Where, then, can one look for patriotism and self-devotion when the bannerets, who were foremost in rank and wealth, diminished the size of their banderia, and appropriated the taxes they raised from their tenantry; and when, in the collecting and disposing of the state-revenue, such unfaithfulness and extravagance prevailed that the troops guarding the frontier received no pay, and the king could scarcely maintain a banderium of a thousand

* The Countship of Gran was joined with the Archbishopric by Andrew II., A.D. 1215, and that of Heves with the Bishopric of Eger much later.

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men? The towns, following the example of the nobles, had likewise sought exemption from military service, but they had had to pay for it, and in addition were obliged to pay the war-tax, and many a considerable sum besides, whenever the treasury happened to be empty. But in spite of exactions the towns flourished; and amid the sad disorganization prevailing around, they were almost the only spots where order still reigned, where industry and trade flourished, and where prosperity and cultivation were steadily on the increase. This is especially true of the more northern towns, which, by their frequent intercourse with Germany, shared in some degree the impulse given to her intellectual development, and added to their material wealth by a profitable trade with Poland.

On the other hand, the lot of the peasantry had grown more and more deplorable. As the feudal system developed itself, they had become solely dependent upon their landlord, paying him their rent, labouring for him, and having no immediate connection with the state. But now their already heavy burthens were increased by the addition of taxes, which their masters ought in all reason to have paid; and soon the only right that remained to them was that of choosing where they would settle, and of changing their landlord when they pleased; and even this liberty was grudged them; difficulties of all sorts were thrown in their way, they were obliged to obtain the sanction of their lords before they could move, and they were obliged to leave any huts, sheds, &c., they might have built at their own cost, without receiving any compensation; and finally, when the poor ill-treated creatures eagerly seized the opportunity afforded them by the crusade for trying to free themselves from this oppressive slavery, they did but rivet their fetters more firmly than ever; and when they awoke from the wild, mad dream, it was to find that they and their children had lost the last shred of liberty, and were henceforth serfs bound to the soil on which they laboured. When such deeds could be done, it is not surprising to learn that justice was at a discount in the country; might had taken the place of right, and oppression was the order of the day. There was no safety of person or property, for king, laws and courts were alike powerless to put a stop to crime, and the judgments pronounced upon such offenders as were brought to justice were generally arbitrary, for there was no written law to consult until, from the various scattered decrees of the Diet, Verböczy compiled his famous 'Decretum Tripartitum juris consvetudinarii inclyti regni Hungariæ,' which, though by no means a systematic code, still formed the basis of the Hungarian law for centuries.

In the midst of the general decay, the noble institutions founded by Mátyás for the higher education of his people had likewise suffered. The splendid library had been plundered, and the universities of Pécs, Presburg and Buda maintained themselves with difficulty, though they still existed, as is shown by the fact that some few hundred students from Buda perished in the battle of Mohács. The court was too poor to attract artists or learned men from foreign lands, and at home no one

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distinguished himself by the production of any enduring work; yet the appreciation of intellectual culture was becoming more and more keen, and classic schools were founded in the towns and by some of the nobles on their own estates, while the number of those who attended foreign universities was continually on the increase. Much less progress was made in the direction of art, for the wealthy lords, ecclesiastical and temporal, cared to vie with one another only in a certain rude splendour and luxury, and appeared to have little appreciation of refinement.

If we turn to the Church, the same corruption and disorganization are unhappily visible there as elsewhere. Some bishops there were, it is true, distinguished for their ability and knowledge, but the position they occupied in the State involved them in all the turmoil of public affairs, which unfortunately possessed so much attraction for them that even the best preferred them before the duties of their spiritual office, and the majority devoted their energies solely to the pursuit of power and wealth. They added one piece of preferment to another, struggled for profitable posts, oppressed the people in the matter of tithes, and exacted unduly heavy fees from their clergy. Some devoted themselves to trade, others enriched themselves by shameful taking of usury; they were seldom to be seen at the altar, never in the pulpit, but were most frequently to be met at tournaments, hunting parties, and court festivities; and on the occasion of any public procession they were attended by suites glittering in gold and silver. Laws were made to prevent their multiplying estates, to keep them out of temporal offices, and to put a stop to their holding more than one piece of preferment at a time, but it was all in vain; the laws were evaded, the pluralities continued, and Bakàcs actually held five and twenty ecclesiastical offices, and still strove for more.

Nor, while the secular clergy were become thus earthly-minded, had the religious orders maintained their ancient purity. More and more they were falling into disrepute; their rules were a dead letter; and, in proportion as their wealth increased, convents had ceased to be places of learning and piety, and had become the abodes of idleness and luxury. The mendicant orders too were burdensome to the people and unpopular with the parish priests, and their traffic in indulgences, relics, &c., could not but be repugnant to every intelligent and thoughtful mind. The Church had touched almost the lowest depth of corruption, as even Cardinal Bellarminius, the warmest supporter of the Papacy, and the fiercest enemy of the Reformation, is obliged to admit; but the reaction was at hand, and the night of darkness was to yield before the dawn.

In Hungary, where a longing for better things was felt as keenly as elsewhere in Europe, the way for the Reformation had been prepared by the Hussites, who, in spite of harsh edicts and occasional persecution, still held their ground, and were among the first to join the new movement. A constant intercourse with Germany was at this time maintained by merchants and traders, as well as by the students who attended the German universities; and the German mercenaries who frequently formed

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part of the army, and the German settlers, of whom there were many in the towns, all kept up a vivid interest in what went on in the fatherland; so that no sooner had Luther appeared on the stage than his fame swiftly penetrated into Hungary, and his writings found ready acceptance. The first Lutheran sermon was preached in the Zips in 1520, and soon, notwithstanding the denunciations of the Archbishop of Gran, Lutheran doctrines were publicly taught in Buda, and the Queen's chaplain was striving to gain acceptance for them from the court. The Saxons of Transylvania were naturally among the first to embrace the new opinions, but Lajos was strongly opposed to them, and, as the Pope's help was urgently needed against the Turks, it was thought well to propitiate him by an attempt to suppress the heretics. The Diet issued severe decrees, but, like a good many others, they were not carried out; for many of the magnates were either secretly or openly in favour of the Reformation, and the queen herself hardly concealed her own sympathy with it. Under these circumstances, no strict investigations were made into the faith of suspected persons; Luther's writings were nowhere publicly burnt, and Hungary was never disgraced by the bloody persecutions which claimed so many thousands of victims in other lands. The anathemas of the bishops fell harmlessly on the ears of the people without producing any result, and Wittenberg received more students than ever from Hungary and Transylvania, while the Lutherans grew daily bolder in avowing their opinions.

Such was the position of affairs when the national calamity at Mohács ushered in three centuries of misery, and gave a completely different turn to the history of Hungary, which henceforth relates only to the internal affairs of the country, and has but little connection with the rest of Europe.

(*Concluded.*)

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

BREAKING DOWN.

FUNERALS were little attended in these sad days. The living had to be regarded more than the dead, and Raymond Poynsett was only followed to the grave by his two brothers, his father-in-law, and some of the servants. Rosamond, however, weeping her soft profuse tears, could hear everything from behind the blind at Terry's open window, on that moist warm autumn day; everything, for no exception was made to the rule that coffins might not be taken into the church during this deadly sickness. She did hear a faltering and a blundering, which caused her to look anxiously at the tall white figure standing at the head of the grave, and as she now saw once or twice catching at the iron railing that fenced in the Poynsett tombs. Neither her husband nor his brother seemed to

notice what she observed. Absorbed in the sorrow and in one another they turned away after the service was ended, and walked towards the Hall. Rosamond did not speak for a minute or two, then she turned round to Terry, who was sitting up in bed, with an awe-struck face listening as well as he could to the low sounds, and watching her.

'Terry, dear, shall you mind my going to see after Herbert Bowater? I am sure they have let him overwork himself. If he is not fit to take Lady Tyrrell's funeral this afternoon, I *shall* send to Duddingstone on my own responsibility. I will not have Julius doing that!'

'Do you think he is ill—Bowater, I mean?' asked Terry.

'I don't like it. He seemed to totter as he went across the churchyard, and he blundered. I shall go and see.'

'Oh yes, go,' said Terry; 'I don't want anybody. Don't hurry.'

Rosamond put on her hat and sped away to Mrs. Hornblower's. As usual the front door leading to the staircase was open, and going up, she knocked at the sitting-room door, but the only response was such a whining and scratching that she supposed the dogs had been left prisoners there and forgotten, and so she turned the lock, but there was an obstruction; so that though Mungo and Tartar darted out, and snuffed round her, only Rollo's paw and head appeared, and there was a beseeching earnestness in his looks and little moans, as if entreating her to come in. Another push, vigorously seconded by Rollo within, showed her that it was Herbert's shoulder that hindered her, and that he was lying outstretched on the floor, apparently just recalled to consciousness by the push, for as Rollo proceeded to his one remedy of licking, there was a faint murmur of 'Who—what——'

'It is I! What is the matter?'

'Lady Rose! I'll—I'll try to move—oh!' His voice died away, and Rosamond thrust in her salts, and called to Mrs. Hornblower for water, but in vain. However, Herbert managed to move a little to one side. She squeezed into the doorway, hastily brought water from his bed-room within, and kneeling down by him, bathed his face, so that he revived to say, in the same faint voice, 'I'm so sorry I made such mulls. I couldn't see. I thought I knew it by heart.'

'Never mind, never mind, dear Herbert! You are better. Couldn't you let me help you to the sofa?'

'Oh! presently;' and as she took his head on her lap, 'Thank you; I did mean to hold out till after this day's work; but it is all right now Bindon is come.'

'Come! is he?' she joyfully exclaimed.

'Yes, I saw him from the window. I was getting up to hail him when the room turned upside down with me.'

'There's his step!' exclaimed Rosamond. 'Squeeze in, Mr. Bindon; you are a welcome sight.'

Mr. Bindon did make his way in, and stood dismayed at the black mass on the floor. Rosamond and Rollo, one on each side of Herbert's

great figure, in his cassock, and the rosy face deadly white, while Mungo and Tartar, who hated Mr. Bindon, both began to bark, and thus did the most for their master, whose call of 'Quiet! you brutes,' seemed to give him sudden strength. He took a grip of Rollo's curly back, and supported by Mr. Bindon, dragged himself to the sofa, and fell heavily back on it.

'Give him some brandy,' said Mr. Bindon, hastily.

'There's not a drop of anything,' muttered Herbert; 'it's all gone——'

'To Wilsbro',' explained Rosamond; then seeing the scared face of Dilemma at the door, she hastily gave a message, and sent her flying to the Rectory, while Mr. Bindon was explaining.

'I wish I had known. I never will go out of the reach of letters again. I saw in the *Times*, at Innsprück, a mention of typhoid fever here, and I came back as fast as trains would bring me; but too late, I fear.'

'You are welcome, indeed,' repeated Rosamond; 'Herbert has broken down at last, after doing more than man could do, and I am most thankful that my husband should be saved the funerals at Wilsbro'.'

Mr. Bindon, whose face showed how shocked he was, made a few inquiries. He had learnt the main facts on his way, but had been seeking his junior to hear the details, and he looked like the warrior who had missed Thermopylæ, ashamed and grieved at his holiday.

The bottle Rosamond had sent for arrived, and there was enough vigour restored to make her say, 'Here's a first service, Mr. Bindon, to help this poor fellow into bed.'

'No, no!' exclaimed Herbert.

'You are not going to say there's nothing the matter with you?' said Rosamond, as a flush passed over the pale face.

'No,' he said; 'but I want to go home. I should have taken a fly at Wilsbro'. Cranky will see to me without bothering anybody else. If you would send for one——'

'I don't think I can till I know whether you are fit to move,' said Rosamond. 'I desired Dilemma to tell them to send Dr. Worth here when he comes to Terry. Besides, is it quite right to carry *this* into another place?'

'I never thought of that,' said Herbert. 'But they would shut me up; nobody came near me but Cranky.' But there a shivering fit caught him, so that the sofa shook with him, and Rosamond covered him with rugs, and again told him bed was the only place for him, and he consented at last, holding his head as he rose, dizzy with the ache.

'Look here, Lady Rose,' he said, falling back into a sitting posture, at the first attempt, 'where's my writing case? If I go off my head, will you give this to the Rector, and ask him if it will be any good in the matter he knows of?' and he handed her an envelope. 'And this keep,' he added, giving her one addressed to his father. 'Don't let him have it till it's all over. You know.' Then he took up a pen and a sheet of paper, and got as far, with a shaking hand, as 'Dear Crank——' but there he broke down, and laid his head on the table, groaning.

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'I'll do it. What shall I say, dear Herbert?'

'Only tell her to come to me,' he gasped. 'Cranstoun—our old nurse. Then I'll be no trouble.'

While Mr. Bindon helped Herbert into his room, Rosamond sped home to send for Mrs. Cranstoun, arrange for the care of the new patient in the intervening hours, and fetch some of those alleviations of which experience had taught the use. Mr. Bindon came to meet her on her return, carefully shutting the door, and saying, 'Lady Rosamond, can he be delirious already? He is talking of being plucked for his Ordination.'

'Too true,' said Rosamond. 'I thought it a great shame to be so hard on a man with *that* in him; but I believe you expected it?'

'No; I may have said he would fail, but I never expected it.'

'Fail, indeed! Fancy a man being turned back who has worked night and day—night and day—doing all the very hardest services—never resting! Very likely killing himself!' cried Rosamond, hotly. 'May I come back to him? Terry can spare me, and if you will go to Wilsbro', I'll stay till my husband comes, or the doctor. The Sisters will tell you what to do.'

Herbert was, however, so much more comfortable for being in bed, that he was able to give Mr. Bindon directions as to the immediate cares at Wilsbro'; but he was distressed at occupying Lady Rose, his great object being to be no trouble to anybody, though he had seen so much of the disease as to have been fully aware that it had been setting in for the last two days, though his resolution to spare his Rector had kept him afoot till he had seen other help arrive. He declared that he wanted nobody but Rollo, who could fetch and carry, and call anyone, if only the doors were open, and really the creature's wistful eyes and gentle movements justified the commendation.

'Only,' said Herbert, anxiously, 'I suppose this is not catching for dogs. You'll make a home for him, Lady Rose?' he added. 'I should like you to have him, and he'll be happier with you than anyone else.'

'Herbert, I can't have you talk of that.'

'Very well,' he said, quietly. 'Only you will keep my dear old fellow—I've had him from a puppy—and he is but three years old now.'

Rosamond gave all promises, from her full heart, as she fondled the soft wise black head.

Herbert was unhappy too about Mrs. Hornblower's trouble. Harry had been one of the slighter cases, and was still in his room, a good deal subdued by the illness, and by the attention the lodger had shown him; for Herbert had spent many hours, when he had been supposed to be resting, in relieving Mrs. Hornblower, and she was now in a flood of gratitude, only longing to do everything for him herself. Had he not, as she declared, saved her son, body and soul?

The most welcome sight was Julius, who came down in dismay as soon as he could leave the Hall. 'I am so glad,' said the patient;

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'I want to talk things over while my head is clearer than it ever may be again.'

'Don't begin by desponding. These fevers are much less severe now than six weeks ago.'

'Yes; but they always go the hardest with the great big strong young fellows. I've buried twelve young men out of the whole forty-five.'

'Poor lads, I doubt if their life had been such a preparation as yours.'

'Don't talk of my life. A stewardship I never set myself to contemplate, and so utterly failed. I've got nothing to carry to my God but broken vows and a wasted year.'

'Nothing can be brought but repentance.'

'Yes, but look at others who have tried, felt their duties, and cared for souls; while I thought only of my vows as a restraint, and tried how much pleasure I could get in spite of them. A pretty story of all the ministry I shall ever have.'

'These last weeks!'

'Common humanity—nonsense. I should always have done as much; besides, I was crippled everywhere, not merely by want of power as a priest, but by having made myself such a shallow thoughtless ass. But that was not what I wanted to say. It was about Gadley and his confession.'

'Oh, Herbert! I am afraid I was very unkind that night. I did not think of anything but our own trouble, nor see how much it had cost you.'

'Of course not—nonsense. You had enough to think of yourself, and I was only ashamed of having bored you.'

'And when I think of the state of that room, I am afraid it was then you took in the poison.'

'Don't say *afraid*. If it was for Jenny, I shall have done some good in the world. But the thing is—is it good? Will it clear Douglas? I suppose what he said to you was under seal of confession?'

'Scarcely so, technically; but when a man unburthens himself on his death-bed, and then, so far from consenting, shows terror and dismay at the notion of his words being taken down as evidence, it seems to me hardly right or honourable to make use of them—though it would right a great wrong. But what did you get from him?'

'I gave Lady Rose the paper. He raved most horribly for an hour or two, as if all the foul talk of his pot-house had got into his brain,' said Herbert, with a shudder. 'Rector, Rector, pray for me, that I mayn't come out with *that* at any rate. It has haunted me ever since. Well, at last he slept, and woke up sinking but conscious, knew me, and began to ask if this was death, and was frightened, clutching at me, and asking to be held, and what he could do. I told him at least he could undo a wrong, if he would only authorize us to use what he said to clear Douglas; and then, as Sister Margaret had come across, I wrote as well as I could: "George Gadley authorizes what he said to the Rev. Julius Charnock to

be used as evidence," and I suppose he saw us sign it, if he could see at all, for his sight was nearly gone.'

Julius drew a long breath.

'And now, what was it?' said Herbert.

'Well, the trio—Moy, young Proudfoot, and Tom Vivian—detained a letter of my mother's, with a cheque in it, and threw the blame of it on Archie Douglas. They thought no one but themselves was in the office, but Gadley was a clerk there, and was in the outer room, where he heard all. He came to Moy afterwards, and has been preying on him for hush-money ever since.'

'And this will set things straight?'

'Yes. How to set about the public justification I do not yet see; but with your father, and all the rest, Archie's innocence will be as plain as it always has been to us.'

'Where is he?'

'On an ostrich farm at Natal.'

'Whew!—we must have him home. Jenny can't be spared. Poor Jenny, when she hears that, it will make all other things light to her.'

'What is their address?'

'No, don't write. Mamma has had a fresh cold, and neither my father nor Jenny could leave her. Let them have a little peace till it gets worse. There will be plenty of time, if it is to be a twenty-eight days business like the others. Poor mamma!' and he rolled his head away; then, after some minutes of tossing and shivering, he asked for a prayer out of the little book in his pocket. 'I should know it, but my memory is muddled, I think.'

The book—a manual for sick rooms—was one which Julius had given him new five weeks back. It showed wear already, having been used as often in that time as in six ordinary years of parish work. By the time the hard-pressed doctor came, it was plain that the fever was setting in severely, aggravated no doubt by the dreadful night at the Three Pigeons, and the unrelaxed exertions ever since; for he was made to allow that he had come home in the chill morning air, cold, sickened, and exhausted, had not chosen to disturb anybody, and had found no refreshment but a raw apple—the last drop of wine having been bestowed on the sick; had lain down for a short sleep worse than waking, and had neither eaten nor slept since, but worked on by sheer strength of will and muscle. When Julius thought of the cherishing care that he had received himself, he shuddered, with a sort of self-reproach for his neglect; and the doctor, though good-humouredly telling Herbert not to think he knew anything about his own symptoms, did not conceal from Julius that enough harm had been done in these few days to give the fine Bowater constitution a hard struggle.

'Grown careless,' he said. 'Regular throwing away of his life.'

Careless Herbert might have been, but Julius wondered whether this might not be losing of the life to find it.

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Cranstoun or Cranky arrived, a charming old nurse, much gratified in the midst of her grief, and inclination to scold. She summarily sent off Mungo and Tartar by the conveyance that brought her, and would have sent Rollo away, but that Herbert protested against it, and no power short of an order from him would have taken the dog from his bedside.

And Mr. Bindon returned from Wilsbro' in unspeakable surprise. 'The heroes of the occasion,' he said, 'were Bowater and Mrs. Duncombe! Every sick person I visited, and there were fourteen in all stages, had something to say of one or other. Poor things, how their faces fell when they saw me instead of his bright honest face. "Cheering the very heart of one!" as a poor woman said; "That's what I calls a true shepherd," said an old man. You don't really mean he was rejected at the Ordination!'

'Yes, and that it will make him the still truer shepherd, if he is only spared!'

'The Sisters can't say enough of him. They thought him very ill yesterday, and implored him to take care of himself; but he declared he could not leave these two funerals to you. But, after all, he is less amazing to me than Mrs. Duncombe. She has actually been living at the hospital with the Sisters. I should not have known her.'

'Great revolutions have happened in your absence. Much that has drawn out her sterling worth, poor woman.'

'I shall never speak harshly again, I hope. It seems to be a judgment on me that I should have been idling on the mountains, while those two were thus devoting themselves to my Master in His poor.'

'We are thankful enough to have you coming in fresh, instead of breaking down now. Have you a sermon? You will have to take Wilsbro' to-morrow. Driver won't come. He wrote to the Churchwardens that he had a cold, and that his agreement was with poor Fuller.'

'And you undertook the Sunday?'

'Yes. They would naturally have no Celebration, and I thought Herbert's preaching in the midst of his work would be good for them. You never heard such an apology and confession as the boy made to our people the first Sunday here, begging them to bear with him.'

'Then I can't spare you anything here?'

'Yes, much care and anxiety. The visitation has done its worst in our house. We have got into the lull after the storm, and you need not be anxious about me. There is peace in what I have to do now. It is gathering the salvage after the wreck.'

Then Julius went into his own house, where he found Terry alone, and, as usual, ravenously hungry.

'Is Bowater really ill?' he asked.

'I am afraid there is no believing otherwise, Terry,' said Julius. 'You will have to spare Rose to him sometimes, till some one comes to nurse him.'

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'I would spare anything to him,' said Terry, fervently. 'Julius, it is finer than going into battle!'

'I thought you did not care much for battles, Terry.'

'If it was battles, I should not mind,' said the boy; 'it is peaceful soldiering that I have seen too much of. But don't you bother my father, Julius, I won't grumble any more; I made up my mind to that.'

'I know you did, my boy; but you did so much futile arithmetic, and so often told us that $a + b - c$ equalled Peter the Great, that Dr. Worth said you must not be put to mathematics for months to come, and I have told your father that if he cannot send you to Oxford, we will manage it.'

A flush of joy lighted up the boy's face. 'Julius, you are a brick of a brother!' he said. 'I'll do my best to get a scholarship.'

'And the best towards that you can do now is to get well as soon as possible.'

'Yes. And you lie down on the sofa there, Julius, and sleep—Rose would say you must. Only I want to say one thing more, please. If I do get to Oxford, and you are so good, I've made up my mind to one thing. It's not only for the learning that I'll go; but I'll try to be a soldier in your army and Bowater's. That's all that seems to me worth the doing now.'

So Julius dropped asleep, with a thankworthy augury in his ears. It is not triumph, but danger and death that lead generous spirits each to step where his comrade stood!

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SALVAGE.

FRANK was certainly better. Ever since that sight of Eleonora he had been mending. If he muttered her name, or looked distressed, it was enough to guide his hand to her token, he smiled and slept again; and on the Sunday morning his throat and mouth were so much better, that he could both speak and swallow without nearly so much pain; but one of his earliest sayings was, 'Louder, please, I can't hear. When does she come?'

Mrs. Poynsett raised her voice, Anne tried; but he frowned and sighed, and only when Miles uttered a sea-captain's call close to his ear, did he smile comprehension, adding, 'Were you shouting?' a fact only too evident to those around.

'Then I'm deaf,' he said. And Anne wrote and set before him, 'We hope it will pass as you get better.' He looked grateful, but there was little more communication, for his eyes and head were still weak, and signs and looks were the chief currency; however, Julius met Eleonora after morning service, to beg her to renew her visit, after having first prepared her for what she would find. Eleonora was much distressed; then paused a minute, and said, 'It does him good to see me!'

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'It seems to be the one thing that keeps him up,' said Julius, surprised at the question.

'Oh, yes! I can't—I could not stay away,' she said. 'It is all so wrong together; yet this last time cannot hurt!'

'Last time?'

'Yes; did you not know that papa has set his heart on going to London to-morrow? Yes, early to-morrow. And it will be for ever. We shall never see Sirenwood again.'

She stood still, almost bent with the agony of suppressed grief.

'I am very sorry; but I do not wonder he wishes for change.'

'He has been in an agony to go these three days. It was all I could do to get him to stay to-day. You don't think it will do Frank harm? Then I would stay, if I took lodgings in the village; but otherwise—poor papa—I think it is my duty—and he can't do without me.'

'I think Frank is quite capable of understanding that you are forced to go, and that he need not be the worse for it.'

'And then,' she lowered her voice, 'it does a little reconcile me that I don't think we ought to go further into it till we can understand. I did make that dreadful vow. I know I ought not now; but still I did, in so many words.'

'You mean against a gambler?'

'If it had only been against a gambler; but I was stung, and wanted to guard myself, and made it against anyone who had ever betted! If I go on, I must break it you see, and if I do, might it not bring mischief on him! I don't even feel as if it were *true* to have come to him on Friday, and now—yet they said it was the only chance for his life.'

'Yes, I think it saved him then, and to disappoint him now might quite possibly bring a relapse,' said Julius. 'It seems to me that you can only act as seems right at the moment. When he is his own man again, you will better have the power of judging about this vow, and if it ought to bind you. And so, it may really be well you do not see more of him, and that his weakness does not lead you further than you mean.'

A pattering step, and an almost agonized, though very short sob under the crape veil, proved to Julius that this counsel, though chiming in with her stronger, sterner judgment, was terrible to her, nor would he have given it, if he had not had reason to fear that while she had grown up, Frank had grown down; and that, after this illness, it would have to be proved whether he were indeed worthy of the high-minded girl whom he had himself almost thrown over in a passion.

But there was no room for such misgivings when the electric shock of actual presence was felt—the thin hollow-cheeked face shone with welcome, the liquid brown eyes smiled with thankful sweetness, the fingers, fleshless, but cool and gentle, were held out; and the faint voice said, 'My darling! Once try to make me hear.'

And when, with all her efforts, she could only make him give a sort of smile of disappointment, she would have been stony-hearted indeed if she

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had not let him fondle her hand as he would, while she listened to his mother's report of his improvement. With those eyes fixed in such content on her face, it seemed absolutely barbarous to falter forth that she could come no more, for her father was taking her away.

'My dear, you must be left with us,' cried Mrs. Poynsett. 'He cannot spare you.'

'Ah! but my poor father. He is lost without me. And I came of age on Tuesday, and there are papers to sign.'

'What is it?' murmured Frank, watching their faces.

Mrs. Poynsett gave her the pen, saying, 'You must tell him, if it is to be.'

She wrote: 'My father takes me to London to-morrow, to meet the lawyers.'

His face fell; but he asked, 'Coming back—when?'

She shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears, as she wrote: 'Sirenwood is to be put up to auction.'

'Your sister?' began Frank, and then his eye fell on her crape trimmings. He touched her sleeve, and made a low wail. 'Oh! is everyone dead?'

It was the first perception he had shown of any death, though mourning had been worn in his room. His mother leant down to kiss him, bidding Lena tell him the truth; and she wrote:

'I am left alone with poor papa. Let me go—now you can do without me.'

'Can I?' he asked, again grasping her hand.

She pointed to his mother and Anne; but he repeated, 'You—you!'

'When you are better we will see how it is to be,' she wrote.

He looked sadly wistful. 'No, I can't now. Something was very wrong; but it won't come back. By and by. If you wouldn't go——'

But his voice was now more weak and weary, tired by the effort, and a little kneeling by him, allowing his tender touch, soothed him, enough to say submissively, 'Good-bye, then—I'll come for you'—wherewith he faltered into slumber.

Rosamond had just seen her off in the pony carriage, and was on the way up stairs, when she stumbled on a little council, consisting of Dr. Worth, Mr. Charnock, and Grindstone, all in the gallery. 'A widow in her twenty-second year. Good heavens!' was the echo she heard; and Grindstone was crying and saying, 'She did it for the best, and she could not do it, poor lamb, not if you killed her for it;' and Dr. Worth said, 'Perhaps Lady Rosamond can. You see, Lady Rosamond, Mrs. Grindstone, whose care I must say has been devoted, has hitherto staved off the sad question from poor young Mrs. Poynsett, until now it is no longer possible, and she is becoming so excited, that——'

Cecil's bell rang sharply.

'I cannot—I cannot! In her twenty-second year!' cried her father, wringing his hands.

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Grindstone's face was all tears and contortions; and Rosamond, recollecting her last words with poor Cecil, sprang forward, both men opening a way for her.

Cecil was sitting up in bed, very thin, but with eager eyes and flushed cheeks, as she held out her hands. 'Rosamond! Oh! But aren't you afraid?'

'No, indeed, I'm always in it now,' said Rosamond, kissing her, and laying her down; 'it has been everywhere.'

'Ah! then they sent him away—Raymond?' then clutching Rosamond's hand, and looking at her with searching eyes, 'Tell me, has his mother any right? Would you bear it if she kept *you* apart?'

'Ah! Cecil, it was not her doing.'

'You don't mean it was his own? Papa is not afraid. You are not afraid. If it had been he, I wouldn't have feared anything. I would have nursed him day and night till—till I made him care for me.'

'Hush, dear Cecil,' said Rosamond, with great difficulty. 'I know you would, and so would he have done for you, only the cruel fever kept you apart.'

'The fever! He had it?'

'Yes, he *had* it.'

'But he is better. I am better. Let me be taken to him. His mother is not there now. I heard them say she was in Frank's room. Call papa. He will carry me.'

'Oh! poor, poor Cecil. His mother only went to Frank when he did not need her any more.' And Rosamond hid her face on the bed, afraid to look.

Cecil lay back so white, that Grindstone approached with some drops, but this made her spring up, crying, 'No, no, don't come near me! You never told me! You deceived me!'

'Don't, don't ma'am—my dear Miss Charnock—now. It was all for your best. You would not have been here now.'

'And then I should be with him. Rosamond, send her away, I can't bear her. She sent him away from me that night. I heard her.'

'My dear Cecil, this will not do. You are making your father dreadfully unhappy. Dear Raymond stayed with you till he really could not sit up any longer, and then he kissed you.'

'Kissed me! Oh, where? Did you see? No, don't ask Grindstone. She made me think he had left me, and fancy—oh, Rosamond! such—such things! And all the time——'

The moaning became an anguish of distress, unable to weep, like terrible pain, as the poor young thing writhed in Rosamond's arms. It was well that this one sister understood what had been in Cecil's heart, and did believe in her love for Raymond. Rosamond, too, had caressing power beyond any other of the family, and thus she could better deal with the sufferer, striving, above all, to bring tears by what she whispered to her as she held her to her bosom. They were a terrible storm at last, but

Cecil clung to Rosamond through all, absolutely screaming when Grindstone came near; poor Grindstone, who had been so devoted though mistaken. Weakness, however, after the first violent agitation was soothed, favoured a kind of stunned torpor, and Cecil lay still, except when her maid tried to do anything for her, and then the passion returned. When old Susan Alston came with a message, she was at once recognized and monopolized, and became the only servant whom she would suffer about her.

The inconvenience was great, but relapse was such an imminent danger, that it was needful to give up everything to her; and Mr. Charnock, regarding his daughter's sufferings as the only ones worth consideration, seemed to pursue Rosamond the instant she had sat down by the still feeble, weary, convalescent Terry, imploring her to return to Cecil, with the irresistible force of tearful eyes, and piteous descriptions; and as Terry had a week's start in recovery, and was not a widow under twenty-two, he had to submit, and lie as contentedly as he could in his solitude.

Susan could be better spared to Cecil's morbid fancy of being waited on by her who had attended her husband, for Miles and Anne were sufficient for Mrs. Poynsett and Frank. The long-sundered husband and wife scarcely saw each other, except over Frank's bed, and Mr. Charnock was on the Captain's hands whenever he came beyond it. On the Wednesday, however, Julius, who had only once spoken to his brother alone, came up to the breakfast where he and Mr. Charnock were sitting, and hurt the feelings of the latter by first asking for Frank. 'He had slept all night, and only half woke when Miles and Anne changed watch and gave him beef-tea. Cecil, very moaning and restless—more fever about her, poor dear. When would Lady Rosamond come up?—she was asking for her. When she had seen to a few things at home, giving her brother his breakfast, and seen to poor Herbert; he had had a dreadful night, and that Cranstoun *would* shut the window unless some one defended him.' Mr. Charnock began to resume his daughter's symptoms, when Julius, at the first pause, said:

'Have you finished, Miles? Could you speak to me in the library a minute? I beg your pardon, Mr. Charnock, but my time is short.'

'I hope—I quite understand. Do not let me be in your way.'

And the brothers repaired to the library, where Julius's first words were, 'Miles, you must make up your mind. They are getting up a requisition to you to stand for Wilsbro'.'

'To me?'

'You are the most obvious person, and the feeling for dear Raymond is so strong as to prevent any contest. Whitlock told Bindon yesterday that you should have no trouble.'

'I can't. It is absurd. I know nothing about it. My poor mother bred up Raymond for nothing else. Don't you remember how she made him read history, volumes upon volumes, while I was learning nothing but the ropes. I declare, Julius, there he goes.'

'Who?'

'Why, that old ass, down to hunt up poor Rosamond; I don't believe he thinks there's any one in the world but his daughter. I declare I'll hail him and stop him.'

'No, no, Miles, Rosamond can take care of herself. She won't come till she has seen to her patients down there; and, after all, Cecil's is the saddest case, poor thing. To return. If you don't take to politics in the end, I think you should let them put you in now, if only as a stop-gap, or we shall get some one whom it may not be easy to get rid of.'

'There's something in that; but I can't accept without knowing my position, and I would not utter a word to disturb my mother till it occurs to her of herself.'

'Now that Frank is better?'

'No. It will all come on her soon enough.'

'Would you stand if she made it right for you?'

'I can't tell. There would be no punishment so great to my poor Anne as to be dragged into society, and I don't know how she would bear it, even if she had no scruples. We never thought of anything but settling in Glen Fraser, only I wanted her to know you all. If that poor Cecil only had a child we could be free to go back. Poor Anne!'

'Do you think she is still as homesick as at first?'

'Well, not quite, perhaps; but I never can get to talk to her, and I know it is a terrible sacrifice to her to live here at all, and I won't have her forced into a style of thing against her conscience. If they come to me, I shall tell them to take Mr. Bowater.'

'Poor Mr. Bowater! He will have little heart.'

'Who else is there? That fellow Moy would like it, I suppose.'

'That fellow Moy may have to change his note,' said Julius. 'I think we have the means of clearing Archie, when we can see how to use them.'

Miles gave a sort of leap as he stood by the fire. 'Tell me. Archie! I had no heart to write to him, poor fellow.'

'Write to him by all means, but say nothing here.' And Julius briefly repeated what Gadley had said.

'I don't see that the scoundrel Moy deserves any consideration.'

'I don't know whether he does; but he has a good wife, ailing and sickly, and a daughter. He has lived in good report these many years, and I think it is due to him and to old Proudfoot not to spread the report before giving him warning. In fact, I am not sure whether we could proceed against him as things stand.'

'It is just what Raymond would have known,' said Miles, with a sigh; 'but you are right, Julius, one ought to give him fair play. Ah! what's that, Jenkins?—Note from Lord Belfort? Wait for an answer. Can't they give one any peace?'

While Miles was reluctantly answering his note, Julius, resolving to act before he was forbidden, mounted to Frank's room, requested to speak

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with his mother, and propelled her into the outer room, leaving Anne on guard.

'Now then, my dear,' she said, 'I have known a talk must soon come. You have all been very good to me to leave it so long.'

'I am come now without poor Miles's knowledge or consent,' said Julius, 'because it is necessary for him to know what to do.'

'He will give up the navy,' said his mother. 'Oh! Julius, does he require to be told that he——?' and she laid her head on her son's shoulder.

'It is what he cannot bear to be told; but what drives me on is that Whitlock tells me that the Wilsbro' people want to bring him in at once, as the strongest proof of their feeling for Raymond.'

'Yes,' she raised her head proudly, 'of course he must come forward. He need have no doubt. Send him to me, Julius, I will tell him to open letters and put matters in train. Perhaps you will write to Graves for me, if he does not like it, poor boy.'

She had roused herself into the woman of business, and when Miles, after some indignation at her having been disturbed, obeyed the summons, she held out her arms, and became the consoler.

'Come my boy,' she said, 'we must face it sooner or later. You must stand foremost and take up his work for him.'

'Oh, mother! mother! you know how little I am able,' said Miles, covering his face with his hands.

'You do not bring his burthened heart to the task,' she said. 'If you had watched and felt with him, as perhaps only his mother could, you would know that I can be content that the long heart-ache should have ceased, where the weary are at rest. Yes, Miles, I feel as if I had put him to sleep after a long day of pain, as when he was a little child.'

They hardened themselves to the discussion, Mrs. Poynsett explaining what she thought the due of her eldest son, only that Cecil's jointure would diminish the amount at her disposal. Indeed, when she was once aroused, she attended the most fully; but when Miles found her apologizing for only affording him the little house in the village, he cried out with consternation.

'My dear,' she said, 'it is best so; I will not be a burthen on you young ones. I see the mistake.'

'I know,' stammered Miles, 'my poor Anne is not up to your mark—not clever like you or Jenny—but I thought you did like her pretty handy ways.'

'I feel them and love them with all my heart; but I cannot have her happiness and yours sacrificed to me. Yes, you boys love the old nest; but even Julius and Rose rejoice in their own, and you must see what she really wishes, not what she thinks her duty. Take her out walking, you both need it badly enough.'

They ventured to comply, and eluding Mr. Charnock, went into the Park, silvery with the unstaunched dews, and the leaves floating down one by one like golden rain.

'Not much like the Bush,' said Miles.

'No,' was all Anne durst say.

'Poor Nan, how dreary it must have looked to you last year!'

'I am afraid I wrote very complaining letters?'

'Not complaining, but a direful little effort at content, showing the more piteously, because involuntarily, what a mistake I had made.'

'No, no mistake. Indeed, Miles, it was not. Nothing else would have cured me of the dreadful uncharitableness which was the chief cause of my unhappiness, and if I had not been so forlorn, I should never have seen how good and patient your mother was with me. Yes, I mean it. I read over my old diary and saw how tiresome and presumptuous I was, and how wonderfully she bore with me, and so did Julius and Rosamond, while all the time I fancied them—no Christians.'

'Ah! you child! You know I would never have done it if I had known you were to be swamped among brides. At any rate this poor old place doesn't look so woefully dismal and hateful to you now.'

'It could not, where you are, and where I have so many to know and love.'

'You can bear the downfall of our Bush schemes?'

'Your duty is here now.'

'Are you grieved, little one?'

'I don't know. I should like to have seen mamma; but she does not need me now as your mother does.'

'Then you are willing to be her daughter?'

'I have tried hard, and she is very kind; but I am far too dull and ignorant for her. I can only wait upon her; but when she has you and Julius to talk to, my stupidity will not matter.'

'Would you be content to devote yourself to her, instead of making a home of our own?'

'She can't be left alone in that great house.'

'The question is, can you be happy in it? or do you wish for a house to ourselves?'

'You don't, Miles, it is your own home.'

'That's not the question.'

'Miles, why do you look at me so?'

'I was told to ascertain your wishes.'

'I don't wish anything—now I have you—but to be a comfort to your mother. That is my first earthly wish just now.'

'If that be earthly, it has a touch of the heavenly,' muttered Miles to himself. 'You will make it clear to mother then that you like to go on with her?'

'If she does not mind having me.'

'And Julius says it really cheered our dear Raymond to think you would be the one to look after her! But that's not all, Nanny, I've only till to-morrow to decide whether I am to be member for Wilsbro'.'

'Is that a duty?'

'Not such a duty as to bind me if it were altogether repugnant to you. I was not brought up for it, and may be a mere stop-gap, but it is every man's duty to come to the front when he is called for, and do his utmost for his country in Parliament, I suppose as much as in action.'

'I see; but it would be leaving your mother alone a great deal.'

'Not necessarily. You could stay here part of the time, and I go backwards and forwards, as Raymond did before his marriage.'

'It would be better than your being at sea.'

'But remember,' he added, 'there is much that can't be shirked. I don't mean currying popularity, but if one is in that position, there's no shutting oneself up. It becomes a duty to keep society going, and give it the sort of tone that a nice woman can do. Do you see?'

'I think I do. Julius said so once.'

'So if we are to have such tears and despair as there were about the ball in the Chimæra, then——'

'I was wrong then,' said Anne. 'I did not behave at all well to you all that time, dear Miles; I have been sorry for it ever since I understood.'

'It was not you, little one, it was Mr. Pilgrim.'

'No, it was not Mr. Pilgrim who made me cross.'

'Yes, it was. He exacted pledges that he had no right to lay on your conscience, and your poor little conscience was in terrible straits, and I was too angry to feel for it. Never mind all that; you have done with the fellow, and understand better now.'

'He thought he was right, and that only such abstinence could guard me. And, Miles, a promise is a promise, and I do not think I ought to dance or play at cards. It is not that I think them wrong for others, but I cannot break my word. Except those—I will do whatever is fitting for your wife.'

'Spoken like a heroine!'

'I don't think I could ever give a tone. Rosamond could, if she tried, but I have no readiness and no training; but I do see that there is more good in being friendly, like Jenny Bowater, than in avoiding everything, and as long as one does it because it is right and loving, it can't be the world or worldliness.'

It was not lucidly expressed, but it satisfied the Captain.

'All right, my bonnie Nance, I'll promise on my side never to ask you to go against your real conscience, and if you must have a Pope, I had rather it were Pope Julius than Pope Pilgrim.'

'Don't, Miles. Popes are all wrong, and I don't know whether Mr. Pilgrim would give the right hand of fellowship to Julius.'

Miles chuckled. 'You may think yourself lucky you have not to adjust that question, Madam Nan.'

'There's the quarter chiming. Frank will want his beef-tea.'

Presently after Miles laid his hand on his mother's shoulder, and said, 'Mother, here's a daughter who thinks you want to turn us out because

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he is too slow and stupid for your home child.' And he drew Anne up blushing as if she were his freshly-won bride.

'My dear, are you sure you don't want to go away from the old woman? Should you not be happier with him all to yourself?'

'I could not be happy if you were left,' said Anne. 'May I go on as we did last winter? I will try to do better now I have him to help me.'

'My own dear child!'

That was the way Anne forgot her own people and her father's house.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER XXI.

HELEN passed a restless night, and did not seem so well in the morning. When Cecil paid her the usual visit before going down to breakfast she fixed wistful anxious eyes upon her, which shone too brightly in a little face ominously pale except for two brilliant streaks of red under those shining eyes.

Cecil kissed her with all her usual tenderness, but the poor little heart that beat so fast beneath the bedclothes did not feel at rest in consequence, nor did the eyes grow less wistful or less eager.

'Do!' cried Cecil; 'what can I do? It is a black day, Helen; or rather it is a blank day, which is worse than black. Juliet is engaged. I shall not see Juliet; does not that express everything and leave nothing whatever to *be* expressed? No Juliet. In those two words you read the history of my day.'

A look of relief almost amounting to thankfulness stole into the little pale face on the pillow as Cecil spoke, though the tender heart reproached itself for feeling glad at what made Cecil sorry.

'Poor Cecil,' she sighed; 'but then,' she added, for her newly-awakened conscience reproached her for apparent insincerity, 'but then it is a safe day and you won't disobey papa.'

'No, I sha'n't disobey papa,' replied the other, half lightly, half bitterly. 'If *that* is the aim and end of my existence, if that is what my soul, mind, and spirit were made for, if that is *all*, to-day will prove a satisfactory one in the annals of my life. I shall not disobey papa.'

'And try to mind as little as you can,' said Helen, soothingly.

'Well, it is not so difficult with Friday to look forward to, and this is Wednesday, only two days! and yet two days, though to look back upon they seem such a short bit of time, are immense portions of our life as they pass and immenser before they have begun.'

'Yes, they are long,' said Helen, 'and a day is a very long time—a whole day. So Friday is still a great, great way off, and, Cecil, of course you know, nothing can *really* happen on Friday. I have *always* felt *that*, you know, and now it is the day after to-morrow you must feel it too.'

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'Must I?' cried Cecil, laughing, and making a gay curtsey before her cousin's bed; 'thanks, most oracular Helen, a thousand thanks;' here she curtsied again; 'but I mustn't feel it, I don't feel it, I *can't* feel it! and I shouldn't, not if it were to-morrow, not if it were to-day, instead of the day after to-morrow. No, not when it *is* to-day, as it will be, I sha'n't feel it then."

Here she waltzed gaily once round the room and sang to herself as she did so.

'Fancy me at that work on Friday night,' she cried, stopping laughing, and breathless. 'Fancy it, Helen, the real thing, no poor imitation, and then tell me whether you think I shall give it up. Could anybody, I wonder, give up a ball when they had once actually expected it?'

'And yet you used to despise balls, and say that girls who cared for them were frivolous creatures; and I feared I *should* care for them, and that you would look down upon me.'

'Oh, that was when I was a child—children can't understand; how *should* they understand the pleasures of grown up people? I was not grown up then, and I did not know Juliet.'

And a loving look came into Cecil's eyes as she uttered the last words.

'If you did not go to this very ball,' said Helen, anxiously, 'you would go to one soon. Papa would take you before very long.'

'Soon! before very long! Why, Helen, what are you talking of? what are you thinking of? Two years! He certainly would not let me go to a ball for two years, and only *think* what a time that is; we, who were talking of two days as an awful space to be between us and happiness, calmly and carelessly to turn those two days into two years. Why it is a lifetime! one will be almost old in two years, and perhaps may not care for balls as one does now.'

'Well,' said Helen, 'you know I never expected you to go to it, and I don't expect it now. It seems to me, as it has done all along, simply impossible. I never believe it except when you talk about it, and I can't help thinking that it is only then you believe it yourself.'

'Think what you like, fair lady; as long as I act, I will not quarrel with your thoughts. Deeds, not words, for me; that is my motto. I adopt it now and will keep to it all my life. Let others *talk* about the ball, I will *go* to it. Deeds, not words!'

'Deeds, not words,' replied Helen, sighing. 'Yes, that is a very good motto I dare say, only it must in some measure depend upon what the deeds are; unfortunately there are bad deeds as well as good ones.'

Here the breakfast bell sounded.

'And it will be a bad deed if I am late for breakfast,' sang Cecil, with unperturbed gaiety and good humour; 'bad for me if not for anybody else, for I shall get a scolding and be in dire disgrace; and though to be in disgrace is rather, as you observed yesterday, Helen, becoming my usual state, still I would keep out of it sometimes if I could, if it were only for the novelty of the thing.'

Helen left alone meditated much and long on all that was happening.

'How kind and good-natured she is, not angry with me for giving her no sympathy, or even for telling her I don't expect it to be, and think it ought not to be; there is nobody like her, nobody; and is it possible that all this time she is doing wrong, and planning to do wrong? It does not seem as if it could be possible. Surely Adela Lester must be mistaken; and what would be wrong for anybody else somehow or other is not wrong for Cecil.'

It must be remembered that Helen was very young, that Adela's teaching was new to her, and that hers was a character and disposition peculiarly unwilling to stand alone or act for itself. Moreover, she had all her life been in the habit of being led by Cecil and finding pleasure in yielding her own wishes to her cousin, whom she loved with the warmest feelings of a very affectionate heart. All this must be remembered in order that the reader's sympathy may be enlisted for her, and that perhaps it may be thought that she is rather praiseworthy for what she felt and did, than to be blamed for not feeling or doing more.

At breakfast Mr. Vaux made a formal appointment with Mademoiselle De Lys and her pupil to walk with him at half-past twelve o'clock and call on Mrs. Lester. An appointment, the forming of which gave evidently sincere gratification to the governess, who smiled and bowed, and said, 'Pleasure is mine. Be it so—do it;' while Cecil made a long face behind her tea-cup and then gave a very contemptuous glance at the other.

Mr. Vaux opened his letters. One of them attracted his attention. He read it twice through. The first time one particular part excited his surprise, and the second time his displeasure.

'It is a most extraordinary thing,' he said, 'how few people in the world are accurate—accurate—though accuracy is, I have no hesitation in saying, that accuracy is——'

'The root of all evil. Yes, no doubt of it, James, dear.' Aunt Flora chimed in, who, though too busy with her own letters to have really attended to her brother's conversation, was never too much engaged to be ready and eager to agree with him in everything he might happen to say, even when she was, as in the present instance, ignorant of what it was.

'Scarcely, Flora,' replied he, with fine irony. 'I spoke of accuracy, and you, I presume, refer to idleness. Two rather different things, I venture to believe. Understanding, as I have always done, that it is a recognised fact that of all created beings the idle are the most inaccurate.'

'Are they? Dear me, I hadn't an idea of it,' said Aunt Flora.

Mr. Vaux was sufficiently pleased with his own last sentence not to be greatly annoyed at the interruption and mistake, without which he could not have uttered it.

'But you did speak of arristocrecy?' said Mademoiselle, with an air of

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sweet eager attention. 'Lets us not lose the words. You hesitate nots to say that arristocrecy is—vat is arristocrecy?'

'Aristocracy,' replied Mr. Vaux, clearing his throat, 'by which we mean accuracy; accuracy then is—I have no hesitation in saying—that accuracy is, or ought to be, our daily food. Without habits of accuracy no mind can be well nourished, any more than a body can be well nourished without regular meat and drink.'

'Ah, the truth of it! the truth of it!' cried Mademoiselle, casting up her eyes and speaking almost too ecstatically, but Mr. Vaux was only gratified.

He waved the letter he held in his hand, and that had given rise to the conversation, in the air quite triumphantly.

'Here,' he said, 'is a proof of want of accuracy, most complete and much-to-be regretted on the part of the person who has made it. A bill, Mademoiselle, and if in any one thing accuracy should be shown more than in other things it may be presumed to be in these accounts of expenditure, of sale and barter kept up with our fellow-creatures for the mutual convenience of both parties. This is an account from Mrs. Mulready, the dressmaker, in Byfield, from whom the Miss Vaux's dresses and bonnets are purchased. Here I find their winter dresses and garden hats accurately entered, followed by other items, the purchase of which I myself authorised, viz., gloves, neck-handkerchiefs, and sundry yards of riband, and all *that* is perfectly correct, but what shall we say to the next entry? Wreath of flowers and spray for dress, thirty shillings! We may pause for one moment to reflect on the folly which induces anyone to give thirty shillings—thirty shillings! for a bunch of artificial flowers, and then proceed to the fact of the still greater folly which makes it possible that such a purchase was made by either of the Misses Vaux. Young ladies still in the schoolroom,' with a polite bow to their governess, 'and more busy with their studies than with these frivolities of dress.'

'Dressmakers never make out their bills themselves, James, dear,' said Aunt Flora; 'and a wreath and spray are not a bunch of flowers; thirty shillings is not a great deal to give for them. Oh, dear no, not at all."

Aunt Flora was always eager when the elegancies of dress were in question, and could not help setting anyone right who erred on so interesting a subject, even when that anyone was Mr. Vaux.

He, however, was too much interested in his own speeches to attend to her.

'I shall go to-day; no, not to-day, for this morning my out-of-doors engagements are already made, but I shall go to-morrow myself to Mrs. Mulready, and point out to her the extent of the mistake she has made, and I trust her good sense and good feelings will show her that when I take the trouble to do *that*, the matter is *not* an unimportant one, and that accuracy is *not* a thing to be despised.'

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Meanwhile Cecil sat confounded. What was she to do? what *could*

she do? It had never occurred to her that the bill would be sent to her uncle, and therefore she had given no hint that it would be better for her to have it. It *had* come to her and she thought no more about it, not reflecting that as she had not paid it it would, as a matter of course, be included in the general family account. And now how was this visit of her uncle to be averted, or how would it be possible for her to pay the bill and tell Mrs. Mulready not to let him know it was not a mistake before that visit was made? She who had no money and no means of going or sending into Byfield. What was to be done?

A feeling of despair took hold of her, and showed her, by its blackness, how bright her hopes had been, and how nearly they had approached to certainties, and now discovery appeared inevitable, and discovery meant failure, discovery meant no ball! Mr. Vaux would go to Mrs. Mulready, he would find that there was no error, no inaccuracy, and he would find, thought Cecil with a sort of bitter humour, that there are worse things in the world than the inaccuracy he deprecates so strongly. He would be told that she had bought the flowers, that they had been sent home to her; that she had them even now in her possession; that she had bought them when visiting the establishment with Mrs. Wyndham, and with the express purpose of wearing them at the ball. For Cecil remembered their gay unguarded conversation, and felt sure that the dressmaker must have both heard and understood. All this would be told to her Uncle, and she could not but feel that his astonishment would be unbounded, and his wrath overwhelming. But it was not of his astonishment or even of his wrath that she thought now, with those feelings of despair that blanched her cheek, and actually turned her sick; it was of his power. He had power to prevent her going to the ball, and when he discovered her intentions, they would most certainly be thwarted. Latterly she had fully believed that the joy and rapture would really be hers, and now in one sudden, almost intolerable moment it was borne in upon her mind that they would not.

Notwithstanding all rules—notwithstanding all forms and ceremonies, she rose hastily from the table, and with an exclamation that sounded almost like one of bodily pain, so intensely keen was the pain in her mind, she walked hastily out of the room. Mr. Vaux stared with astonishment after her retreating form, and would have recalled her, if Mademoiselle had not covered her retreat with her usual generalship.

'Ah, forgives her,' she cried. 'Ah, no; that is the wrong English; forgives she, I means to said. There is the tasks she must be finishing, and she feared losing the new joy of walking with Uncles. I myself said we must begin the most early that we might be completed by times. She left too suddens, but it was with the intentions of good. She is forgiven, *n'est-ce pas?*' and she smiled bewitchingly in his face.

'Yes,' he said slowly, and almost unwillingly, 'she is forgiven. We will take another opportunity of pointing out to her the importance of even trifling breaches of good manners and rules, and this can hardly

be called a trifling breach; but we will take another opportunity of pointing this out to her, and she is forgiven; thanks to you, Mademoiselle.'

"Thanks to you, Monsieur,' replied the Frenchwoman, dropping one of her most graceful curtsies, and kissing the tips of her fingers lightly and playfully to him, as she followed her pupil from the room. She ran up stairs, smiling to herself. Even when alone, Mademoiselle never did more than smile—never laughed—over her own successes, and the foibles of others, on which those successes were founded. But she smiled with an air of quiet, well-bred amusement, mingled with self-congratulation.

There was neither the one nor the other, neither amusement nor self-congratulations, in her whom she found pacing the schoolroom with hurried agitated steps, like an enraged wild animal confined in a cage. She turned round and faced Mademoiselle with an expression in her face that the governess had never before seen nor imagined, for her imagination was not a striking or a busy one, could be conveyed by Cecil's young, blooming, pretty features.

'What is to be done?' she cried, abruptly.

'What is to be done—why?' was the suave reply.

Cecil would have liked to take hold of the Frenchwoman by both her shoulders, and shake her violently. It would probably have been a relief to her feelings to do this, to anybody, even to an utter stranger unconnected with the proceedings; but she could hardly keep her hands off Mademoiselle de Lys, as she stood there brimful of her irritating composure.

She did restrain herself, however, and, with a great effort of self-control, managed to speak.

'Everything will be found out, and I shall be prevented,' were the words she uttered.

'Prevented—in what?' was the calm answer.

'You know—you must know. You understand all about it—the flowers—the ball; he will go there, he will find I bought them, he will hear I am going; I cannot bear it.'

'He will kill you with his big wraths; he will punish you with his punishments. You are frightened, *pauvre petite!* You are frightened with dreads!'

'I am *not!*' cried Cecil, indignantly. 'I don't care for his wrath or his punishments, not one atom; but if he finds me out he will PREVENT MY GOING.'

She stopped short and wrung her hands with a despair, which, as it arose from pluck not fear, appealed to Mademoiselle's heart, and at once won her sympathy.

'Mind not—do not minds,' she said; 'we will manage—we will circumwent—it shall nots be—it *shall* be.'

'It shall?' cried Cecil, in an agony of newly awakened hope.

'We manages—we circumwents,' replied her governess, giving her head

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two or three little nods as she spoke. 'You pays the bills, and silences the seller of dresses?'

'I have not a farthing of money.'

On this Mademoiselle's countenance fell ominously.

'You has not?' she said, slowly. 'Poor leetle beggar. You has not? That is a pity of much, of very much.'

'Not one farthing; neither has Helen.'

'*Ah*—h!' this ah! was greatly prolonged. 'What shall we done then? It can be do—it shall be do—but hows?'

Something in Mademoiselle's manner gave Cecil hope, and she turned eager sparkling eyes towards her, and fixed them on her face.

Mademoiselle shook her head slowly.

'I too have the nothings,' she said, and taking an empty purse from her pocket, shook the light burthen in the air; 'not a *sous*, not a *sous*, till my next quartertime is paid. I cannot lends me, I cannot.'

Cecil blushed scarlet.

'I never thought for a moment—I never asked—I would not have taken—' she exclaimed incoherently, and not finishing a single sentence.

'Restez tranquille, chère petite,' replied the other, setting a laudable example herself of perfect tranquillity. 'I sees my ways, and thinks I can get the money.'

'O Mademoiselle!'

'I does, I does. Ask you no questions—give you me the bill, it shalls be paid—it shalls be paid before the visit of the Uncle, it shalls.'

The relief and joy that filled Cecil's heart at hearing these words in which she put the most perfect faith, were inexpressible, and were only equalled by her gratitude to the speaker.

'I never can thank you enough,' she cried, 'I never can. It is so extremely good-natured of you, and it saves me from a disappointment that I could hardly bear. I really don't see how I could have borne it—it was too dreadful. I will pay you the very moment I can. All the money I get shall be yours as soon as ever I get it, and Helen's also. She will help me I know, and be just as anxious about it as I am. We shall be able, between us, to pay you before very long.'

'You trouble not, it will come, and I cans wait.'

'But are you quite sure it can be paid before to-morrow? before Uncle James goes there to-morrow?'

Mademoiselle laughed softly, and put one finger lightly on the side of her nose with a sly look.

'It will be paids,' she said, 'in very good times. Ask you no questions, it will be paids.'

'Then I am actually happy,' cried Cecil, drawing a long breath, and afterwards giving a great sigh, 'and I only hope I may never suffer again as much as I did for the half-hour when I thought all was over. And yet I hardly know. Joy *is* more delicious when we reach it through suffering; and I should not have the exquisite sense of relief I feel now if

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I had not been in such dreadful despair five minutes ago. I do believe there is some good in suffering—keen, vivid suffering—after all.'

'Plait-il?' asked Mademoiselle; and then Cecil recollected that she had forgotten she was in the room, and that she had thus come in for the benefit of a soliloquy that would never have voluntarily been addressed to her, and not one word of which she could understand.

She laughed a little and replied, 'Never mind, Mademoiselle, I am infinitely obliged to you, and shall not forget how much I owe you; but for you I should be *miserable* at this moment. Now, I suppose, we had better set to work at our studies, if we are to study at all this morning.'

Cecil was so full of her past despair and present joy, and of sincere gratitude to her who had caused the change from the one to the other, that she had not yet awakened to the humiliation and mortification of being indebted for such assistance to one of whom she thought as badly as she did of her governess—her mind had not touched that part of the subject at all. Neither did it occur to her to ask herself, still less to address the inquiry to Mademoiselle, how the money was to be procured, or how it was to be conveyed to its destination. It was enough for her that it was to be, and her mind rested on the blessed release from a disappointment which she told herself, and firmly believed, would have been more than she could bear, though what she meant when she said this, or what people ever mean when they say the same of anything short of those trials which destroy health and break hearts, I have not an idea.

Cecil longed to tell Helen of all she had gone through, and of her happy escape from such terror and despair, and the delightful certainty of bliss to which Mademoiselle's ready assistance had brought her. She longed to tell her, but feared she should be unable to do so till late in the afternoon. Her studies would occupy her time fully till the hour for the walk with her Uncle interrupted them; after that, dinner would be ready, which, to allow for the walk and visit, would have to be considerably later than usual. So Helen must wait for the news, and Cecil must wait for the sympathy she expected would greet it, notwithstanding Helen's words both last night and this morning. 'She must not be goody,' she said to herself; 'really Helen must not be goody. It is not at all in her line to speak, or in mine to hear, goody speeches.'

While Cecil and Mademoiselle were pursuing their studies, Aunt Flora softly ascended the stairs and visited Helen, who that day was not well enough to rise. She kissed her, and cooed over her, and then sat down by her side and chatted gently on commonplace things. It was inexpressibly soothing to Helen to lie there with her hand clasped in quiet, yet tender fingers, and to rest her eyes on the kind, pleasant, though somewhat meaningless face. Its very meaninglessness in Helen's present state of mind and body was agreeable rather than the contrary. Aunt Flora was quite distressed to find her worse instead of better.

'I can't think how you ever managed to catch such a very bad cold,' she said, with mild reproach in her voice.

'It was that night when we were overturned in Mrs. Wyndham's carriage,' replied Helen. 'I felt then as if the cold had got hold of me in some sort of way I had never felt before. I think it was the fear as much as anything else; shivers ran and ran all over me, and I seemed as if I were really frozen; but I don't think it was so much the snow we kept plunging through, as the fear. Mrs. Wyndham and Cecil, who were not frightened, did not catch any cold at all.'

'Yes, that was how you caught it. Nothing does knock one down and depress one all over so much as being frightened. I remember that night at my Uncle Charles's, when I thought robbers were in the house (it turned out you know to be only a strange cat), but I trembled from head to foot, and my teeth chattered, though it was in the dog days. I can quite understand that you were more likely to feel the cold because you were frightened; but how have you made it so much worse, Helen? You seemed to be getting better, and you were up and dressed; who has frightened you since I saw you yesterday, you poor little thing?'

And Aunt Flora laughed her low gentle laugh, and stroked Helen's cheek with a soft touch that sank into her heart and refreshed it. She kissed the fingers that caressed her, and said, 'Dear Aunt Flora;' then, after a restful minute or two, added, 'Nobody frightened me, of course; but I went into Cecil's room when she came in from her walk, and I stood talking there, and we neither of us discovered that the window was open.'

Aunt Flora cast up both hands and eyes in mild astonishment.

'Oh, you foolish girls,' she said. 'I do think girls are never meant to be left alone for a moment. I do believe that the French plan is the best—in France they never are, you know. It is supposed they must get into some mischief or other if they have not a grown-up person with them; and I do believe it is the only way to keep them from being foolish. I often wonder why it is girls have not more sense; and they get it afterwards. No two women, and one of them with a cold, would talk on a day like this in a room with an open window; and why then should two girls?'

'I am sure I don't know, Aunt Flora,' replied Helen, so meekly that Aunt Flora gave her a kiss immediately.

'Well,' she said, philosophically, 'we have all been girls once, and we shall all be women soon enough, if not too soon.'

'Aunt Flora,' cried Helen, with animation, 'when you were a girl did you really never feel inclined to disobey? did you never disobey? and did you always know the difference between right and wrong?'

'Oh, my dear,' said Aunt Flora, quite shocked, 'of course I never did; of course I did always. As to disobeying, it is out of the question; girls have to obey, and there is an end of it. It is neither here nor there, but they just *obey;* and, of course, we all know the difference between right and wrong; we might just as well not have been born at all if we didn't.'

Forgotten Books

'And were you never puzzled?' asked Helen, rather despondingly.

'No, my dear, I was never puzzled,' was the placid reply. 'Why should I be?'

'I am sure I don't know; but I thought perhaps you might have been, and then I should have liked to hear about it.'

'Well, my dear, I never was,' said the complacent lady, smoothing out the folds of her handsome dress as she spoke.

Helen felt discouraged, but after a moment's silence spoke again, making one more effort.

'*Can* a very clever—very good person be wrong without knowing it?' she asked, wistfully.

'Oh, *dear* no,' replied Aunt Flora, with prompt decision. 'I dare say a fool might, but that's just the difference.'

Helen sank back, sighing, amid her pillows, and said no more.

'If you are not better to-morrow,' said Aunt Flora, 'I shall try and persuade your papa to let the doctor see you. You are not at all the thing; you are really not at all the thing.'

Meantime the studies were over, and the governess and her pupil prepared to accompany Mr. Vaux on his walk. Cecil, in the reaction of relief from a terrible danger, was in good spirits and good-humour, and quite forgot that she could not endure a greater affliction than to pay a visit to her cat. Mademoiselle was always charming when in Mr. Vaux's presence, and Mr. Vaux was always amiable when conversing with Mademoiselle. For some reasons or other, known perhaps to herself, if to nobody else, the lady was on this particular morning more charming than ever, and, as a natural consequence, the gentleman was also more amiable.

Cecil was greatly astonished at the sight that awaited her at the Lesters. They were shown into the drawing-room, and took the two sisters by surprise, as the noise made within the apartment had quite overcome that of their entrance. Lucy was playing a lively tune on the piano, and Adela—the grave, wise, religious Adela—was waltzing round and round. Cecil's lip curled in supreme contempt. How could inconsistency go further than this? Even novel-reading and going to balls was nothing compared to the folly and frivolity of such a proceeding as this. Cecil's idea was that, if Adela had not been religious, there would have been no harm in her present conduct; but that, as she *was* religious, it was disgusting. She looked at her Uncle to see how he bore up under the blow, and certainly detected an expression of considerable surprise in his face.

'But he is only surprised, and he will be pacified in a moment,' she said to herself, disdainfully. 'It would have been very different if he found Helen and me employing ourselves before one o'clock in the day in the same manner, or after one o'clock in the day either, for that matter.'

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The girls stopped abruptly. Lucy rose from the piano, and Adela

stood still in the middle of a twirl. They both smiled, and she blushed a little, but they did not appear out of countenance, and came forward with frank good breeding to receive their guests. They were still in their walking dresses. The fact is, they had only returned a few minutes before from taking the warm wrapper they had finished the previous evening to the poor woman for whom it was intended. She had received them gladly, and their present had given her unqualified delight. They had enveloped her in it, and left her as comfortable as it was possible for any one at once ill and poor to be, and they had run home through the snow themselves, glowing with health and spirits. As they went gaily on, they talked of the ball to which Adela looked forward with pleasure; and Lucy was anxious to know if she quite remembered all her steps. Adela was sure she did, and said she was well up in every variety of waltz; and, as a natural result of the conversation, Lucy seated herself at the piano the moment they entered the drawing-room, and played lively measures while Adela danced.

Adela made a smiling apology to Mr. Vaux, and told him they had only just come in from walking, and were very glad they had returned in time to see him. She then said a few words rather timidly to Cecil, whose lips had not relaxed from their disdainful curl, and who only answered her by remarking that she supposed she was very fond of dancing.

'Yes, I am,' replied Adela, simply; 'it is a nice exercise.'

'Or perhaps you never learned,' continued Cecil, in a supercilious manner, 'and are now preparing yourself for the ball. Mrs. Lester perhaps did not approve of your taking dancing lessons.'

Adela looked surprised and a little indignant.

'Then I should hardly be going to a ball,' she said. 'We took dancing lessons from time to time for several years.'

'And Adela was the best pupil in the class,' Lucy put in. 'She was one of Monsieur Defoe's show pupils.'

'Oh, no,' said Adela, laughing; 'I hope I was not a show pupil. What *do* you mean, Lucy?'

'Whenever there was anything difficult to show, you showed it,' replied Lucy, with spirit; 'he always made you.'

'Just exactly like a cat,' thought Cecil, disgusted; 'like a cat, with her mean, inconsistent ways. How right I was to call her my cat.'

All this time Mr. Vaux and Mademoiselle de Lys were not being left out of the conversation, for Mrs. Lester had joined the party, and they were talking together.

Adela made most particular inquiries about Helen, and showed so much regret at hearing that she was not so well, that Cecil shut herself up more than ever, and said with apparent carelessness, that it was only a cold, not of the slightest consequence, and she and Helen were never in the habit of making a fuss about trifling ailments.

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Adela felt snubbed, and Lucy said, 'Oh, but it is hardly a trifling

ailment, is it? Adela said she had such a bad cold and was quite feverish.'

'I have no doubt Miss Lester understands all about it,' replied Cecil coldly. 'I was only giving *our* opinions.'

And then Lucy felt snubbed also.

At that moment Mrs. Lester asked Cecil if she was going to the ball, and brought a scarlet colour into her face when she did so. The question seemed likely to receive no reply, as Cecil was for once taken by surprise and, not having the least idea what to say, said nothing; but before Mrs. Lester had time to feel surprise at her silence, Mademoiselle as usual came to the rescue.

'She is not yet at the come-out age,' she said, smiling compassionately; '*pauvre petite*, the pleasures of the come-out are yet to be hers.'

'Yes, I remember now,' replied Mrs. Lester, 'the girls told me she was not going.'

'We met Mrs. Wyndham this morning,' Lucy said, 'and she was talking a great deal about the ball.' Cecil felt quite angry at the idea of their having met Mrs. Wyndham, and dared to talk to her, though she could not but acknowledge to herself how absurd of her it was to do so, the moment after she had experienced the feeling.

'She had been in great anxiety about Colonel Wyndham's return. She had begun to fear almost he might not be back in time, and then nobody would have known what to do, but she got a telegram this morning and it is all right.'

'She did look so pretty,' said Adela. 'Don't you think that Mrs. Wyndham is uncommonly pretty, Miss Vaux?'

To Cecil's mind it seemed simply ridiculous that Adela should talk about Juliet's beauty. It was a sacred subject not to be lightly touched by common hands, and the irreverence of the remark might have struck her if its absurdity had not seemed even more glaring.

She stared a stare of reproof at the unconscious offender, and then answered very coldly, 'I suppose so.'

Adela had been made uncomfortable by Cecil's manner, and had been talking with an effort, and she now remembered Cecil's clandestine intercourse with Mrs. Wyndham, and how angry she had been when Adela answered Mr. Vaux's questions. She attributed the strangeness of her manner to this, and blamed her own want of tact in introducing the subject, which she changed as quickly as she could. But she did not find Cecil more approachable on any other, and short replies and words that appeared to have a disagreeable meaning, even if the meaning could not be sounded, made her before very long take refuge in silence.

Mr. Vaux was very well entertained by laying down the law to Mrs. Lester, who listened to him with feminine patience and politeness, and whenever his volubility rendered it feasible, made sensible and suitable replies.

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The visit came to an end at last, and if the elder portion of the com-

pany had been well entertained, the three young ladies were almost equally rejoiced to say good-bye to each other. 'Give my love to your cousin,' were Adela's last words.

And Cecil's were, 'Your love?' then a little laugh, and 'Oh, I am sure you are very good—I will if you *wish* it.'

And the emphasis on the words and something in the way in which they were said, brought a painful colour into Adela's cheeks, and made her feel as if she had been snubbed again, and this time for taking an unwarrantable liberty.

Lucy and she looked into each other's faces when their visitors were gone, and then with one accord began to laugh. 'It *is* very uncomfortable, is it not?' said Adela.

'Yes, indeed it is,' Lucy replied earnestly, 'and it is so new and so unlike everything else, one does not know what to do with it. I wonder whether one meets with much of it when one has grown up and gone out into the world.'

'It is more like something in a book than what happens,' said Adela; 'only in a book she would be plain and disagreeable, instead of pretty and attractive and clever as she is—all the time I feel that I could like her if she would let me.'

'I don't,' replied Lucy, 'she is so specially rude to you—she so seems to do it on purpose—that it makes me angry, and I long to snub her.'

'I cannot help feeling sure now that she does dislike me very much indeed,' Adela said, almost sorrowfully. 'I do so wonder why—it cannot be my not promising not to mention that she had been out that morning. That might vex her for a time, but it would not last in this way.'

'She is the only person in the world who ever disliked you,' said Lucy, 'and I am quite sure no one else ever will.'

Adela laughed good-humouredly, but she did not look satisfied, and she said, 'It is very disagreeable.'

'I think she has a very cold heart,' Lucy continued; 'she does not care a bit for her sweet little cousin; how carelessly—almost cruelly—she spoke of her illness.'

'Ah, but she does care for her,' replied Adela; 'and I don't think her heart is cold—I don't indeed.'

'O Adela! how then do you account for the way in which she answered you about her?'

'I am afraid,' replied Adela, shaking her head, 'that it was just because it was me she was answering. I am afraid that she disliked very much my asking about Helen and showing that I cared for her, and it was because I was anxious she pretended to be indifferent.'

'No—do you really think it was that? what a shame!'

'It seemed so to me, and I don't think it is being uncharitable or imputing motives to say so, for it is not as bad as if she had really not cared or been heartless, which I am quite sure she is not.'

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'Well, it may not be as bad, but it is bad enough; and what *can* make

her treat you so? She does not seem to dislike *me*, though I don't think she likes me.'

'No, she behaves to you as she might to any one she did not particularly care about, and that makes her manner to me more striking. But, Lucy, don't let us talk about her any more. It is not a pleasant subject and we may be unjust to her without meaning to be so, and we have plenty of things to do and to talk about too, if we want to talk; but just now we must prepare for dinner, and after dinner we will set to work on German for an hour, and put Miss Cecil Vaux and her likes and dislikes quite out of our heads. I think we are troubling ourselves too much about her.'

It was not till late in the afternoon that Cecil was able to settle herself in Helen's room for a chat, and to tell her all the events of the day, beginning with the terrors of the breakfast-table, and ending with the visit to the Lesters. The last history was not told at once, however, as Helen had too much to say about the first. Her sympathy and interest were quite as great as Cecil had anticipated. To Helen it was the discovery of the purchase, and of the *intention* of going to the ball, which would have been so dreadful, and it was the escape from that discovery which was the subject of her cousin's congratulations. She hardly took in that Cecil only dwelt on the fact that this discovery would have *prevented* her going to the ball. That her Uncle should find she was in debt, that the debt was for artificial flowers, and that the flowers were bought to be worn, though unpaid for, at Mrs. Wyndham's ball, was a frightful idea in Helen's eyes, and she could not feel sufficiently grateful to Mademoiselle for having saved her beloved Cecil from all this.

'It was really very kind of her, it was really very good of her,' she repeated over and over again, 'O Cecil, what a relief! How frightened you must have been.'

'It was horrible,' replied Cecil; 'I was in despair. It *was* despair—I never remember suffering so much in my life.'

'Poor Cecil—poor dear Cecil,' cried eager Helen. 'I can't bear to think of it—I can't indeed—though it is so happily past.'

'Yes, it *is* happily past, and the thing will be settled, and not hang over my head any longer, so that it is better than if it had not happened.'

'I do wonder how Mademoiselle will get the money, don't you? I should not have supposed it was such an easy thing to get money in a few hours when you have not any.'

'I never thought about that; I was so full of the other part. But certainly it is a puzzle. Perhaps she had it all the time! Mademoiselle is not very particular about what she calls white lies—I think she tells as many in the day as most people—so very likely, not wishing to lend me the money, she pretended she had none, and then when she saw how miserable I was, she relented, as she is good-natured; but she could not say so, because it would be betraying herself.'

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'And so she made believe that she had thought of some way of help-

ing you. And now I wonder very much how she will manage to get the money into Byfield.'

'Yes, so do I; but she is full of contrivances; we may trust her for contrivances, if we may for anything in the world; she has a pleasure and a pride in them.'

'It is very disagreeable for you to owe her money,' said Helen, thoughtfully.

'It is,' cried Cecil, blushing, 'very disagreeable; but it can't be helped, and it won't last. I shall pay her as quickly as possible.'

'Together we shall manage it before very long. O Cecil, how angry papa would have been.'

'Yes—angry? I think so. I wonder where I should be now, and what would have happened, but for Mademoiselle. But it is not that I think of so much; it is that it would have prevented everything. As to Uncle James's anger, after all, what can he do? If we choose openly to take our own way he could not really prevent it; and I only wish we had courage to do so, and that we were not such slaves to custom. I have said this before, I know, but it does not matter how often I say it, because it is true. He could not shut us up for any long time, or feed us on bread and water, or beat us, because it would be bad for our health, and disgraceful to him. We really are not in his power. It is only our own folly and cowardice that make us so.'

'O Cecil, don't talk so,' replied Helen, with tears in her eyes; 'he is my father.'

'I should do it just the same if he were mine.'

At tea time in the schoolroom, Mademoiselle said to Cecil, 'You just writes this little lines for me, to make all easy.'

She put a bit of paper before her as she spoke, on which was written the following words—for, with dictionary and grammar, Mademoiselle could *write* good English, though her English *speech* was not one of her greatest accomplishments.

'"Thank you very much for paying my bill at Mrs. Mulready's, and lending me thirty shillings to do so."'

'There, you writes them yourselves, and signs your leetle names to them.'

'But Mademoiselle, why *should* I write it?' asked Cecil, displeased, and colouring very much.

'For my pleasures,' replied her governess, nodding her head emphatically, 'for my pleasures. Are my pleasures not to be mentioned at alls? I do great things for you; you must do the little things for me.'

'Oh, very well,' replied Cecil, discontentedly, and beginning to feel that she was under the thrall of an obligation incurred, 'if you like it, I must do it, I suppose; but it seems to me uncommonly childish and unnecessary.'

'I knows what I knows,' said Mademoiselle, again nodding her head. 'You writes what I tells—there!'

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Cecil took up her pen and obeyed. She copied the lines reluctantly enough, and signed her name to them, saying, 'Pshaw,' as she did so, and then threw the paper across to her governess, spurning it with her hand as if it were some noxious insect. 'There it is for you,' she said, with extreme ungraciousness; 'there it is for you, and much good may it do you.'

'And much good may the monish do you, my leetle Cecile,' replied Mademoiselle, with the most good-natured laugh imaginable.

The next day was Thursday, the day before the ball. Helen was a little better again, sufficiently so to get up and resume her easy chair by the schoolroom fire. Mademoiselle and Cecil hoped to walk into Byfield on the chance of seeing Mrs. Wyndham. Only the chance, as she had engagements that day, and probably would not be able to be there, but the bare possibility of her presence was enough to take Cecil there on the wings of friendship. At breakfast Mr. Vaux, pleased with his errand, announced that he was going to pay his visit of reproof and correction to Mrs. Mulready immediately, and Cecil turned a wistful imploring glance to her governess, who answered it with a cheerful smile.

'She has puts the flowers of the others into the bills of the one,' she remarked, lucidly, 'and she will poke him out when she sees him.'

It suddenly occurred to Cecil that these last words might apply to her uncle, and she was unable to restrain a little burst of laughter at the idea, which, of course, brought down on her a reproof from her uncle, who thought she was laughing at Mademoiselle's English, though he was too polite to hint that this was possible, and blamed her merely for general ill-breeding. But Cecil was careless of her uncle's reproofs, encouraged as her hopes had been by Mademoiselle's quick glance. She began to feel that she actually enjoyed his having the walk for nothing, and that there was a good deal of humour in the whole proceeding. If she could only be sure that she should meet Juliet instead of being almost sure that she should not, she would have been perfectly happy. Everything, she felt, conspired to help her on her pleasant way; even the difficulties that sprang up in her path were either dispersed or changed into enjoyments. She felt at that moment as secure of going to the ball as if she were really there; as sure that it would be the happiest evening in her life, as if its delights were at that very instant in her grasp, and proving themselves equal to her imagination. She felt ready to dance as she sat there at the table, an anticipatory dance that less than two days would make a real one. To-morrow—she could hardly believe it—she could hardly believe that it was indeed so near as to-morrow. A momentary chill fell on her excited spirit as the idea of 'after to-morrow' for a single instant occurred to her. It was only a momentary chill, it was only for a single instant that it occurred; she would not allow her mind to harbour it for a longer time; she would not allow the joy to be spoiled by the too well known truth that no joy can live for ever. Suppose she *has* nothing to look forward to, to think of, to hope for when

the ball was over; suppose life *is* then stale, flat, and unprofitable, what does that matter? The ball is still to come—the joy will be hers—and afterwards—let life be what it pleases—she has nothing to do with *that* —time enough to bear dulness when dulness comes—she at least will not forestall it, and cloud the present because the future is clouded. That would be equally foolish and ungrateful, and she has no intention of being either.

She and Mademoiselle took their walk as usual. They left Helen rather better and quite happy, reading the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, over which she was becoming exceedingly warlike.

"Oh, Cecil, do listen," she cried—

> '"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
> With belted sword, and spur on heel:
> They quitted not their harness bright,
> Neither by day nor yet by night,
> They lay down to rest
> In corslet laced,
> Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard,
> They carved at the meal
> In gloves of steel,
> And they drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

'Must it not have been charming?'

'Very charming indeed,' laughed Cecil; 'and that sort of thing would make a dinner party a very exciting business. It would have a capital appearance. I can fancy Colonel Wyndham doing it, can't you?'

'Yes,' replied Helen, with a little sigh. 'He would look delightful in armour.'

'It would be inconvenient though, especially the drinking,' moralized Cecil; 'and I would much rather go to bed in my night-dress and put my head on a pillow stuffed with feathers.'

'No, you wouldn't if you had been one of the ten knights. And how pleasant "the red wine" sounds—how much nicer than port or claret,' cried Helen, enthusiastically.

'You are so delighted with the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and so is the divine Adela Lester; but I wonder whether you ever reflect, Helen, that according to your notions it is a very immoral book. The heroine is an extremely wicked young lady—much worse than I am. She engages herself against her parents' consent, and meets her lover without their knowledge; now that is fifty times worse than meeting a friend as I do; and they were her parents too, not her uncles only.'

Helen laughed. 'Yes, but such parents,' said she. 'Her father was dead, so he had nothing to do with it, and she did not engage herself without their consent—the quarrel, I think, came afterwards; and if your mother is a necromancer you can't be expected to obey her in the same way as if she isn't. That is a great excuse for Margaret.

> '"Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,
> Deadly to hear and deadly to tell."

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'And then her sending Sir William of Deloraine good at need, to tak the book from the wizard's grave. Altogether I really think fair Margare was quite justified in what she did. It must have been a very unhapp home with such a bower as that in it.'

'And such a mother in the bower, I suppose you think. Well, Helen I would twenty times rather have that bower and the Ladye of Brank some in it to deal with, than Uncle James in his office.'

'Oh, come now, that really is prejudice, Cecil. And just think hov dreadful and frightening it all was; and fancy having had a grandfathe without a shadow! and that was poor Margaret's case—

'"For when in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloistered hall,
His form no dark'ning shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall."

And then when you come to those two awful lines—

'"It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell,'

you are expressly told that the Ladye knew it well, though the knights in the hall had not the slightest notion what it was. They

'"Thought that a storm was near
And lookèd forth to view the night,
But the night was calm and clear."'

'Nothing to Uncle James, Helen—nothing at all—only remember what lovely things she heard the Spirit of the Flood, and the Spirit of the Fell saying to each other.'

Cecil took up the book and, turning over the pages, read—

'"Merry elves their morrice pacing
To aërial minstrelsy,
Emerald rings on brown heath tracing,
Trip it deft and merrily."

And then again was there ever a prettier description of stars than this?—I only wish I had read it before our starlight walk with Juliet—

'"Arthur's slow wain his course doth roll
In utter darkness round the pole,
The Northern Bear lowers black and grim,
Orion's studded belt is dim,
Twinkling faint and distant far
Shimmers through mist each planet star."

Who would mind hearing spirits talk if they used such language as that? Do you think Uncle James hears anything like it when he is shut up in his office? Verily, if he did he would come out of it a different man! I do declare to you, Helen, that I would not have minded the Ladye of Branksome and her bower one bit, and that I should have found it much easier to obey her than Uncle James!'

'Well, I know I shouldn't. I should have been frightened to death at her. I would rather have papa a thousand times.'

'And then you know she *did* give it up after all. Delightful as, in my opinion, the power must have been, she relinquished it, did she not? I have only glanced through the poem, but I am almost sure she gives it up.'

'Yes, she does,' said Helen, rather reluctantly. 'Give me the book—here it is—

"'Tis said, the noble dame, dismayed,
Renounced for aye dark Magic's aid."

She only gave it up you see because she was dismayed, not from any better motive. And her doing so would have made very little difference to me. I never could have got over the fact that she had once been a necromancer—never.'

'And I should always have liked her the better for it! Not that I believe she was a real necromancer—Michael Scott was *that*. She had only learnt certain spells which enabled her to hear and understand spirits when they began to talk. And I would do the same to-morrow if I could.'

'I am sure I am very glad you can't then! But it was not only that, though that would be bad enough. She was a *sort* of a necromancer, for she did work spells herself. Look here—listen. "William of Deloraine, good at need" has been mortally wounded, this is how she cures him:

"She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm——"

Mark that Cecil, *with a charm* she staunched the blood:

"——She bade the gash be cleansed and bound."

She bade it you see:

"No longer by his couch she stood;
But she has ta'en the broken lance,
And washed it from the clotted gore,
And salved the splinter o'er and o'er."

She leaves him, and does nothing to the wound, but bid it be cleansed and bound, and all she does is to the lance that wounded him, and then just see what it is—it makes me shudder;

"William of Deloraine, in trance,
Whene'er she turned it round and round,
Twisted as if she galled his wound.
Then to her maidens she did say,
That he should be whole man and sound
Within the course of a night and day."

And then when William of Deloraine (as they suppose) appears to fight Dark Musgrave—

"The dame her charm successful knew."

Nothing can be clearer than that. She cured him by magic—and not by somebody else's magic, but by her own.'

'And why shouldn't she? It would have been very wrong of her not to do it if she could. And when, I wonder, did Uncle James do anything

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half so useful. Why you would not have a cold now, Helen, if he were the Ladye of Branksome! If Adela Lester could cure wounds like that, there would be some sense in her being a hospital nurse. I assure you, Helen, I would not mind being a hospital nurse myself on those terms, I would not indeed.'

The girls both laughed, and Mademoiselle, knocking at the door to announce that she was ready for the walk, Cecil kissed Helen affectionately and gaily ran off to join her.

'Mademoiselle,' she cried, the moment they were out on the gravel; 'Mademoiselle, do tell me—*is* the bill paid?'

'You ask me no questions, chère Cecile,' was the reply; 'you have no fears, and you ask no questions. All is of the serene—all.'

'I cannot think how you can have managed.'

'I manages—me—*you* be glad and ask not.'

'Oh, I will not ask if you do not wish it. I am bound of course to oblige you in that. But still, I do wish very much indeed that you would tell me without my asking.'

'Our wishes is not for ever to be given us,' replied Mademoiselle, good-humouredly. 'If our billses is paid for—quick—presto—in a minute—what does our wishes signifies! nothings at all!'

As they drew near Byfield, they met Mr. Vaux coming out of the town.

'I went to the dressmaker's,' he said, stopping them and speaking quite solemnly; 'I made her read the account through, and I asked her very seriously to show me *what* was the mistake in it. She did so at once. She put her finger on the very item and ingenuously admitted that it was an error to include it in the bill. I addressed her for some minutes on the importance of accuracy—ACCURACY—and she appeared to be very much impressed by all I said, and thanked me with evident feeling. I have no hesitation in saying, that I believe the mistake will prove to be a benefit to her, rather than anything else. It is a great and useful thing to lead your fellow-creatures to self-improvement *through* their faults.'

And, raising his hat to Mademoiselle, he passed on in considerable elevation of spirits.

Cecil looked wonderingly and inquiringly in her governess's face.

'But what does it mean?' she said. 'How could she?'

'Plait-il?' replied the Frenchwoman, 'what should she mean? How couldn't she? If the billses is paid for—it is over—there!'

And she made a little wave of her hands in the air which expressed how completely, under such circumstances, it *was* over.

Then she too must have been told, she too was in the conspiracy, and Cecil, who already felt herself in Mademoiselle's power, had now a disagreeable consciousness that she should be unable to see her dressmaker without feeling a blush of shame on her cheek.

She gave herself a little shake, but it did not help her mind to get rid of the disagreeable consciousness. 'Ah well!' she impatiently thought.

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'it cannot be helped—it does not matter—nothing can be quite perfect, and these are the unpleasant trifles that must attend great happinesses. Everybody who moralizes says that that must be the case, and I can't expect to escape the common lot, even though I *don't* moralize!'

She raised her eyes after these reflections had passed through her mind, to find Captain Feversham standing just before her in the street, staring under her hat and sucking the head of his cane. As soon as she looked up, he took off his hat and made her a succession of rather flourishing bows which she considered actually impertinent. She bent her head in reply very slightly and very coldly and endeavoured to pass on.

'How do you do, Miss Cecil Vaux! I hope you are quite well and happy this morning,' he said to her surprise and disgust.

Mademoiselle put out her hand hastily, let it rest for a moment on his arm and gave him a very meaning look.

Cecil was greatly puzzled, and not the slightest idea of what it all meant reached her mind. She thought Captain Feversham was even more pushing and disagreeable than usual, and that Mademoiselle de Lys was wanting to make him see that he was behaving improperly. She did not think anything more than this. It never occurred to her to ask herself whether there might not be some reason for the behaviour both of Captain Feversham and of her governess. If it had, and if the real reason had occurred to her, perhaps she might have drawn back even then, and her career of folly might have been brought to a sudden halt. But there cannot be a doubt that a long course of wrong-doing, and an established habit of self-deception leads to a certain sort of mental blindness and obtuseness, even in people of the keenest perceptions. And Cecil was utterly blind to what was going on about her or to one half of the difficulties in which she was involving herself. It never occurred to her to look back to examine her way, or to look forward to see where that way was leading her. If she looked back, it was only to congratulate herself on the charm thrown over the last few weeks by Juliet's friendship—if she looked forward, her horizon was bounded by the ball.

She now only desired to avoid Captain Feversham and his impertinent manners, which she attributed entirely to the influence of Mademoiselle's manners, though she saw distinctly that Mademoiselle was anxious to check now the results of her former familiarity. The whole thing was so disagreeable to Cecil's pride and refinement, that she turned hastily into a shop they were passing at the moment, though she really wanted nothing in it and had no money for purchases even if she had.

Mademoiselle de Lys and Captain Feversham did not follow her. They remained outside and she saw through the window that the lady was talking with extreme volubility to the gentleman, and apparently trying to impress something on him which he was unwilling to be impressed with.

Cecil asked the man behind the counter for permission to sit down and rest herself, and she determined to wait there till Captain Feversham took his leave, which she hoped he would do in a few minutes. She placed

her seat so as to command the open door before which they stood talking, which also would enable her to see Mrs. Wyndham, if by any blessed chance she did after all come.

'But she will not, I know she will not,' she sighed to herself; 'I don't *feel* as if I shall see her to-day, and in friendships such as ours those feelings go for a great deal, though the vulgar crowd, the outsiders, deride what they cannot understand.'

Cecil was right. It is hard to say whether she was disappointed or not at this—whether the joy at seeing her friend would have compensated for the destruction of her presentiment. But at all events she was right. Time passed on and Juliet did not come.

At last Captain Feversham took his leave without entering the shop or attempting to wish Cecil good-bye or to speak to her again, and when he went Mademoiselle called out to her rather sharply and crossly, asking her if she never intended to come home but meant to keep her there in the cold all day. Cecil sailed out of the shop with the air of a young queen.

'Indeed, I would not have come—I would have kept you there till midnight, Mademoiselle, if that impertinent man had not gone away.'

'Impertinent man!' repeated Mademoiselle, scornfully; 'height, toight. He is a friend of your Juliet's, of your Meeses Wyndham. Is he impertinent man, then?'

'No, he is not,' replied Cecil instantly; 'he behaves very differently in her presence from what he does when only in ours, Mademoiselle.'

'Oh, I dares say,' she cried. 'Take it in the way of your own—please yourself—but I am content—me!'

They walked home on rather stiff terms, and by no means in as friendly a manner as they had commenced their walk. On their way they met with no adventures, and it suddenly occurred to Cecil that the next twenty-four hours would be dreadfully dull. But she corrected herself immediately, no, not the next twenty-four—only till bed-time that night. Joy and light would come on the next morning; on the day of the ball itself, it *could* not be dull, whatever happened or did not happen. The state of her own mind would be sufficient to fill every hour, and every moment, with pleasurable excitement.

(*To be continued.*)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER XIX.

SNOW IN HARVEST.

'SNOW in harvest:' the words had occurred in the morning reading, and Rose Ingram, as she collected the Bibles in which she and her sister had read the lessons for the day to put them away before she sat down to breakfast, could not help repeating them over and over to herself. 'Snow in harvest'—sorrow in summer—sorrow when one is young and might

be so happy; how well the words stood for that experience, and how well Rose thought she understood it herself just then.

It was the middle of June by this time. The school-room windows stood wide open, and all the London summer sounds and cries were heard without—sounds that country people find so discordant, and that London children hail, as their country contemporaries hail the lark's song and the cuckoo's call from the meadow. Dearly as Rose had always loved them, they gave her no pleasure this year; they only brought a pang of dull pain to her heart as she remembered how joyfully she had welcomed the organ-boy with the monkey, who always played in the square of a summer evening last year when he first appeared, and how, when strawberries were first cried in the streets, a twelvemonth ago, they had broken bounds, and rushed down to the drawing-room to beg Mamma to send Packer out to buy a basket for the school-room tea. Carts filled with baskets of ripe red fruit, and others, where roses in pots nodded to tall arums and geraniums in full bloom, were making their way with much cheerful shouting across the square, but an appeal to Mamma for leave to purchase any of these treasures was the last thing that the least considerate child in the house would think of doing now. All, down to Trotty and Tiny, had learned that voices must be hushed and footsteps guarded all over the house, and that opportunities of seeing and speaking to Mamma were rarest privileges only conceded on strict conditions of quiet and prudent behaviour; and they had learnt, even the little ones, from the looks and words of those about them, that something depended on this quiet, that some danger too terrible to be put into words was hanging over the house, and that little acts of theirs might increase or lessen it. What a weight this thought hung on every one's spirits; how long and dreary it made the bright, hot, summer days, that used to seem so full of happy chances of treats and surprises, and always too short for the delicious talks about going-out-of-town, plans that had formerly to be squeezed in between the thickening business of this busiest term of all the year. There was no alleviation either to be got out of visits to Grandmamma and talks with Aunt Rachel, for old Mrs. Ingram had never recovered from the attack of bronchitis that had seized her in the spring; and Rose sometimes thought that her Papa was hardly less anxious each morning about the report from R—— Square, sent every morning by Aunt Rachel, than he was to hear, before he went out, the result of the doctor's daily visit to Mamma's room. The elders of the family seemed to have nothing but anxiety round them, and the gloom reflected from their faces filled the house. It was curious to see how it affected the children, bringing out their bad and good qualities in various and unexpected ways. Maggie, who had always been supposed to be the best-tempered of the sisterhood, seemed suddenly to have taken a leaf out of Florence's book, and puzzled every one by bursting into sudden fits of tears, for which she could only give such insufficient excuses as that Lionel had trodden on her foot, or Lucy Fanshawe showed her a

shell pin-cushion that put her in mind of the shells they had picked up at Lowestoft last summer. When questioned more particularly, she generally said that she thought it very hard that all the other girls at College should have treats, and make up plans for holiday excursions, when nothing of the kind could that year come to them; and neither Nurse's petting nor the Fräulein's reasoning seemed to do her any good. A word or two about what Rose called 'real things,' which Rose managed once or twice to slip into their talk, did better; and the privilege accorded to them by their father, after a request from Rose, of attending the five o'clock service in the church at the end of the square, when afternoon lessons were finished in time, and Anne could be persuaded to take them, seemed to answer best of all in composing her spirits. Unluckily, the days when all the lessons were finished by ten minutes to five, and when Anne found herself at leisure to put on her bonnet and take the young ladies across the square, were few and far between. Florence was the most eager of the party to attend the services, and had always finished her lesson, and begun to worry Maggie and Lilly about getting on with theirs before the school-room clock pointed to the quarter; but the peaceful half-hour which sent Maggie and Rose home with quieted nerves and more peaceful tempers had not always the same happy effect on Florence. She often looked more miserable when she returned from church than when she went; and once or twice she spoke so sharply to the Fräulein, and showed so much ill-temper at tea-time, that Rose dreaded lest they should all be kept at home for the future, as a punishment for misuse of privileges.

The boys could neither of them be securely counted on from day to day as being in one mood or another. Sometimes the school-room party saw little of them for a week at a time, and they excused their desertion by pleading that they might as well accept invitations from friends, and go in for cricket and athletic sports, while there was nothing going on at home to tempt them to spend their play hours there.

'Poor things!' Nurse would say, when the Fräulein found fault with their irregularity, 'let them be happy while they can, and enjoy themselves as long as there's no reason why they should not. I would not grudge them any bit of pleasure they can get now, if I were you.'

The overhearing speeches such as this from Nurse or Packer had, however, the exactly contrary effect from that intended, and was sure to be followed by a few days when the boys hung about the house at every college interval, and added to their sister's difficulties (and at the same time lessened their unhappiness) by always wanting some one to come and talk to them. Rose lost a good deal of credit with Mr. Henderson by spending several evenings, which might have been given to study, in sitting on the attic stairs with Claude, trying vehemently to persuade herself and him that there certainly had been times in their lives before when they had seen as little of Mamma, and when Papa had been as anxious, and Nurse had gone about the house with just the same fore-

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boding face. Oh, how happy they were, when they could establish an instance of Papa's having been more angry with one of them for awakening Mamma from an afternoon sleep than he certainly would be with one of the little ones now. Rose made as much as she could of all these anecdotes, and fancied at the time that they comforted her; but she had all along a misgiving at the bottom of her heart that Papa's present forbearance was born not of less anxiety, but of something in his thoughts towards them that would not let him speak sharply, however much they deserved it. Was it pity for some sorrow coming? She tried very hard to hope not.

Lionel did not find any one to talk so comfortably to him. Maggie was willing enough, but she could never think of anything comforting or sympathetically dismal to say. When she had remarked a good many times over that it was very strange that other people should be happy and not they, and that she had never known such a horrid summer before, she had come to the end of her resources. Florence, who had once been considered Lionel's natural ally, was less satisfactory still; for she never could be half an hour alone with him without making some allusion to Jim Packer and the stable-yard, and that always put Lionel in a passion, or drove him out of the house.

The nursery was his chief resource; where in his best moods he made himself so useful that Nurse's old preference for Master Claude was shaken, and she was heard to remark that Lionel was the most like his precious mamma after all, and from not being so over taken up with books and studies as some she could name, had the most rational ways with him, and was the best company. Her favour, however, made her all the quicker to observe that moping about in the house with the little ones this hot weather was bad for his health and appetite, and set her upon talking away the effect of her former inuendoes so skilfully that Lionel's fears and good feelings vanished together, and he again persuaded himself and Claude to believe that the gloom and fuss at home had no reasonable cause, and that they were best out of the way. Claude was by no means unwilling to think anxious faces best out of sight, but there was this difference between his absences and Lionel's. When he was long away from home, Rose could picture him as certainly taking refuge with the Papillons, and getting more comfort out of long talks with Walter and Mary than she could give him, whereas no one seemed to have the least idea where or with whom Lionel spent his spare time. Claude believed that he 'humbugged about with a lot of little fellows low down in the school, whom he ought to be above speaking to,' but though Florence was persistent in asking questions, this was all the light the sisters ever got about his proceedings. For them it was indeed a dreary time.

As Rose turned away from the bookcase on which she had laid the Bibles that July morning, Maggie's canary bird, excited by a burst of song from its neighbour, Mrs. Fanshawe's bird, whose cage Lucy was just then hanging out in the sunshine of the drawing-room balcony, set up a loud

joyous chant in answer, and Maggie, at a warning look from the Fräulein, seized a black handkerchief and made night in its cage.

Tears of sympathy sprang into Rose's eyes. 'Poor little bird, must it be sad too; must it too be robbed of its summer and sunshine?' She tried hard to gulp down the lump that rose in her throat, and took her place with the others at the table, where the Fräulein was waiting to say grace. There was a letter waiting for her on her plate, directed in a round, careful hand, unlike that of any of her usual correspondents. It was a welcome interruption to her sad thoughts, and as soon as they were all seated and the Fräulein gave leave she read as follows:—

'DEAR MISS,—It is a long time since Easter, when you give me my purple frock and all them things, and we talked so happy on the stairs, and please I would be glad to know how your mother is, which you'll be glad to hear of mine that she is better and hardly ever has a pain in her side now. Teddy fell down stairs yesterday was a week, and nearly cut a piece off of the end of his nose; but we took him to the hospital and the doctor sewed it up very careful, and mother hope it won't do no hurt to his good looks. Dear Miss, this is not what I want to write to you about. I don't know how to tell you all there is in my mind; but I mean to go on writing till I get it said, because I seem to know, dear Miss, that you are my friend and that you never have thought bad of me all this long time while other people have. I often think of what you said that evening about coming to see my young lady, and every morning I hope you will come that day, and when there comes a ring at the bell I stand listening and looking for the door to be opened, till cook and parlour-maid say sometimes they think I'm little better than a gaby, and my young lady herself is really angry with me. I want you to come so very much, dear Miss, that you may say a good word for me, for things is very unpleasant here for me now, and I think they get worse every day. Sometimes, please Miss, it's tapes and threads and glass-headed pins and that, and sometimes it's fruit out of the tart and such like things, brings me into such sad trouble, and makes me feel as if I could hardly bear my life, for, please Miss, they go a great deal quicker than they ought, specially strawberries, and purple-headed pins, and then cook and parlour-maid pass remarks between them, saying as how it's impossible to tell the way things will go, when charity girls is let come into a house. Once I should have held up my head and never heeded such words, trusting to mother's good character and to my always having been spoke well of at school, but now, please Miss, the story of the gold thimble have got known in this house, and cook she says, that if such a thing as that could be found in my pocket the less I say about my school or about the ladies being fond of me the better, for that I can't expect any one to believe me or trust me ever again. And, O Miss, that's true, and it is that, Miss, that is breaking my heart; for mother don't trust me no longer as she used to do, and she did not stand up for me last night when cook spoke to her about all the fruit having been took out of the raspberry and currant tart on Sunday afternoon when she was out, and Mary Anne and me left to put away the dinner things and do up the kitchen. I thought mother would have said vehement that she was sure it was not me, for that I had always been an honest child since first I was sent to the shop to buy things. Instead of that she looked at me full, before cook and all, and turned pale like, and put her apron up to her eyes, and I knew she was thinking of the gold thimble, and I thought I should have dropped, please Miss, I was that miserable and ashamed for my own mother, that I love so dear, to look at me before others when I was accused of picking and stealing and not find a word to say. Mother is a woman as can't say what she don't think, and now I know that that there gold thimble will always lie between her and me, and be in her thoughts when folks speak against me as long as I live, unless something can be found out about how it got into my pocket. Oh, please Miss, won't you help me? Father is different, but the way he takes it don't make me any happier, because I'm afraid it will spread the talk. One

of Mrs. Chapman's children took some cherries off a stall, and was brought home by a policeman, and Mrs. Chapman took something amiss that mother said to her about keeping her children more at home, and told mother she had no call to give herself airs, as it was well known what her daughter had done with respect to something worth a good deal more than a handful of rotten cherries, and father overheard and went into the room and spoke rough, and there was a quarrel between him and Chapman. Reuben Johnstone, too, he interfered with Bill Chapman for calling after me as I went up stairs, so that now all the Chapmans are set against us and act very disrespectful to mother, and it grieves her, for she says she has always been used to live peaceably with her neighbours and make no talk. Dear Miss, I have wrote all this bit by bit when I could get time, and it has took me two weeks since I began, but I must finish it and send it off to day, for, O Miss, something worse than all has happened, and I do want you so to come. My young lady have lost a brooch that she uses to fasten the velvet round her neck with. Please it had a fly on it made all of bright stones, and I have often looked at it, and said down stairs how pretty and how like a real fly it was, and that I should like to show it to father. So now they all say it's I must have took it, as I took the gold thimble, and the elder servants, cook and parlour-maid, is very angry, and they say they won't rest till they've got me out of the house. Cook says she'll send for a policeman to search my things and lock me up if I don't confess directly and clear their characters. O dear Miss, can't you come soon and speak up for me? Sometimes I hope you may have found out something about that night that would clear me and lift me out of all this trouble, for I do think if I am to be made out to be a thief again it will go nigh to kill father and mother.

'Your sorrowing true friend,

'Rose Marshall.'

Rose Ingram sprang up from her seat as soon as she had finished reading, and said eagerly in German, 'I must see Papa before he goes out; please Fräulein, may I wait for him as he comes from Mamma's room the last time, just to get one word?'

'Sit down and finish your breakfast first, my dear, I must think about it,' answered the Fräulein. 'Your father does not like your standing about to question him as he leaves your mother's room, it distresses him.'

'But this is not a question that can distress him,' pleaded Rose.

'Well, I will think about it; finish your breakfast first, at all events.'

Rose's breakfast was soon eaten, still the Fräulein hesitated and Rose listened anxiously to the little noises in the house that told how the business of the day was going on outside the schoolroom. She heard the front door shut after Claude and Lionel on their way to school. Then the doctor's carriage stopped before the house; he was paying an early visit this morning, and Papa was waiting for him.

The Professor went up stairs with the doctor, staid a long time in Mamma's room, and accompanying him down stairs, took him into the study.

By this time morning lessons had begun, and the Fräulein, by way of distracting Rose's thoughts, had started a repetition of German verbs, and there seemed no hope.

Rose paused in the middle of a tense when she again heard a man's footstep mounting the staircase. "Oh, Papa is coming up again. Fräulein, may't I go to the door just for five minutes?'

Permission was given, but before Rose reached the schoolroom door

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there was a knock, and Packer appeared with a message that Miss Rose was to go to the study to speak to her father before he went out.

'Why, how lucky,' exclaimed Rose, joyfully, but raising her eyes for sympathy to the Fräulein's face, she saw an expression in it that checked her spirits, and made her rather doubtful whether after all she should trouble her father to read Rose Marshall's letter. She thrust it into her pocket for the chance, and ran down stairs.

The Professor was seated before his desk with several notes already written, and a newspaper spread out before him. Rose saw in an instant that he looked very pale and anxious, and yet not quite so sad as usual, there was a look of excitement on his face that brightened it a little.

'Sit down there, my dear,' he said, pointing to a seat, 'I have a good deal to say to you.'

Rose sat down and her father finished a note rapidly, and then remained silent for a few minutes with his hands pressed over his eyes, as he often sat when he was thinking very deeply. Then he turned to her: 'Rose,' he began, 'of all the children in the house, I believe you are most to be trusted. I believe you have most self-command, and are most in the habit of considering others above yourself. I don't say this to flatter you, my dear, but to account to myself for the trust I am about to put in you, and for my speaking to you to-day, as I should naturally speak to a much older person.'

He paused as if he expected an answer, and Rose said in a trembling voice, 'I will try to do just as you bid me.'

'That is just what I want,' the Professor said, in a tone of relief. 'You need not think for yourself, you will only have to remember and act on my instructions. My dear, you know how anxious we have been, now this long time, about your mother's health.'

'Yes, we all know.'

'There is great cause for anxiety, but, thank God, we are not called upon yet to give up hope. The doctors are now agreed as to the cause of her sufferings, and there is a remedy, but it is one which involves great pain and risk. Your mother has hitherto been extremely unwilling to submit to this remedy unless we could have the advice and assistance of an old friend of hers, a medical man who attended her in a severe illness some years ago. This gentleman has been travelling abroad for some months, out of the reach of letters and telegrams, and your poor mother has pleaded to have the crisis put off for the possibility of his return in time. Our terrible anxiety has been lest her strength should not hold out, or the disease should have made too much progress for his skill to avail her anything when he came. This morning, however, I have seen his name in a list of the passengers on board a ship that is telegraphed as likely to arrive at Southampton to-day. I am going myself to meet him on his landing, and bring him here if possible to-night. Your mother has not heard the news, and I dare not tell it her for fear of disappointment; but she has told the doctors this morning that she

has made up her mind to submit to the operation to-morrow, and begged them to make all arrangements. I am very unwilling to be away for so many hours to-day, as I fear it will be a trying time, and I doubt whether I could go if your mother did not appear to rely greatly on you, Rose, and we have taken a strong wish that you should be with her during the remaining hours of this day, when almost everything depends on her mind being kept calm and cheerful. She has determined on sending the little ones away to-day with Nurse to Grandmamma's, where she will best like to think of their remaining through the anxious days before us, and you elder ones may have to be sent out of the house, but I will decide on that when I return this evening. Our chief care must now be to keep Mamma quiet and tolerably happy to-day. Nurse will be away, you see, and though your mother is very grateful to the Fräulein for all the kindness she has shown her during her illness, yet——'

'Yes, I know, Papa, it tires her head when she is in pain to have to understand German; I have heard her say so.'

'And Mrs. Fanshawe is easily upset by the sight of suffering, so there is no one your mother would like to have with her through this day but you, Rose. Can you bear it, my child? She will talk of to-morrow despondingly, perhaps, and you must console yourself. I have told you all, lest any sudden disclosure coming to you through what she might say should upset you. Do you think you can bear up through such a day as this? do you think I may venture to leave your mother to your care?'

Rose did not venture on any protestations; she only looked into her father's face, and said steadily, 'How kind of dear Mamma to think I should do! When shall you be back, papa?'

'That depends upon the hour at which the vessel arrives. I may possibly get back at my usual time. I shall try very hard for that, you may be sure, or I may be detained till very late. If my return is long delayed, you will have to tell your mother quietly where I have gone, and why. You must not let her wonder or grow anxious about me; and if she asks to see Maggie and Lilly and the boys before their bedtime, and I am not in, you must talk to them and persuade them to behave rationally and avoid all excitement. Do you think you can? Rose, I believe you know where to go for strength and help in sore need like this. It is that gives me confidence in you.'

'Yes, papa,' Rose said, softly.

The words were poor for the great throb of feeling that went with them, but there was a look in the child's eyes, an upward look of accustomed trust that carried confidence and strength to the father's heart.

He took her in his arms and kissed her. 'Go then, my dear, to your mother's room, for I promised to send you at once. Nurse is to bring the little ones to say good-bye when they are dressed, and after that I hope you will have a quiet time. Try to be just natural, and tell her of your schoolroom doings, as you would have done a year ago. I have written a note of explanation to the Fräulein, which you can take to her

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now; the other children need only know that, since Nurse is away to-day, Mamma wishes you to sit with her till I return home.'

'Papa, you are more hopeful than you were last night, are you not?' whispered Rose, as, before turning to run up stairs, she took a last kiss in the hall.

'If I bring back Dr. Spencer it will be a great thing for us,' Professor Ingram answered, cheerfully. 'But I dare not hope too much; Spencer is not an uncommon name, and it is possible there may be some mistake even in the telegram. In a few hours we shall know. For your sake as well as my own, my little one, I wish these hours were over.'

Rose, as she gave the note to the Fräulein, and made a judicious selection of work, and a book (such as Mamma might like to look at), was not quite sure that she echoed the wish. Her age and disposition disposed her at once to spring up towards any fresh hope such as she had read on her father's face, and she tried to shut out the distressing thoughts about to-morrow which the conversation had suggested by resolutely keeping before her mind the thing she had to do just now. To be Mamma's companion and comforter for the greater part of one day. It looked almost like a crown of joy that had come to her, though there might be a sharp thorn or two to pierce her as she wore it.

Maggie and Lilly were loud in their expressions of envy. Florence looked wistful and the Fräulein called her back from the door to kiss her on the forehead, pausing in her knitting for the purpose, actually—the Fräulein, who was not very apt to bestow kisses in lesson hours.

Mamma's room, when Rose reached it, looked much as it had done on that winter's morning six months ago, when Rose had gone there to receive instructions about buying Lilly's birthday presents. The only difference being that its pleasant warmth and light was now due to the modified sunshine that stole through the close jalousies, and that the fire-place was filled with great pots of green ferns and scarlet geraniums sent from Lady Dunallan's greenhouse yesterday. Nurse was arranging bottles and cups on a little table by the window with Willie, always inquisitive, looking on, and the two little ones had been lifted on the bed to be near Mamma. There was no pleasant play at sharing breakfast going on though to-day. The tray with Mamma's untasted breakfast had been moved out of the way, and Mamma lay back on her pillows, not talking to the children only looking at them, and now and then twisting one of Trotty's thick curls round her finger, and stroking it softly with her other hand.

'I think they had better go now, Nurse,' she said softly, after a little while. 'Lift them each one near me to kiss me once and then take them away.'

Rose saw it was not a minute too soon, for Trotty, guessing somehow that something solemn was going on, had put up his under lip and was preparing for a howl.

'They will be very happy at Grandmamma's,' Mamma said, looking wistfully after them as Nurse led them away.

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'Yes, very happy,' Rose answered, cheerfully; 'they will have old David, the old rocking-horse, to play with in the spare room. You know we all of us think when we are small that there is no fun in the world so good as riding on old David.'

'Poor little darlings,' Mamma answered in a very shaky voice. 'Poor little darlings. I'm glad they'll have that pleasure. I'm glad you reminded me of old David, Rose. Yes, it's quite enough to make them happy.'

A great lump came in Rose's throat, and she longed to throw herself at Mamma's side and tell her, that it was only the little ones who could forget so soon that nothing, nothing, nothing, could ever make her or the elder ones, happy if that dreadful thing happened, she saw her Mamma was making up her mind to. For a moment the longing was almost overpowering, and then she mastered it, knowing it would be a selfish indulgence of feeling and a betrayal of the trust placed in her.

Fortunately Nurse came back in a few minutes to give a dose of medicine that was due, and make some final arrangements in the room.

A new nurse was to come with the doctors when they paid their midday visit, but Mamma seemed to shrink from seeing her, and begged she might not come in till she was sent for.

Rose could get all she wanted for the next few hours. Nurse looked a little doubtful, and went off at last with a parting injunction to Rose not to 'talk her poor Mamma's head off,' and when the door closed behind her Rose felt that her responsibility began.

There was very little to be done at first. Mamma lay quite still after her medicine as Nurse had advised her to do, trying to sleep—not sleeping, however, for Rose, who indulged herself with a little peep behind the curtains now and then, saw that her lips moved constantly though her eyes were closed.

During this quiet interval Rose had time to remember her namesake's letter which had quite escaped her thoughts from the moment she had entered her father's study. She did not take it out of her pocket to read again for fear the rustling of the paper should disturb her mother, but she thought it all over word by word, and her first excitement and indignation came back upon her. Had she been very selfish to forget her poor little friend's extremity all this while? Was it wrong to let her father go away without asking his help and advice upon so difficult a question. There was no one else in the house who could help her, and yet the more she thought the more sure she felt that her father must not be troubled about anything for the next day or two. What then could she do? Oh, why had she not thought of sending Rose Marshall's letter by Nurse to Aunt Rachel. Aunt Rachel, though she was kept in the house by her close attendance on Grandmamma, might be able to take some steps. The next best thing would be to write a note inclosing Rose Marshall's letter and send it by post.

Rose felt relieved as the thought grew, and began to search her pockets for a pencil and scrap of paper to prepare a note that she might entrust

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to Maggie at dinner-time, to be sent to the post. Of course, neither pencil nor paper was forthcoming, when so much needed, and Rose peeping through the curtains and perceiving that her mother had at last really fallen into a doze, decided that she must not get up and look for them, she must bear the waiting and doing nothing as well as she could, for she had been sent there to guard her mother's quiet and must not sacrifice that to any other business.

Mamma slept till the bell rang for the school-room dinner, and as very soon after the doctor came for his second visit bringing the new nurse with him, Rose was dismissed for a little while.

'But come back soon, dear,' Mrs. Ingram said, detaining her little daughter's hand for a minute as she stood by the bed, and looking towards the door now opening to admit the new nurse, with an expression of anxiety that went to Rose's heart. 'To-morrow I shall reconcile myself to the new faces, and like this skilful nurse who is going to have so much trouble with me; but I don't want it to begin to-day. I want only faces I know and love about me for the next few hours. I want you, dear, to look at and talk to. Get your dinner quite comfortably, dear Rose, but come back the instant you have done.'

'The very instant, dear Mamma,' Rose said, stooping to kiss her.

The schoolroom party were eager in questioning Rose during dinner about how she had spent her morning.

'Why, after all,' said Maggie, when Rose had come to the end of her account of herself—'after all it's nothing to have done. I could have done *that* just as well as you, Rose. I wish Mamma would send for me this afternoon.'

'I wish we could all be with her,' answered Rose, generously, observing how dark and miserable Florence looked as the talk went on.

'Not me,' cried Florence, 'don't let Mamma send for me. I could not sit still and see her look pale and move her lips as you say she has been doing. I could not bear it.'

'But you would like to help her, would not you?' said Rose.

'Not that way—I could not bear it. You can't be as sorry for Mamma as I am, Rose, or you could not bear it.'

'I don't know,' said Rose. 'But you would like to do something, would you not, Flory?'

They had risen from the table by this time, and Rose drew Florence after her towards the door.

'Dear Flory, I want you to do something for me,' she said, in a low voice. 'I want you to write a letter to Aunt Rachel, and to send this that I got this morning inside it to her. Read it yourself, Flory, and you'll know what to say. You write so much better letters than Maggie, that I'd rather trust you to make Aunt Rachel understand what we want her to do. Make Maggie and Lilly finish lessons before five to-day, and post your letter on the way to church. You won't forget, I know, when you have got Rose Marshall's letter; I trust it all to you.'

The new nurse had got Mrs. Ingram up while the school-room dinner was going on, and Rose found her on the sofa near the window, in her blue dressing-gown and morning cap, and with the bright pink spot on each cheek that Rose used to admire so much, but which she had learned to distrust lately as a sign of pain.

'Ready for a great deal of nice talk, my darling,' Mrs. Ingram said, stretching out both hands to Rose as she came near. 'I have been very good for a long time, and done as Papa and Nurse bid me, and never asked questions about any of you, but to-day I am going to give myself a holiday between times. I want to know a great many little things that you can tell me.'

'Nurse said I must not talk your head off, you know, dear Mamma,' Rose ventured, as she settled herself on the floor by the sofa, and leaned her head in its old place, against the roll of the sofa, close to Mamma's face.

'My love, I am judging for myself what is best for me just to-day, and I think I am not mistaken,' Mamma said, with a gentle sort of dignity which satisfied Rose, that she need no longer attempt to question, but must just do as her mother pleased, trusting that while doing this, and telling the truth on all points about which she was questioned, she should be guided *how* to speak. It was fortunate to-day that now, for some months at least, she had been cultivating the habit of making the best, and seeing the best, in and of everything and everybody; so that while giving true answers to close questions, she could leave a bright, comfortable impression about nearly every matter touched upon.

'Did they like their lessons with the Fräulein any better now?'

'Oh, yes; they had all learned to like the Fräulein thoroughly now, and speaking German was not tiresome at all; one hardly knew, in fact, whether one was speaking German or English; and now they understood her easily, they had found out how kind she could be. Why, last Thursday, when Lilly could not do her sums, instead of scolding, she took her on her knee, and told her a delicious story about a charcoal burner in the Black Forest.'

'The Fräulein told a story in lesson hours! She does not press you too hard with work then? She notices when any one of you is tired?'

'Yes, indeed, Mamma,' answered Rose, eagerly. 'Do you know I have seen her lately touch Florence's cheek with the back of her hand just as you used to do; and when it is too hot, she takes the lesson away she is growing fussy over, and gives her something easy to do.'

'God bless her for such care,' said the poor mother, softly. 'My dear, you make me very happy by telling me such things better than I hoped to hear.'

It was indeed balm to Mrs. Ingram's foreboding heart; and if Rose had not been thinking more of others than of herself, and had not had open eyes for kindnesses instead of for affronts, she might not have been able to give it. In truth, the Fräulein had somewhat resented Professor

Ingram's adoption of Rose as his special pupil, and had lately shown a little coldness and a little captiousness towards Rose that observation and resentment might have magnified into such a grievance as would have given a very different colour to this conversation. Other pleasant topics followed, which Rose's habitual gratitude and good-will made her quite naturally lead the way to—Mrs. Fanshawe's extraordinary kindness to them all—Claude's nice ways with Papa—the great favour into which Nurse had lately taken Lionel—the trick Mr. Henderson had lately fallen into of giving such interesting lectures, that it was as good as reading a story-book to listen to them. And when at last even good news of the school-room party seemed to grow too exciting, Rose, by aid of the work she had brought with her, managed to turn the conversation to the Marshalls, and give all the pleasant intelligence she could of them, without touching on the history of the gold thimble. The afternoon wore quickly away, and the dangerous time approached when the Professor would naturally have come back from College. Rose heard Claude and Lionel come in, and go out again, and hoped her mother did not notice the sounds, but saw that under the circumstances attempts at conversation were of no further use. She had recourse to her book for the chance of reading her mother to sleep, and stumbled on a story that arrested Mrs. Ingram's attention, and interested her perhaps a little too much, though Rose was not aware at first of the amount of feeling the words she read called up. It was the story of the martyrdom of St. Felicitas and her seven sons, to which Mrs. Ingram listened so intently as for a while to make her forget how time was passing on that day. Rose, who was fond of the story, and knew it almost by heart, read well; and, on looking up at the end, was surprised at the rapt expression in her mother's eyes, turned not on her, but upwards. There was a minute or two of silence, and then Mrs. Ingram turned to Rose with a beautiful smile on her face.

'It was not human strength,' she said. 'A mother could not have borne it by herself—seven sons to stand by, and see them all suffer and die. *How* she must have been helped.'

'Mamma,' said Rose, 'it was so very glorious; she must have been so very proud of her sons. I have always thought I could have——'

'No, my dear; no. Happily, you don't yet know what pain is—very terrible pain; and to see one child bear it—no thought of glory—no pride in her children could have helped; nothing but our Lord's own Presence quite close to her. She must have had *that*.'

'Mamma, perhaps I ought not to have read you such a sad story!'

'No, it has done me good. It is good to be reminded of such things. If one mother, brave and noble, could be helped to bear the agony of seeing her children martyred, another mother, even as weak and cowardly as I am, may hope to be helped through a trial of suffering she is meeting for her children's sake, for the chance of being restored to usefulness to them.'

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Rose took up her mother's thin, hot hand, and silently laid her cheek against it. She had always been so fond of hearing of brave deeds, and of people who could endure; and here was her own gentle mother showing a courage born of love, that Rose made her equal to the heroines she dreamed about. The mother at whose fearfulness she had sometimes smiled with a little contempt, fancying herself the braver of the two. How she would love and reverence this mother henceforth, whatever happened; and if, through the blessing of God, the suffering she was about to meet for their sakes had its reward, and she was spared to them, how she would serve her all the rest of her life!

'My dear, is not that the bell for the school-room tea?' Mrs. Ingram asked, after a little space of quiet. 'It must be half-past six o'clock; an hour later than your father generally comes home. How have I let the time slip away without noticing it? I wish he would come, Rose, dear. Something must be keeping him, and he would not let a little thing keep him away from me to-day.'

'Not a little thing, Mamma?' said Rose, on whom the crisis of her task had now come. 'But you know, Mamma, perhaps it might be a pleasant thing—something you might be glad of—that kept him a little longer away.'

Mrs. Ingram started nearly upright on the sofa, and then fell back with a little cry of pain. 'Rose, you know something; tell me,' she said, faintly; and Rose, trembling very much, but controlling herself so as to speak quietly, explained the errand on which her father had gone, and told how anxious he had seemed that her mother should have as short a time of suspense to bear as possible.

Mrs. Ingram bore the news very quietly.

'You have managed me very well, you two,' she said, smiling. 'Your father put it into my head to ask for your company to-day, and the experiment has turned out well. You have made the afternoon pass quickly, and you have given me something to think of that helps me to bear suspense. Yes, darling, I am not going to excite myself by thinking over the chances of Dr. Spencer's coming back with your father. I have given it all up; and it will make less difference to me now than it would have done a few days ago. I have been enabled to place it in higher hands, and I think I can keep quite quiet, and await the result in peace. I should like to be quite alone for a little while, dear Rose; go and get your tea in the school-room; you look tired and pale with the effort of telling this to me. After tea, I want to see the others for a few minutes at a time, one by one. I told your father I must see all of you alone (in turn) to-night, and I think now I had better get these interviews over before he comes back. It will save him some anxiety. Yes, good dear Rose, half an hour alone will help me to say good-night, and the few words of love I have to say to the others, without distressing them, as I have I fear distressed you, my brave little daughter, my comfort through a weary day.'

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(To be continued.)

THE GATHERED COWSLIP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE HOUSE AMONG THE HILLS.'

Come, dear messenger of spring,
Truer than the swallow's wing;
Sweet as April cuckoo's note,
Or the blackbird's songs that float
Through the happy copse at noon,
Sweet as flushing rose in June,—
Come, and let me drink thy breath
Though thy fate is sealed for death,
Though by wanton hands uptorn
From beneath thy sheltering thorn,
On the stony road-way cast
And by careless feet o'erpass'd.

Ah, poor flower, alas the day!
But before thou pass away
Thou shall cheer my hearth a while
With the brightness of thy smile;
In this cold ungenial air
Shalt be more than welcome there!
Primroses with thee are set,
And the scented violet;
Shamrock bears thee company,
And the wood anemone;—
But what tender memories
At the sight of thee arise!
And thy scent brings back the time
Of my youth's most golden prime,
(Earliest days and sunniest hours!)
More than all the valley's flowers!
So of all the treasures there,
Thou art most beloved and fair.

Ah, poor flower, alas the day
That thy life was torn away!
Cuckoos shall not sing to thee,
Nor the swallow visit thee,
Nor the skylark lift his crest
Close beside thy place of rest!
Not for thee shall shine the May,
Nor for thee the south wind play,
Nor thy sheaf upon the field
Store of ripened seed shall yield;
Cowslip gold for evermore
O'er the April meads to pour.—

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Like the sweet young life thou art,
Of some maiden pure in heart;
Dear to all, around, above,
And her soul the home of love:
All sweet lessons gathering,
All perfection promising;
By the parents' garden pale
Sheltered from the world's rough gale,
Yet like thee in earliest spring,
Smitten past recovering.

Ah, how still the guarded room!
Ah, how sad the curtained gloom!
As the downward streams that glide,
As the ebbing of the tide,
As the ceasing of a song
Heard but once, remembered long—
As the course of blissful hours,
As the dying breath of flowers,
As the fading light of day,
So her sweet life fades away!—

Short her life, alas, like thine!
Yet, her spirit, half divine,
The calm sweetness of her face,
And her converse full of grace,
Love victorious over death,
Purity and joy and faith
Seem to us like memories
Of the earthly Paradise,
And foreshow that happier Reign
When the Lord shall come again.

Who can tell how near our hearts
She becomes or e'er she parts!
And what thousand tendrils bind
Her to those she leaves behind!
But alas, by angel hand
Gathered for the eternal land,
All her promise fades and dies
From before our loving eyes.—
Severed from the early root
Ere the blossom and the fruit,
Her sweet life breathes out in pain;
Yet, like thee, not quite in vain

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WOMANKIND.

CHAPTER XXV.

VIEWS AND OPINIONS.

Most writers take the line of declaring that what opinions are held is immaterial provided we are in earnest about them; nay, most books of advice for women never enter on the choice of religion or politics at all. They ignore politics altogether, and as to religion, they tell us to be religious without being theologians, which seems to me impossible in intelligent creatures.

But in writing for the many, it is the most popular way to assume that there are many ways of being in the right—which is pretty much as if we were to say that it was very harsh to say that only one line between two points can be straight, only one answer to a sum be right.

The real difficulty is that, except in what is strictly revealed and commanded in matters of faith and practice, nobody is really right, and every question has two sides, on which views are vibrating, some nearer the exact right than others.

In our country of open discussion and strong parties, this will always be especially the case. 'Her Majesty's opposition' is sure to be an institution, and our balance both in Church and State is preserved by the watchfulness and caution of both parties, and by the swinging of the pendulum to one side or the other. Ever since we have had a country, there has been always a strife between loyalty to the sovereign and to the law, and whether the will of the monarch or of the people, of the few or of the many, should be paramount.

In like manner ever since we have had a Church, there have been questions on authority, on patronage, on all sorts of details; and ever since the Reformation there have been two sets of opinions running along side by side—the Catholic and the Calvinist. Our Church has kept both within her pale, for surely it is better that there should be 'no schism in the body,' so long as the vital articles of the faith are not impugned—even though the privileges she offers are not understood in their fulness.

The worst times of England were those when the most fervent of the Church party had resigned their benefices as non-jurors; and the indifference of the Court told in universal laxity. John Wesley, the first to awaken from the lethargy, was distrusted and discouraged till he formed a schism, but the spirit he had aroused showed itself in many excellent persons within the Church. For the most part, however, they held Calvinistic opinions, and trusted more to the feelings than to the faithful reception of the Sacraments. With them, the one great point was the conviction of sin, and the assurance that it had been atoned for by our Lord. To produce and maintain these feelings, constant sermons were needed on the one subject, and whatever could excite them was eagerly

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sought for. The intense love and clinging to our Lord was the blessed thing in the holier among those who held these opinions, but the weak points were that they held so exclusively to this feeling as to disregard the Sacraments, and that in their dread of trusting to works, they forgot that sanctification is the will of God. The endeavour at obedience when the soul was not yet conscious of direct illumination, was viewed by them as mere legality. There were many saintly-minded people among them who loathed sin for the love of Christ, and for the same reason exercised the greatest love to all; but those who were not of such a frame were tempted to think no effort at goodness of any use so long as they were not converted, when they expected that the Infinite Merits would hide all their sin.

All this time there were sober-minded quiet people who held the old doctrines of the English Church. They believed that Regeneration comes in Baptism, and that some go on living their new life without any palpable conversion, and that where, after a course of evil, their conversion takes place, it is a rousing of baptismal grace, not a new birth in itself. They believed that Sacraments are the means of evidencing our faith and coming for our Lord's promised pardon to be applied to ourselves, and that a holy life of obedience is the best evidence of faith; nay, that though man's doings are imperfect, yet that what deeds he does under the guidance of the Holy Spirit are accepted of God, and are steps towards Heaven. And when the Bible was appealed to as the only ground of faith, they held that the teaching of the Church must be accepted to explain it, and guide us in our understanding of it. And especially were they jealous of all teaching not sanctioned by the Church; but they took the Prayer-Book as the rule, and clung fast to the appointed ministry.

From among these rose the deeper thinkers who took up, explained and strengthened all that was held by the English Church, and developed her true powers, dwelling on her Catholicity, and realizing what is meant when the Apostles tell us of one glorious, spotless, and united Church.

The Prayer-Book had been the witness of the truth throughout. These persons began by acting up to the standard there set forth, which had been thought obsolete, and behold! it developed into a thing of power and might far beyond what they had themselves understood.

But herewith came one danger. There was a habit deeply rooted in the English mind of regarding everything done or believed by Roman Catholics as necessarily wrong, and of confounding what is permitted with what is enjoined; so that many persons, when they discovered that the Roman theory had been so much misrepresented, felt a strong reaction towards it, which was increased by the determination of the Evangelicals to view every attempt at following up the English Prayer-Book as a return to Romanism. And when this cry was echoed in high places, some grew impatient and thought Catholicity was disowned by the Church of England, and others were attracted by the strong claims that Rome can shew to continuity and unity within herself. Their defection

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made the trial greater to the loyal love and faith of the others, who held fast by their mother, and by their steadfastness have obtained the almost universal recognition of much which was viewed as a strange novelty when first brought forward.

Religious people in England are, as a rule, belonging to one or other of these two camps—those who hold to the Evangelical side, which lays stress on the individual sense of pardon through faith in the Atonement, and the Catholic, which builds on that faith, the belief in the power of the Sacraments, and of personal holiness and meritorious action through the aid of the Holy Spirit. Between these two poles there are many degrees of difference, some Evangelicals in the essentials of their doctrine being attached to the framework of the English Church, from association and loyal feeling; while of the other side there are many who have a strong faith in the teachings of the Church, yet who dread whatever they have not been used to, or that they think savours of Rome. There are some who wish to be in harmony with the whole Church eastern and western alike, and therefore adopt customs which to others appear like mere imitations of Rome.

Another thing must be allowed for, namely, that one class of minds is helped and another hindered by external ornament, and these are apt to be intolerant one of another.

Of late years, too, a third party has sprung up. It is what can only be called the Rationalistic. Both High and Low Church had been agreed in viewing Holy Scripture as the final appeal as to truth, but this third party, Broad as it has come to be called, insists on examining into the authenticity of Holy Scripture itself, and only accepting in a modified degree what approves itself to them. They demand a close definition of inspiration, and the most rigid evidence of the authenticity of each book, and they refuse to be bound by anything they cannot sympathize with.

The High Churchman can meet all this better than the Low Churchman. He bases his acceptance of the Holy Word, not only on its internal evidence, but on the authority of the Church, which he can distinctly prove. He has never said that 'the Bible and the Bible only is his religion,' but that the religion the Church has taught him may be proved in all its details from the Bible.

But both High and Low are equally sure that Holy Scripture is God's Holy Word, and as His Word beyond our understanding. As to criticism, that may come, for there is no need to fear it; the 'Word shall not pass away,' it will only be made clearer in the end though difficulties may be revealed by half knowledge. And it often ends by showing that what we have taken for a direct Scriptural statement is really no such thing, only a sort of traditional understanding of it, put into words perhaps in our first nursery-book of stories from the Bible, and thenceforth confounded with the absolute words of Holy Writ.

There were Pharisees and Sadducees from the time Judah ceased to live under immediate inspired guidance, and there always will be persons

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who cling devoutly to ordinances, persons who care most for spiritual feeling and do not heed externals, and persons of a critical spirit.

The higher and nobler of all these do not differ greatly. They all hold the same Faith and Love, and all walk together in light. Sadoc and Gamaliel, if they had been contemporaries, would not have differed as to the Love of God being the foremost motive of good men. It is the followers, the ignorant and narrow on both sides, who have party spirit and run into hatred and variance.

Yes we must, as things are, belong to one party. It is impossible to defend a cause except by banding together, and 'Have we not a cause?' We must belong to a party, but we must not indulge in party spirit.

It sounds paradoxical, but let us see what party spirit means and how it shows itself. It does not occupy itself with the great questions at issue, which it will not or cannot understand, but with the little outside matters, utterly unimportant except when they are made into badges and watchwords, and by either attacking or defending these, it renders them outposts around which the real champions have to spend their strength.

Party spirit is equally ready to give offence, and to watch for it. It will trail its coat like the Irishman in the fair, and on the other hand will treat the smallest difference of habit as a challenge. It will detect a badge in the wearing of a glove at church, or in making the contraction of Saint, St. or S.

It is the young and eager, and the narrow-minded who are most liable to these follies which really do harm to themselves and their cause. One difficulty is that they do not always know whether a custom is really of importance, or whether it is indifferent. Take this of the word Saint. S. is the more correct in Latin because it will do as well for Sancta as for Sanctus, but in English is quite indifferent.

So of customs at church. Party spirit looks out, instead of minding its own devotions, for what others do, and takes a note for future discussion of whoever bows or does not bow at certain places, censures in fact everybody who is not exactly at the level of the observer. And where there is the opportunity it delights to make its own divergence from the ways of the place manifest.

Here is indeed one difficulty, namely, that to abstain from habits of reverence in a strange place may seem a shrinking from confessing our faith before men. I think the only way is to try the importance of the custom by the test of its reason. Kneeling, and bowing at the Name above every Name are commands, therefore must not be given up for any fear or favour. Turning eastward at the Creed is a command of the Church, but there are other customs, reverent in themselves, which, among suspicious strangers, it might be well to omit rather than cause them to be mocked.

If again we know that a custom is very strongly condemned by trustworthy clergy, and we do not know the reason, we had better try to learn it. Thus, at first sight the reasons against an Evening Communion do

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not appear manifest, but a clergyman would show how it is contrary to all the customs and canons of the Church Universal, and how much fitter the quiet fresh morning hour is than the time after the tear and wear of the day.

We are all prone to love the flags and colours of our cause, and it is well. We may have to fight our battle round them. At the same time there is a tendency to dwell on them, and on the catchwords, as if they were the important point. Each party is liable to have both its twaddle and its cant. Emblems to which we give no heartfelt significance and only use out of imitation, phrases caught from others and meaningless to us, these are means of lowering our cause by endowing it with our own silliness, sometimes our irreverence.

Common sense as well as love of our neighbour are needed to try all our habits before we form them.

There is likewise a wholesome reserve which shrinks from obtruding itself or flaunting its badges either for praise or blame. Also consideration for the feelings of others and respect for elders tend to make outward demonstration be kept back, where it would be misunderstood.

Perhaps the worst manifestations of party spirit are in towns where there are many churches of slightly different shades of practice. The clergy themselves may be perfectly friendly, but the ladies of their congregation are full of rivalship, unwilling to believe any good of the sermons at each other's churches, critical of the decorations, scornful about the schools and charities, jealous of any benefit given to another parish, as they would not be of another person, and glad to gossip over any story to the disadvantage of the rival church. If the same opinions as their own prevail there, the hostility is much greater than to one of another school. If it is more advanced it is continually blamed for 'going to far,' if it be more moderate it is the constant theme of sneers.

The fault is as old as the days when the Corinthians said: 'I am of Paul,' 'I am of Apollos,' 'I am of Cephas.' It is true that it is well to 'provoke one another to love and good works,' and that there is a right rivalry, which spurs people on; but the borders of evil are not far off, and the moment we transgress the spirit of love, are pleased at the failures of others, sneer at their shortcomings, and delight in fault-finding, we are in danger.

'Oh! do you know what they have been doing at St. ——'s?' is a very dangerous beginning, and when there is a slighting tone in saying 'She goes to St. ——'s,' the speaker had better bethink herself. Attachment to our own need not be disdain of others.

The great thing is to depend on principles, not on persons. It is the great difficulty to learn not to erect for ourselves popes or idols, whom to follow implicitly. We must prove all things and hold fast that which is good, looking to our One Great Head, above and beyond all under shepherds He has given to us. Those shepherds can indeed lead us and aid us, but the entire surrender of our judgment into a spirit of blind

partizanship is perilous. Idolatry begins as soon as 'persons are held in admiration,' and we follow blindly without the honest endeavour to think out and understand all we do, and above all the constant reference as it were to our Lord in prayer for steadfastness in the faith and a right judgment in all things.

So while belonging to what may be called a party that is distinctly holding to the cause of the Church, we must beware of all party spirit and unfairness, and watch over our dealings with the other side so as to endeavour to keep the 'unity of the spirit' by walking in love, and by absence of all bitterness and evil speaking. And where we have to do with the young and ignorant, let us take care that they are imbued with the fundamental truths we hold in common rather than let them only catch up externals.

There is a talk about its being very wrong that there should be dissension about religion. It is said to be contrary to the Gospel of peace, &c., and we are made to suppose that the right way would be to have all articles of faith in some vague solution, and if we differ in believing more or less not to say anything about it.

It is true that it is a wretched thing that there should be divisions, but that is not a reason for not contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints. Our Lord, though the Prince of Peace, sent a sword, and when the true faith in Him and in His ordinances is denied, we must use it for His sake as well as our own and those who come after us. Therefore we must stand banded together, and maintain our cause: but our sword is not that of injury, or ill words, or bitter thoughts—it is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, the open defence and proclamation of the truth, the living as far as we can up to it, and the foregoing any advantage, giving any offence rather than deny it. In a book containing many beauties, 'St. George and St. Michael,' we are told that to join in an act of worship with one whose faith does not agree with our own is a high act of love of God. This might be true if we had only a God to guess about, instead of Him Who said, 'Thou shalt have none other gods but Me,' and then carried on His revelation of Himself unfolding from Mount Sinai to the Isle of Patmos. To allow that my neighbour, who does not hold what has been handed down to us from that day by the Church is not in lamentable error, may be very charitable to man, but it cannot be more faithful to God than was a Jewish king's sanction of the high places. Therefore without hostility, or breaking the tie of love we must guard our faith and our worship by standing aloof from those not of our own communion, and by thus standing apart we are forced into forming a party. But let not what has been said of this necessity lead us into a light-minded giving and accepting the names of parties. One silly girl will call herself 'a tremendous Ritualist' because she likes Church decorations, another will declare that somebody else is 'shockingly Low' for not standing or kneeling at some part of the service. There is evil and danger in such ignorant playing with grave matters. If

we take our side it must be because we care for our Lord and His Church, not because we like music and flowers. This would be on a par with saying one would be a cavalier for the sake of the plumes and love-locks.

And if, as some tell us, the forces of the world and of sin are marshalling themselves for that great assault in which, if it were possible, they should deceive the very elect, it is more than ever needful that every one who has mind and soul to do so should clearly and definitely master, as far as possible, his or her own faith, and study its details, strengthening it by Eucharists, prayer, and good works, lest it be swept away unawares; and for the same reason all in our power to strengthen and instruct others and to raise a standard for the right should be done. In the present state of the country, matters are carried by demonstrations of power and numbers, and thus the adherence of every unit tells on the mass. Evil may be averted and good gained by the pressure of numbers, and it becomes our bounden duty to give our small weight and let our voice swell the appeal.

In politics it is more possible to divide the right than in religion. Loyalty is a duty, but there have been two ways of reading the word. It may be either faithfulness to the State or to the King. Cicero and Cato were loyal though to no king, and Cæsar was the rebel because he transgressed the law of the commonwealth; and in such a country as ours there is scope for two sets of opinions as to the expediency of throwing the chief weight of power into the hands of the upper or lower classes.

A thoughtful woman, accustomed to hear of the affairs of the country, cannot help having opinions and wishes. It is of no use to say she need have nothing to do with them. Individual measures which have so great an effect on the condition of those around her must affect her, and happily they stand and fall much more on their own merits than on party as formerly—in the end, that is to say, for pressure of business and waves of temper often postpone them.

Sympathy with father or husband usually forms the woman's politics. In former times terrible animosities prevailed, and even now a general election rubs up many sores. A lady's part is generally simply to make things pleasant for those concerned with the men of her family, and to act in a quiet way as their helper. But important matters may often turn on a woman's readiness and intelligence, and it is the duty of every Englishwoman, who can do it, to get as clear an understanding as she can of the great points that affect the glory of God and the good of her neighbour, and when she knows her side to serve it in the quiet ways of elucidation, sympathy, and such other forms of help as she can unobtrusively give. The ready ear and warm enthusiasm of an appreciating woman will make a man go forth nerved for his battle, and a right understanding and glow of feeling for his cause will make her strive with him to the utmost.

(To be continued.)

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PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XX.—THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

THERE still remains one part of the external framework of a Sisterhood to be considered, before passing to the examination of its Internal Rule, and thence to the practical questions of habitual life and government. That part is the nature and limits of the duties assigned to each of the chief office-bearers.

It is expedient to present them first in a brief survey, that their relations to each other and to the whole internal economy of the household may be clearly seen; and afterwards to consider more at length such as require special details to be given.

1. The Superior has the general supervision of all the departments. To her each head of a department is directly responsible. It belongs to her to decide on all matters not explicitly defined in the Rule; to admit or decline to admit guests and postulants; to fix the time of nomination to the noviciate and higher grades after the expiry of the term of probation exacted by the Rule; to preside at all Chapters, Councils, and Conferences of the Community; to regulate the ingress and egress of the House, both for inmates and casual visitors; to be the channel through which all messages, written or verbal, to or from the inmates must pass; to be a consenting party to all agreements and contracts made by or binding on the Society; to appoint and vary the time-table of the House; to nominate to all offices not made elective by the Rule; and, in brief, to be the chief guardian and enforcer of the Rule in all its particulars. Her work is so laborious that it is well to impose no more duties upon her, if even moderately efficient officers can be had.

2. The Assistant-Superior discharges all these same functions in the absence or illness of the Superior; and customarily any part of them which may be habitually intrusted to her by the Superior. She has also at all times a right to a seat at the Council; and is usually the officer reponsible for the discipline of the House.

3. The Treasurer, or Bursar, has charge of the accounts, receives and enters all moneys paid in to the Community from whatever source, signs all cheques and makes all payments, whether of wages, or to tradesmen for goods furnished, or of petty cash to Sisters for necessary expenses—as, for example, to the Housekeeper for stores—and should take receipts in every instance without exception, even for the smallest sums, filing those sent from a distance carefully, and having a printed book to contain all receipts from inmates of the House or persons paid there. She should bring her accounts of receipts and expenditure at the close of each day to the

Superior or Assistant-Superior for signature, and should have them audited in Council at least once a month. These particulars are very important, for much of the efficiency and peacefulness of a Sisterhood depends on its solvency; while carelessness and waste in expenditure is a very besetting temptation, owing to the joint tenure of property, and the fact that most of the inmates have no direct need to consider the question of expenditure and ratio of outgoings and income. Therefore, if a Sisterhood is to be started at all, at least one of the intending members should be obliged to learn book-keeping, and fit herself for the discharge of the Treasurer's duties, that no errors may creep into the ledgers, and that it may be possible at any moment to ascertain how the resources of the Society stand. A certain sum should be fixed, say 10*l.*, for the disbursement of which or any sum of larger amount, the Treasurer should require the countersignature of the Superior or Assistant-Superior, to avoid the risk of any lavish expenditure.

4. The Secretary should be present at all meetings of the Council and Chapter, taking down the heads of the proceedings and entering them into the Book of Minutes for record and future reference; and should read these minutes at the next ensuing meeting, previously to their being signed by the President. She should also file and have the custody of all official and business letters and documents (except receipts and vouchers for money) belonging to the Society; should have a Letter-Book in which to enter the list of all letters sent from or received in the House, with the date of each; should write and answer all business letters affecting the Community, bringing such as require it to the Superior for countersignature; should make and keep the registers of postulants, novices, sisters, elections, and dismissals; and send out all circular notices to members of the Community, such as the voting-papers for an election, or the summons for an extraordinary Chapter.

It is necessary that this officer should also be trained for her duties by the study of the usual forms of business letters, notices, minutes, &c., as much of the orderly government of the Society will depend on her promptitude and exactness. It would also be found a great advantage to have a special room or two set apart for the transaction of business only; an office or bureau where all inquiries can be made and answered, and where the treasurer and secretary can keep their books and papers. It should be as near the main entrance as can be managed.

5. The Sacristan has charge of all the books, vestments, and furniture of the chapel. It is her business to draw up the weekly calendar of services for the ensuing week; to keep an exact inventory of all the goods in her keeping; to superintend the cleaning of the chapel at least once a week; to take care that the bell be rung in due time for each service; to prepare the altar and vestments for the Holy Eucharist; to see that a sufficient supply of altar-breads and of wine is provided; to attend to the cleaning of all the vessels and metal work, the washing and repair of the

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altar linen of all kinds; to superintend the lighting and extinguishing of all lamps and candles in the chapel; to give notice to the Superior when repairs of the chapel are needed, or when any books, vestments, or linen need to be replaced by new ones; and she should keep the roll of the attendance in chapel at the several offices (or at any rate those at which attendance is obligatory by the Rule), and of the Communions made by the Sisters; and have all the cupboards, drawers, and chests in the Sacristy in neat and orderly condition. The Precentrix is subordinate to the Sacristan, but when she exists as a superior officer and head of a separate department, is directly responsible for the arrangement and conduct of the choir services in the chapel.

6. The Housekeeper has the charge of all the stores required for the use of the Community; such as fuel, food, furniture, clothes, and bedding, unless these two latter items be entrusted to a Keeper of the Wardrobe, as will be found necessary in large establishments. It is her business to give out daily to the cook and other domestics the stores needed for the day's consumption, to keep the keys of the larder and store-rooms, to order in all goods required for the House, either going to purchase them herself, superintending their delivery at the door by tradesmen, or giving written instructions to the Commissionaire. Unless she be also Treasurer (which is not desirable when competent persons to fill both offices can be had), she should give vouchers to that officer for all sums she requires, stating the object for which they are to be expended, and these vouchers should be invariably filed and afterwards entered in the Treasurer's books. Where it is practicable, she should buy wholesale in bulk, to lessen the outlay. It is her business also to see that a sufficient stock of perishable articles, such as earthenware of all kinds, is maintained, and that a reserve of such provisions as will keep shall be in hand against any emergency. She should keep an inventory of all goods in her charge; and should have a blank book of vouchers to be signed by all Sisters who come to her for stores other than those which she necessarily gives out daily for the use of the House. For example, though she need exact no voucher from the cook for the materials supplied for the day's meals, yet if she give out wine or eggs for the Hospitaller's use, she will obtain and file a voucher for the quantity issued, and so in all similar cases. The duties of Keeper of the Wardrobe, Cellarer, Guest-mistress, and Infirmarer are subordinate parts of her work, but for clearness' sake they shall now be considered separately.

7. The Keeper of the Wardrobe, if there be such an officer distinct from the Housekeeper, has charge of all the linen of the household, and of giving out clean tablecloths, sheets, blankets, and so forth, as well as that of collecting all the soiled articles for the laundry. It is her duty also to keep the spare stock of materials for clothing, especially the stuff of which the habit of the Community is made, and all such hosiery and haberdashery as may be in constant demand. She checks the articles

given out to and returned from the laundry; sees that all the goods in her custody are kept in thorough repair; should have numbered cupboards, shelves and drawers for each class of articles, and separate compartments for the various grades in the Community, whenever difference of grade implies difference of clothing. She should keep an accurate inventory of everything in her charge, distinguishing new articles from old, and mended ones from such as are unfrayed and perfect. And, like the Treasurer and Housekeeper, she should exact vouchers for all articles given out, entering them in her day-book besides. Thus, if she be called on to supply linen for a visitor's bed-room, she should make an entry that such and such articles were issued to Sister A. for use in room No. 10 on such a day, and have Sister A.'s voucher to show for it. If material be wanted for a new habit, either for a Sister or a Novice, she shall issue the requisite quantity on receipt of a voucher from the Superior or Assistant in the former case, or of the Mistress of the Novices in the latter. And it is her duty to examine the whole stock at least monthly; and to report all deficiencies to the Superior, that they may be replaced as is necessary. It is also part of her duty to examine the mattresses, palliasses, and pillows, in the dormitories at stated intervals, and to see that they are in clean condition and good repair, although the supervision of the remaining furniture belongs to the Housekeeper, except in the Infirmary.

8. The Cellarer (in some Societies called Refectorer) discharges very much the duties of a butler in a family, for she has the charge of seeing that the refectory is made ready for meals and cleared after them; that the table-linen, earthenware, glass, knives, forks, spoons, and so forth, are clean and sufficient in quantity, and neatly laid; that the meals are also clean, sufficient, and wholesome, as regards both meat and drink; and that portions are duly sent to such persons as from illness or other causes are dispensed from taking their meals at the common table. She has to receive the fresh linen as often as is needful from the Keeper of the Wardrobe, and to give her a dated voucher for it, returning her at the same time the soiled articles, and obtaining a voucher for them. She should also, if there be no other person appointed to the task, ring the bell for meals. She is further bound to keep an inventory of her charge, and to report losses, breakage, and wear and tear to the Superior.

9. The Guest-mistress has the charge of looking after visitors, of seeing that their luggage is carried to their rooms, that all the bedding and toilet articles are in due order; of assigning them, under the direction of the Superior, their places in chapel and at table; of giving them the time-table of the House; and of visiting each guest at least once daily to ascertain if she stand in need of anything. It is also her task to transmit their letters to guests, receiving them from the Superior, and to make all necessary arrangements for their convenience when leaving the House. In the case of mere passing calls, it is also her duty to provide

refreshments, if necessary, for visitors from a distance, who are either inadmissible to the refectory, or are not about to remain till the stated hour for meals.

10. The Hospitaller, or Infirmarer, has charge of the sick; for whom there ought to be a separate ward, and if possible, a detached building, as a precaution against contagion. She is responsible to no one except the Superior and Assistant-Superior for anything in her department, and the Housekeeper, Cellarer, and Keeper of the Wardrobe are bound to comply with any reasonable demand of hers on the stores, subject to an appeal to the Superior. She ought, where practicable, to have learned how to dispense medicines; and in any case should be familiar with scientific nursing, acquired in a hospital, so as to be able to make and apply bandages, compresses, poultices, &c., and dress wounds of all kinds. She superintends the nursing generally, appoints the time of day and night duty; sees that medicine and food are supplied at the fitting times; that the foul linen, &c. is removed daily, and that the bedding is changed as often as necessary. She may send on her own responsibility for medical advice and assistance at any time she judges essential; and is the person who is to receive and carry out the directions of the physician or surgeon. She is to provide, unless other arrangements be made by the Superior and Chaplain, for morning and evening prayer in the Infirmary, and should give the Chaplain notice when any of the patients in her charge require to be visited by him, or to receive the Sacraments. As in the case of all other officers of the temporalities, she is bound to keep an inventory of the articles in her charge, to see that they are in proper condition and quantity, and to give vouchers for everything she receives from other departments.

It is necessary to say here that the system of vouchers insisted on throughout all this section is of extreme importance to the order and well-being of a large Community. No one who has not had experience of the subject would believe what loss, and waste, and extravagant outlay is likely to occur in a Sisterhood from sheer inexperience and lack of need for thought, in the absence of such a check, which also makes peculation on the part of dishonest subordinates extremely difficult. The sum to which even a small margin of waste will amount in a large Community, after a brief interval of time, is a serious consideration, and the manner in which Sisters (especially such as have been accustomed to very narrow means in their families) who have no direct handling of money will waste articles whose cost they do not defray nor realize is well nigh incredible, save to those who know in what entire ignorance of domestic economy the majority of young women are now habitually brought up. Nor is it to be imagined that the system is a laborious one. It needs only a set of blank books, exactly like cheque-books, to be printed, having a counterfoil block for each leaf, and a heading for each department. Thus the Cellarer should have two books of cheques, one to be drawn on the Keeper of the Wardrobe, and

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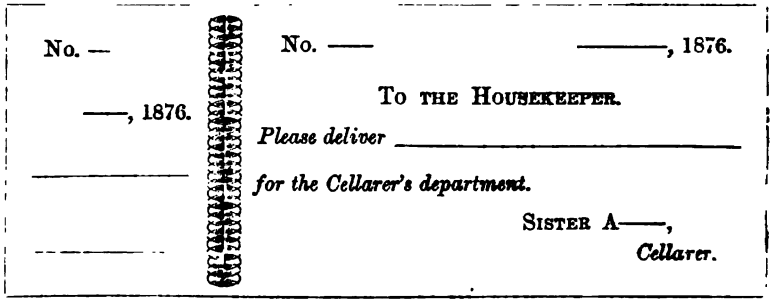
another on the Housekeeper; each said book being some such arrangement as this:



As this voucher would be returned to the issuer if not honoured, its retention by the officer who received it is tantamount to a receipt, just as a cheque in a banker's possession is legal proof that he has paid the sum named on it. The Treasurer, on the other hand, needs only one book of this kind, worded simply—

'Received from Sister B——, Treasurer, the sum of ——— pounds, ——— shillings, ——— pence, for ———. *Signed*, C. D——, ———, 1876.

11. The Portress has custody of the outer door, which should be locked at all times, and keep a book in her lodge for messages and for record of egress and ingress. No persons should have pass-keys of the outer door except the Superior, Assistant-Superior and Chaplain; and the lock should be so made that the Portress's key, though unlocking and locking the door from the *inside*, could not be used from the *outside* at all. This is easily contrived by making the lock very deep from front to back, and the door on which it is screwed thick; and supplying the Portress with a key too short in the stem for the outer orifice, while longer ones are supplied to the chief officials. Before or after certain hours of the day, the door should not be unlocked save by the order of the Superior or some one commissioned by her. And where it can be managed, it is convenient to have a small wicket in the door through which strangers can be spoken with and parcels received without giving admission. All parcels and letters must be delivered directly to the Superior, or Assistant-Superior, for distribution, and not in the first instance to the persons to whom they may be particularly addressed.

12. The Commissionaire, whether a Sister, a lay Sister, or a domestic, is the person intrusted with all out-door commissions which are more than mere errands, such as the delivery of letters and messages which require an answer, and the shopping and marketing required for the household. She should never be sent on this latter business without a regular written order from the Housekeeper or other official who commissions her, and this order, if addressed to any particular tradesman, may be worded in

two different fashions, according as the goods are obtained on credit, or for ready money, thus:

FORM A.

'To Mr. B——, Grocer. Please deliver goods as under for the use of St. C——'s, and charge the same to the account of the Community. [Here insert list.] *Signed*, Sister D——, Housekeeper, —— day of ———, 18—.'

FORM B.

'To Mr. B——, Grocer. Please deliver goods as under for the use of St. C——'s, and return receipt for cash sent by bearer. [Here insert list.] *Signed*, Sister D——, Housekeeper, —— day of ———, 18—.'

Or the less elaborate, but also less perfect, check of an Order Book may be adopted, in which the Housekeeper writes down all the goods required from the various tradesmen, who must be warned not to furnish any articles on credit which are not expressly set down in the book carried by the messenger. In this way, if due notice be given to the tradesmen that the Society will not hold itself accountable for any goods without vouchers answering to the counterfoils in the Housekeeper's possession, it will be impossible for the Commissionaire to injure the Society by fraud, negligence, or incompetence; and therefore no deviation from this simple rule should be permitted even for the most trifling purchases. And to insure this, only the Superior, Assistant-Superior and the Housekeeper should intrust any errand to the Commissionaire. Other Sisters, requiring her services, must obtain the necessary voucher through one of these three.

13. The Community ought from the first to set about forming a good, well chosen library of both religious and secular books, especially all the best publications bearing on its own particular work, and set apart a room to contain it, which might also very well serve as the Council and Chapter room, much more conveniently, indeed, than either the Common-room or the Superior's apartment. It will be found by experience that to leave the books in the Common-room, unless in locked book-cases, will ensure rapid injury and loss, without the possibility of making any person accountable. A Sister should be appointed Librarian, with the following duties: To catalogue the books as received, first alphabetically, and then according to subjects. To affix to each volume a press-mark on the back, and repeated inside the cover, showing on what shelf and in what order on that shelf it stands, which press-mark should be entered in the catalogue. To have a slab of wood, about eight inches by six, covered with writing paper, on each shelf, on which are to be written the name of any volume borrowed from that shelf, and that of the borrower, with the date at which it was taken out, cancelling the line on return. To give no book out of the Library to anyone, even the Superior, without a voucher, to be held till the book is returned, and then destroyed. To enter in a ledger the names of all books so borrowed, and of the borrower, with date of taking out and returning, and a note of the condition in which the book has been returned. To dust the books and shelves regularly, going through them at least monthly. To report to the

Superior when binding is required, and also all losses through wear and tear, or non-return, besides injuries done to any volumes during loan.

14. An official has yet to be named, whose functions are much more important than several of the preceding, but who is not required quite so early in the new Society, namely, the Mistress of the Novices. She is intrusted with the spiritual, and in some sort, the intellectual training of the newly-joined members of the Community, and has duties to perform towards them closely analogous to those of a first-rate finishing governess in secular families. These duties, as well as some of those pertaining to other officials, will be treated more at length in further papers.

R. F. L.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

PART III.

ARIOSTO.

THE tedium of the journey was beguiled for the young Duke by the discourse of his fair and sage companions, who foretold to him the future discoveries of the passage of the Cape of Good Hope, and of the New World, both of which, at the date of the composition of the poem, were facts new and strange to the mind of man. Ariosto, indeed, appears to have considered the passage by the Frozen Ocean, which he describes Astolfo as avoiding, equally open to adventure.

Astolfo's journey is scarcely less remarkable after he reaches the Erythrean Gulf, for, mounted upon Rabican, he traverses the whole of Arabia, reaches the Red Sea, passes Heröopolis, and follows the Canal of Trajan to the Nile, encountering indeed lions and dragons, but no difficulties such as generally beset travel in desert countries.

It was here he had his battle with Caligorant, a very cruel giant, who entrapped travellers into his brazen net very much as Zambardo took Orlando.*

Having taken this giant in his own net, Astolfo compelled him to carry it, for it was a curiosity, being the very net manufactured by Vulcan to take Mars and Venus. He thus continued his journey to Cairo. There he heard of another dreadful giant who was in the habit of stopping all travellers near Damiata. He set off to undertake the adventure of slaying this giant, but found him already engaged with two knights, one clad in black, the other in white.

This adventure is taken up from Boiardo, and the knight who there appears *incognito* is identified with Astolfo. The black and white knights are Aquilant and Grifone, with their guardian fairies in attendance, these fairies having endeavoured to keep their wards engaged in

* Upton, in his notes to Spenser, says that by Caligorant is meant a famous heretic and sophist of that time; but that, afterwards, this heretic, like Caligorant when instructed by Astolfo, became an orthodox and useful member of society.

this conflict, to preserve them from a danger which threatened their lives in France.

And, indeed, a very lengthy conflict it promises to be, for Orrilo, having a leg or an arm cut off by his assailants, coolly picks up and replaces the severed member, even sometimes diving in the river for it should his adversary in despair have flung it there. His head, in like manner, he seizes by the hair, or the nose, and claps it on again, no worse for the adventure than the green knight when Sir Gawayne had decapitated him.*

After standing for a long time to consider this strange battle with much marvel, Astolfo consulted his book, and found that Orrilo, for that was this very divisible giant's name, could be destroyed in no other way than by the severing of one particular hair of his head. He, therefore, begged permission of the two knights to engage him himself next morning. Having done so, he succeeded in cutting off Orrilo's head, leapt lightly down, seized it, and, mounting Rabican quick as thought, galloped off with it, whilst the poor giant was groping about for it in vain. Having thus gained a moment's time for reflection, Astolfo came to the conclusion that, in the impossibility of discovering which was the right hair amidst all that tangle of bushy locks by which he held the head, the best way would be to cut off the whole crop. This acute notion was no sooner conceived than executed, and Orrilo dropped dead as the fatal hair was shorn with the rest!

Astolfo and the two young knights now continued their journey together, agreeing to visit the Holy Land instead of returning direct to France. This was rendered the easier by their having Caligorant, who was 'as good as ten beasts of burden,' to carry their baggage. Grifone separated from his friends before long, to go in search of Origilla, who, he had heard was in the neighbourhood with another lover. Of course she betrayed him, and he got into sad trouble in consequence at Damascus. But Aquilant, dreading treachery where Origilla was concerned, followed, and, we are happy to find that the false wanton was at last punished for her many treasons.

Astolfo and Sansonetta of Mecca, a convert of Orlando's, followed more slowly, in order to be present at a tournament held by Norandino, the king of Damascus, in celebration of Lucina's escape from an ork.†

On their road they met Marfisa, who had at length given up all hope

* In the Early English poem of 'Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight,' when, at Christmas-tide, Arthur holds high festival at Camelot, and whilst all are seated at table, a knight dressed all in green, rides up on a green horse, and dares Arthur or any of his knights to deal him a stroke with the axe he offers, and, in return, to receive one next new year's day from him. Sir Gawayne undertakes the adventure, and smites off the green knight's head. The knight 'never faltered nor fell,' but 'boldly he started forth on stiff shanks,' seized his head, mounted into his saddle, 'turned about his ugly body that bled,' and holding his head in his hand, turned its face towards 'the dearest on dais,' the queen, whilst it delivered a speech!

† This story is imitated from that of Polyphemus in Virgil.

of overtaking Brunello.* She agreed to go with them to this joust. On their arrival they entered the lists; but, unfortunately for the peaceful prosecution of the games, Marfisa recognized, in the splendid suit of armour destined for the prize of the victor, no other than that which she had discarded when she wished to run lighter in pursuit of Brunello!

Without more ado, the short-tempered amazon hastened to seize her property, no leave asked. A great tumult arose at this unheard of infraction of the laws of the lists. The king, enraged, called on his knights to avenge the insult to his presence. Some took one side, some the other, and a pell-mell fight ensued. Aquilant and Grifone both went down before the golden lance ere Astolfo knew who they were, and Marfisa, mistress of the field, carried off her armour in triumph. In this lull the other knights recognized each other, and all united to persuade Marfisa to explain herself to the king. The proprietorship of the armour was at length explained, and all ended peaceably; and the jousts were resumed with even greater splendour than at first.

The whole party now set sail together for France; Marfisa in prosecution of her vow to take Charlemagne prisoner.

A terrible storm, as usual, harassed the voyagers, and they were driven to land at a city inhabited by Amazons, who had divers strange and cruel laws. Here they found a certain exceedingly powerful knight, who, like themselves had been driven to land at this port, and had been detained by the laws of the place. He turned out to be Guido Selvaggio, a half-brother of Rinaldo and Bradamante. He arranged a plan of escape with Astolfo and the others, which they attempted to carry out. They would, however, all have fallen victims to the fury of the Amazons, had it not been for Astolfo's wonderful horn. A blast of this instrument had such an extraordinary effect that it not only set all the Amazons flying in tremendous disorder, but even the Christian knights and Marfisa herself! Down to the ship they fled helter-skelter, in such a state of panic that they never discovered Astolfo was not amongst them till they had been some time at sea!

He, very much astonished at the result of his blast, amused himself by repeating it, till the whole place became absolutely deserted; but when he reached the port, he beheld to his dismay, the ship of his comrades far away upon its westward journey!

This was a dilemma, indeed! but Astolfo consoled himself that, with the horn and Rabican, he need have no fear, and he therefore took the route by the Don across Europe, and so to England to pay his respects to his father. But when he arrived there he found that his father was shut up in Paris with Charlemagne, and he accordingly crossed the Channel again. On his passage through Bretagne, however, whilst he was resting in a forest, a seeming peasant suddenly sprang upon the back of the grazing Rabican, and rode away with him to Atlante's castle. Astolfo,

* It must be remembered that Astolfo's history has not kept pace with that of the other characters.

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after wearying himself in vain to seek him, had recourse to his book, and learned the secret of this enchanted castle, and how to dissolve the charm. Having accomplished this, he by this means set at liberty not only Ruggiero, and many others, but Bradamante, who, despite Melissa's warnings, had herself fallen into the snare when she went to free her lover.

And now the various threads of the story are gradually worked into the great central one, the coming disaster of the unhappy Paladin, Orlando. After the death of Dardinello in the great battle, Ariosto introduces an episode imitated from that of Nisus and Euryalus in the Æneid ix. Two youths named Medoro and Cloridano, distinguished by their mutual attachment, resolve to seek out the body of their beloved leader, in order to afford it honourable burial. They go by night through the Christian camp, slaying mercilessly the sleepers amongst whom they pass. Having, at length, discovered the body of Dardinello, they endeavour to bear it from the field, but are interrupted in the performance of their pious duty by a band of Christians under the command of Zerbino. Cloridano is killed, but Zerbino, touched by their devotion, endeavours to save Medoro. But he is foiled by one of his own followers, who desperately wounds Medoro. Zerbino turns to chastise this bloodthirsty miscreant, who flies, and Medoro is left, apparently dead.

Angelica, however, chancing to pass the spot immediately afterwards, was struck by the extreme beauty of the wounded youth, and being, as we know, very skilful in chirurgery, hastened to gather a certain herb, we know not 'whether dittany or panacea,' * she had seen growing near by; she applied this to the wound, and also procured aid to bear Medoro to a shepherd's cabin. Here she nursed her patient; and, cold as she had always hitherto been to the devotion of the flower of the chivalry of the world, fell at last desperately in love with this beautiful youth, common foot-soldier as he was!

So completely carried away was she by her passion, that she married Medoro, and, when he was sufficiently recovered, set off with him for Cathay.

Meantime, Marfisa becomes, in some degree, mixed up with the circumstances which all now tend to the *dénouement* of the plot; for, on landing at Marseilles (very glad to leave the tossing sea!) she separated from her companions, saying that there was no credit in so many knights travelling together. 'Starlings and doves fly in flocks, and deer and sheep herd together; but birds of prey and lions go alone!' said she; and alone accordingly she pursued her way.

Before she had gone far, she met with an aged crone who begged for a passage over a broad stream. Marfisa took her up on the crupper, and, as the old creature looked weary and sad, very kindly carried her not

* In the Æneid xii. Venus brings dittany from Mount Ida, and panacea to heal the wounds of Æneas.

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only across the river, but also over a bad and boggy road. It excited the mirth of the travellers they encountered to see the magnificently accoutred knight Marfisa appeared, carrying behind him not a beautiful young damsel, but a particularly wrinkled and miserable-looking old woman. Pinabello, with his beautiful but arrogant lady, happening to meet them, the ill-bred pair burst into unmannerly laughter; and the haughty lady, vain of her own beauty, taunted the old woman with her ugliness. This roused Marfisa's easily-chafed spirit. She replied to the proud beauty's taunts by telling her the old woman was handsomer than herself, and that she would prove it on her knight, with the compact that, should Pinabello be unhorsed, his lady's dress, ornaments, and palfrey should become the property of her companion. Of course, Pinabello was unhorsed, and Marfisa amused herself by seeing the old woman dress herself up in the rich and juvenile apparel of the young one.

But now, with her aged companion thus splendidly arrayed and mounted, the sight was still stranger than before; for, with her shrunken, wrinkled face, the old dame 'looked like nothing but a baboon' in her girl's dress. But Marfisa cared very little for that; she pursued her way very quietly till they were met by Zerbino, who, courteous knight as he was, and moreover angry and weary at the fruitlessness of his pursuit of the soldier who had wounded Medoro, could not refrain from laughter at the ridiculous sight. He complimented the gay knight he took Marfisa to be, on his choice of a companion, since no one was likely to attempt to deprive him of her.

Marfisa, being inclined to carry out the joke, retorted that Zerbino only said this from cowardice, and offered to do battle on the understanding that the vanquished should take charge of the old woman, and be her knight. Zerbino accepted the challenge; but he was no match for the amazon queen, and he was soon on the ground.

'I present your lady to you!' cried Marfisa, in high glee; 'the fairer she is, the more it rejoices me!' and she rode off laughing, leaving Zerbino to the shame of his defeat, and the ridicule of all the passers by. Moreover, this odious old woman was no other than Gabrina, the hag in whose charge Isabella had been left by the robbers when Orlando found her. She had led an evil life, and committed several murders; but fortunately for us her former crimes have nothing to do with our story, being an imitation, such as Ariosto was fond of introducing from the classic authors, of a story in *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius.

Gabrina was in no mood for making his task less onerous to the unlucky Zerbino, for she, like Juno in the Æneid, had the cause of 'despised beauty' to irritate her spite. 'No greater slight,' says the poet, 'can be cast upon a woman than to be called old or ugly!' Gabrina soon found out how to revenge herself; in the first place she took care to tell Zerbino that the knight who had unhorsed him was a woman, and thus added so greatly to his sense of disgrace that the poor youth 'blushed almost to his very armour' for shame at the thought!

She also found out that he was the Zerbino for whom Isabella was constantly lamenting; she therefore told him that she had seen Isabella in the hands of a band of robbers, but not that she had been rescued by Orlando.

Zerbino and Isabella are characters which belong exclusively to Ariosto: this knight represents the poet's best type of honour and gentleness. On his first introduction, we are told that 'nature made him, and then broke the mould.' * Drummond of Hawthornden thought that Ariosto intended the character for that of James V., king of Scotland. It has also been said that James, on the occasion of his visit to France to see Mademoiselle de Vendôme, extended his journey into Italy, and became personally acquainted with Ariosto; but the first edition of *Orlando Infuriato* was published in 1515, when James was but six years old, and the last (during the poet's lifetime) in 1532, while James was still detained by the Earl of Angus. His journey to France, moreover, did not take place till 1537, whilst Ariosto died in 1533; so that this pleasant story will not bear examination.

Zerbino besides has scarcely the fiery, impetuous nature we are accustomed to attribute to James. He is brave indeed, but his bravery is accompanied by extreme gentleness, and a singularly delicate sense of honour. The beauty of his character, and the pathos of the description of his death, and of the grief of Isabella, make this story one of the loveliest episodes to be found in Ariosto's poem.

To add to Zerbino's chagrin, moreover, he learns the true character of Gabrina from a knight, whom, in her defence, he has the misfortune mortally to wound. Nevertheless, having bound himself to defend her, he keeps his word, though it is greatly to his own disadvantage and even peril; for Gabrina accuses him to Count Anselmo of the murder of his son, Pinabello, upon whose dead body they have come suddenly in the forest.

To account for the death of Pinabello we must revert to the period of Astolfo's destruction of Atlante's castle, which set free Ruggiero and Bradamante.

Greatly astounded were the lovers, when freed from the spell, to find that they had been four days in each other's company without being in the least aware of it! Such golden days as these might have been were indeed matter of regret. However, they rejoice at being now, at least, consciously together; and Bradamante promises that, her father consenting, she will become Ruggiero's wife upon his being baptized into the Christian faith. Ruggiero willingly consents to this condition, and they agree to go together for the purpose to a monastery at Vallombrosa.† But the plans of the lovers are not destined to be carried out; a series of accidental circumstances soon parts and long keeps them asunder. In

* Natura il fece e poi ruppe la stampa.

† Ariosto has placed Vallombrosa in France for the scene of the intended baptism of Ruggiero.

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the first place, their aid is besought for a youth who is condemned by Marsiglio to be burnt for an intrigue with Fiordespina. But on the road to deliver the intended victim, another adventure presents itself. Pinabello has a castle near by, and, enraged at the indignity put upon his lady by Marfisa, he has not only taken Aquilant and Grifone, Guido-Selvaggio and Sansonetto by treachery, as they slept, but has compelled them, as the price of their lives, to do battle on this unworthy cause with all knights passing with ladies.

Whilst Ruggiero engaged these knights, Bradamante recognized Pinabello as the traitor who had endeavoured to compass her death at Merlin's tomb. Her threatening approach so terrified the coward, that he fled into the forest, and she pursuing, overtook, and slew him. It was of Bradamante's act then that Gabrina had accused Zerbino.

But, fortunately for the young Scottish prince, Orlando, with Isabella, was passing when he was brought out for execution, and his release was soon accomplished by means of Durlindana. He recognised Isabella immediately, but as he wore his visor down she did not know him. Imagining she had accepted this powerful black knight for her lover, he did not make himself known, but rode sorrowfully in their company till the accidental removal of his helmet revealed his identity to his faithful lady; then Isabella hastened to throw her arms round his neck with tears of joy. Whilst the three thus united by gratitude and affection were together, Mandricardo, with Doralice appeared upon the scene. The Tartar immediately challenged Orlando to fight, but the latter observed that his would-be opponent had no sword. 'Take you no heed of that,' replied Mandricardo, 'I have given others cause to fear without it. Besides, I have made a vow not to gird on a sword till I have taken Durlindana. For this purpose I go seeking the Count on all sides. Moreover, I desire to revenge upon him the death of my father, Agrican, whom Orlando slew by treachery; for well I know he could not have done it otherwise!'

At this calumny the Count could not restrain himself, but burst forth, 'You lie! and all who say so lie! I slew Agrican in fair fight. Here is the sword you seek, but win it before you wear it! However, it shall not be more mine than yours in this battle!' So saying the magnanimous Paladin hung Durlindana upon a tree.

The lances splinter, and the combatants take to fisticuffs; but soon wearying of that they endeavour to drag each other out of the saddle. Orlando, fiercely embraced by Mandricardo, slips a cautious hand over the head of his adversary's horse and looses the bridle. Mandricardo meanwhile, using every effort either to suffocate Orlando or to pull him off his horse, succeeds only in bursting the girths of his saddle, so that the Paladin comes to the ground, 'his thighs still pressing the saddle and his feet in the stirrups,' with the noise of 'a sack full of arms'; whilst Mandricardo's reinless steed rushes wildly away with its rider, till both find their level at the bottom of a ditch.

Mandricardo replaces his bridle by taking that of Gabrina, who arrives at this moment, some sting of conscience apparently having driven her to flee, 'as if hunted by wolves' ever since her treachery to Zerbino. In derision of the girl-dressed old crone, the Tartar, having taken her bridle, terrifies her palfrey so that it rushes wildly away with her till she is half dead with fright.

Orlando, meanwhile, after long awaiting the return of Mandricardo, decided to go in search of him. He, therefore, took kindly leave of the lovers, who, perhaps oppressed by the foreshadowing of evil, were very loath to quit their benefactor, Isabella being moved even to tears. But, said the Paladin, 'there is no infamy like that of a knight, who, going to seek his enemy, takes with him a companion to help or defend him.'

And now our hero approaches the climax of his misfortunes.

He wandered for some time in search of Mandricardo. On the third day he reached a river, which, shadowed over by trees, flowed peacefully through a flowery meadow. The cool seclusion of the spot allured him to rest, and in an evil hour he dismounted, laid aside his oppressive cuirass, and thought to enjoy a period of repose from the mid-day heat.

But wherever he turned his eyes they were met by the entwined names of 'Angelica' and 'Medoro' inscribed upon the trunks of the trees, or carved upon the rocks. It seemed to him, eagerly inspecting these inscriptions, that the shapes of the letters were like those he had often seen formed by the hands of his mistress. But who is Medoro? 'Perhaps,' thinks he, fondly, 'she has intended that name to mean me.' But, even whilst thus endeavouring to subdue his rising fear and suspicion, he sought more traces, and at length, in an inscription by the hand of Medoro, found sure proof that the favoured lover was another man.

The conviction seizes upon his heart 'like the grasp of a cold hand;' with head sunk upon his chest he stands fixed and motionless, 'himself like a stone,' gazing upon the stone, paralysed with that 'worst of griefs' which finds no utterance.

Still with a faint hope that he may be self-deceived, he takes up his quarters that night at a house near by, the very dwelling where Medoro was nursed by Angelica, and where the enamoured pair spent their honeymoon! And there, as if to dispel the last remnant of hope to which the unhappy man clung, the host showed him the parting gift of Angelica, the very bracelet he knew so well, given by Morgante to Ziliante, by Ziliante to himself, and by himself to Angelica.

The cup of his misery was now full to overflowing. He could not await the morning light, but took his arms and his horse and fled to the depths of the forest. There, avoiding all human fellowship, he wandered, with the gathering frenzy mounting to his brain; now sullen and silent; now breaking out into bursts of despair, or pathetic lamentation.

'These are not tears,' says he, 'this is my life flowing away! I am not Orlando, he is dead and buried. She has killed him! I am his spirit wandering here in hell!'

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At last, coming to the fountain where he had first beheld Medoro's inscription, an access of fury comes over him. He hacks and hews with Durlindana at the inscriptions, and tumbles rocks, stones, branches and trunks of trees into the bed of the fountain, until he falls exhausted, and so lies motionless till a fresh fit of delirium seizes him. Then he flings away his sword, tears his surcoat into a thousand shreds, strews his armour wildly around; and thus, naked and unarmed, but with the ferocious strength of a raving maniac, tears and destroys every object, animate and inanimate, with which he comes in contact.

(*To be continued.*)

'THE CROWNED AND SCEPTRED THOUGHT.'

Into thy heart if comes the thought,
The holy thought, to pray,
Neglect it not, it comes from God;
Let it not pass away.

If in thy hands the tools are found,
The tools of work or play—
O cast them to the moles and bats,
And turn thyself away,

And to thy chamber enter in,
And fastly shut thy door,
And cast thyself in humbleness
In prayer upon thy floor!

What is the world and all its gauds,
And all its cares to thee?
They shall be scattered to the winds
Ere thou shalt cease to be.

Behold, the lilies of the field,
They neither toil nor spin;
And shall not He the casket keep
Who owns the gem within?

The thought to pray that comes to thee,
Who may its value tell?
It may bring to thee on its wings
The meed of heaven or hell!

If any *earthly* friend or love
Should come from neighbouring street,
Wilt thou not rise and welcome him
With willing heart and feet?

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And dost thou not ungrudging spend
With such thy golden hours,
And to some trifling subject lend
The choicest of thy powers?

And when the *Eternal* Love and Friend
Calls to thee from on high,
Wilt thou choose any trivial part,
And dare to set Him by?

O if that crowned and sceptred thought,
The holy thought to pray,
Come to thy heart, reject it not,
Let it not pass away!

But follow thou the Voice that calls,
In deep humility,
And thou shalt know its fullest worth,
But in Eternity.

J. R.

HOPING FOR NOTHING AGAIN.

I THINK that I have read somewhere that it is far easier to forgive great injuries than small ones, and I quite believe now that it is so.

Girl as I am, of course, I have not had much really to forgive in my short life, but still enough to make me hope that any real injury or unkindness, any keen slander, any evident untruth, done or spoken against me would be met by prayer, and before long by Christian forgiveness, and borne as to the Lord. Thanks to God's grace working in my heart—I say it very humbly and reverently—these greater temptations are possible to overcome: once for all the battle is fought and the victory won; but it is the little things that seem to me so difficult, nay, impossible, to bear—the little annoyances and provocations, arising oftener from forgetfulness than unkindness, that spring up in one's daily life. I do not believe that my life is different from that of others, so that I may well believe that others feel as I do. These little trials come upon one so unexpectedly, from such unforeseen quarters that it seems impossible to resist them. Why need one notice them? Truly the straw shows which way the wind blows as surely as the uprooted tree; but then why take notice of the straws? Why can I not bring my religion to bear upon the trifles of my daily life as I try to do upon the greater trials? Oh, let me confess it with shame, these little things are so aggravating to me. For instance, my uncle and aunt brought each of us the other day a copy of the Laureate's new book—they were exactly alike, the

same colour and binding, but there happened to be a blot on the title page of one. I was away from home at the time, and Margaret chose the one without the blot, and wrote her name in it at once. I daresay that she never noticed the spot, or thought it too small to notice, but I cannot open the book without thinking of it. It has spoilt all the pleasure of their charming gift to me. It was the same with some photographs that were sent from Australia for us both. She had to divide them, for I was away. When I came back I found that several of mine were a little spoilt. One was out of focus, another stained, another a little bit torn, another not the view that I preferred. Alas! I am ashamed to say that I looked very carefully to see what hers were like, and I was not mistaken; she had really taken the best. Perhaps it was all fair; I was not there to choose; she knew if I had been I should freely have given her the choice, and so she took those she preferred. There is not much amiss with mine. I hardly think that a stranger would notice anything, but to me it spoils all the pleasure of opening my scrap-book. Even while I write the thought of my cousin's injustice stabs me like a knife.

Then within the last few days another trifling thing has wounded me keenly.

Since we were girls at school, Lizzie and Margaret and I have been chief friends. At Christmas we all acted in a charade together with two or three other girls, and the group was thought so successful that the next day we were all photographed in our fancy dresses, both separately and together. Mine was certainly one of the plainest dresses amongst them. Yesterday when I went up into Lizzie's room, the first thing I noticed was a lovely double photograph-frame with Margaret's smiling face looking out of it. I felt sure that mine was on the other side, for Lizzie had often laughed and said "I should as soon think of separating you two girls as of parting husband and wife," and we had been together over her mantelpiece for years; but no, when I peeped round there was Flora in her gypsy dress instead of me, and I did feel so hurt.

I know that Margaret is brighter and more attractive than I am. We are cousins, we have been brought up together, we have been inseparable; when one has had anything the other has shared it always. Still I have seen long since that she is preferred to me. The first time that Aunt Jane wrote and said that she would prefer Margaret to come to them, I own that it was a great disappointment. It cost me a struggle, but not a long one. I took that trouble where all trouble must be taken and there it was set right for me. I took, as from my Father's hands, the place I was to occupy for the future, the second place to my cousin. But this foolish little trifle about the photograph, it wounded me terribly. I found my eyes constantly wandering to the table where I thought my picture ought to be. It quite spoilt the visit I had been looking forward to for so long. Ah! these little slights, like the sting of a tiny gnat, how they hurt and irritate one, and one must needs sit still and smile as though they were unfelt. How foolish of me to speak of them, such

trifles as they are! and yet I want help to bear them. Am I jealous of my dear Margaret? From my heart I can answer no! I love her with the tenderest love, and yet she often vexes me so deeply; perhaps because of the very love I bear her.

Margaret's birthday and mine are within a week of one another; they both come in July. On her birthday she found an envelope on her plate at breakfast, containing a little locket from all the chicks at Deerhurst. It was very simple and inexpensive, but with it came a loving note to say that there were many calls upon the little purses just then. Ah, they will remember my birthday too, I thought, and it gave me such a glow of pleasure; for of all things I prized the affection of those young things. So on my birthday, a week afterwards, when I came down to breakfast I looked instinctively at my plate, sure that I should see a tiny packet for me. True enough there was one there, but when I opened it, disregarding the letters and books that awaited me, instead of the chicks' simple locket, there was an exquisite one set in brilliants from my Godfather. Oh, the bitter disappointment of that moment! The foolish tears sprang into my eyes. Mother thought that I was touched by the old man's kindness and liberality; and so I should have been at any other time, but just then I could not bear to look at his present.

But was it jealousy of Margaret? Ah, no; but I do so prize the love of those little ones, everyone of whom I had nursed and taught and played with a hundred times. I did not even doubt their love—I felt sure of that—but I craved after some expression of it. It seems such a little thing to have been so disappointed about—I am afraid when I speak of my next grievance, you will say that indeed I am too sensitive, and yet it is very pleasant to be thanked; and there are some people who take all you do for them naturally as they do the light and air of heaven, without thinking of being thankful. Well, well! I'm awkward enough myself at saying 'Thank you,' only too often. There are but few people in the world who can say with David, 'Behold how good and joyful a thing it is to be thankful.' Alas, it does not come naturally to most of us to be thankful either to God or man. Now last month, I gave up my visit to Scotland that Aunt Kitty might go abroad. She wanted me to go and stay with the grandparents during her absence. I went willingly, for I like being with them, though I was a little disappointed not to go to Deeside; and when there I gave up my German and drawing that I might walk and read and drive with them.

They showed plainly that they liked it, so I looked for no other thanks from them; but when Aunt Kitty came back she might have said 'Thank you' to me for taking her place during her absence.

I believe an old proverb says that 'Thanks are cheap,' but whether cheap or no, they are very pleasant; and there are some people from whom one does so miss them, and Aunt Kitty is one of these. Ah, well, perhaps it was only my duty to do what I did, and I should not expect

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to be thanked. How vexed I should have been had she thought I looked for gratitude. Oh, the little slights and coldnesses and forgetfulnesses that are so trivial and yet wound so deeply! Who cannot remember the eager gaze from the railway carriage that had no response from the platform, or the long-looked for return home to find the house empty. You would have been the last to wish them to give up any treat for you, and yet it seemed so dreary a blank, so keen a disappointment. Who cannot recollect the party from which you had stayed so reluctantly and yet none had missed you, the present utterly at variance with your tastes and preferences, the little indisposition none remembered or asked after, the letter unanswered? Oh, if these thoughts would only teach me to treat others very tenderly, to be thoughtful of them in the smallest matters, to give them their full due.

Put Yourself In Her Place: I don't know anything of the book, nor ever cared to read it, but the title has often been a help to me. How good it would be for me sometimes if I remembered this. What a comfort to me often if others would sometimes put themselves in my place. It would help them on, as it would me, to the observance of that simple yet comprehensive Christian duty, to do to others as I would have others do to me. It might help us all by degrees to gain somewhat of the mind of Jesus, Who bore all and did all for us, without one thought of self. Would it be better to tear up these words that I have written, to make up my mind to bear these little vexations bravely, to let them run off, as Bob says, 'like water off a duck's wing?' They seem so trifling now I have written them. As to speaking of them to others, it is just impossible! Shall I make them important in their eyes by complaining? Even to my nearest and dearest it seems unfair and foolish. The very repeating of them seems in tone or look to add something to them beyond the truth. Once or twice I did speak of them to Mother, but she only said, kissing me tenderly, 'These are but fancies, dear; try not to notice them.' And I have tried often, but still they wound and pain me. Where is the cure? I know they are not fancies. I may be over sensitive, but I know that they are not fancies: trivial as are the slights of which I speak, they are very real. I cannot shut my eyes to them if I try. How, then, shall I bear them?

There is only One to whom I dare tell them without fear of exaggeration. He knows the heart; He knows how much is my fancy and how much is real unkindness. I, who have to bear them, and they who inflict them, are alike His children. Perhaps for both they form the needed training. And I know, too, that He hears them with perfect sympathy. He Himself yearned for human love, for human sympathy. He yearned for it, and felt its withdrawal. Yes, when I take my trouble to my Saviour, I feel that His tender smile, as He bids me bear them, is as full of sympathy as of love. For His sake! What strength there is in the thought. I should hardly dare to say to any human being that I took these trifles to Him, and yet I know that He will help

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me. I need not put them away as if they did not exist. Ah, no! I may lay this offering also of my wounded pride, of my sore vexed feelings, on the Altar of my Lord. That, then, is the help to which I must turn. I shall feel them still; I cannot cease to do so, but I may learn to bear them bravely, cheerfully, for His dear sake, Who has borne all for me. Oh, what comfort do I already feel in this thought, that I need no longer try to bear these little trials in my own strength. Oh what comfort might it bring to thousands who, like me, chafe under little annoyances and vexations, if they would recognize in them at once crosses, small indeed, though heavy because of human infirmity, that were sent them by their Heavenly Father to lead them Heavenward. What comfort, indeed, if day by day they would learn to bear them in God's strength: to forgive them fully and freely, according to the measure of His love; and, more blessed still, if it taught them to give to others ungrudgingly and unselfishly of their time and thought and love, without looking for any return—hoping for nothing again.

FREE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, ST. LUCY'S HOME, GLOUCESTER.

Dear Madam,—In the *Monthly Packet* for October, 1868, a paper appeared which laid before your readers an account of St. Lucy's Free Hospital for Sick Children, at Kingsholm, Gloucester.

Seven years have passed since that account was written, and the work which had then been but just begun has been carried on amidst many discouragements and much difficulty.

Will you kindly allow me to enlist the sympathy of your readers for this hospital, one of many of a like character which are now to be found in most of our large cities and towns, for the relief of sick and suffering children?

The description of St. Lucy's Hospital, written in 1868, answers now. I need not repeat the details given by Miss Macgregor, and I could not improve upon them.

Since the hospital was founded in 1867 there has been a change in the management, which now rests with the Clewer Sisters of St. John the Baptist. It is, however, quite independent of that religious house as to means; and each sister is answerable for her own maintenance.

The love and tenderness and judicious care with which the children are nursed can be abundantly borne witness to by anyone who, like myself, visits the hospital from time to time.

An air of bright cheerfulness pervades the wards. Scarlet blankets cover the little beds, and little movable wooden shelves are attached to the cribs, which slide easily for the children's food and toys. The little

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ones wear pretty coloured flannel jackets, and there are pleasant pictures upon the walls of the wards.

The lower ward opens into a garden, where in summer the song of the birds makes music, and fair white lilies stand up in a goodly company with other simple flowers of varied hue.

Even in winter the garden is green and pleasant for the eyes of the suffering little ones to rest on—eyes which have looked hitherto, perhaps, only on chimney pots and tiles, blackened with town smoke, in some narrow court or alley of the city.

The beautiful chapel, with its stained window and pretty open roof, is filled with those little patients who can leave their beds. Here the children have a short service, suited to their tender age, taken from our Book of Common Prayer and the Bible. Here, for the first time, it may be, little voices have learned to praise the Blessed Jesus Whose presence and love is brought near to their simple hearts as a great reality.

Twenty-four little cots are generally full. At the time in which I write the great overflow of the Severn has flooded the whole district, and the number of those who apply for admission into the hospital is greatly increased. Low fever, resulting from the damp, unhealthy condition of humble dwellings which have been literally under water, has struck down the little ones in many families.

I never leave St. Lucy's Hospital without a feeling of thankfulness that so much is *so well* done there, and an earnest longing that the will should be given to those who have the power to help a labour of love like this!

I may remind the readers of the *Monthly Packet* that this free hospital is open to children from any part of the kingdom.

I see in the list of cases which have been received during the year 1874, one from Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, one from Tewkesbury, five from Cheltenham, five from Chepstow, one from Stow-on-the-Wold, one from Torquay.

The child who came from Torquay was suffering from an acute form of hip disease. Little Alice had been in the Exeter Hospital and the Torquay Infirmary, and when she was admitted at St. Lucy's the gravest apprehensions were entertained about her. An operation was however performed with great skill, and was successful.

After many weeks of suffering and close confinement to her little bed, Alice showed signs of returning strength. She lifted her head like a flower after a storm, and the colour came back to her cheek and the light of happy childhood to her eye.

Soon she was able to amuse herself with little toys and books, and was full of delighted interest in making a mat of many coloured wools to send home to her mother. The picture she presented in those days of last spring of returning health can never be forgotten by those who saw it! A few weeks ago, to the intense thankfulness of the Sisters, who

had watched over her with untiring zeal and love, she was returned to her mother able to walk nicely, with a cork-soled boot without crutches, well in health and relieved from the bitter pain which those who have seen hip disease in its worst form, can only understand.

Before I close I must add for the information of those who may not have previously heard of St. Lucy's Hospital and Home, that they were founded by Mr. Gambier Parry. Surely his hope that when the work was fairly established it would be carried on by voluntary contributions ought not to be disappointed. His hand has been ever foremost in promoting every good and noble effort in his city and county, and the well-doing of the Children's Hospital is dear to his heart. May his example of Christian benevolence and liberality, and the consecration of high gifts to the service of our Lord, inspire others to do according to their ability, and to water the seed which he has sown so that it shall bear fruit to the glory of God.

Believe me, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

EMMA MARSHALL.

Contributions and donations will be most thankfully received by SISTER ELISE (the Sister in charge), *St. Lucy's Home;* or by MRS. MARSHALL, *West of England Bank, Gloucester.*

THE CROCUS.

I KNOW not that a flower there is
To me more full of memories
  Than thou, rich cup of gold;
A flood of happy thoughts and sweet
Within my heart together meet
  As thy bright buds unfold.

Once more a rush of childish glee
Comes o'er me at the sight of thee,
  Thou first-fruits of the Spring.
While o'er thee newly-wakened bees
Are making their glad harmonies
  Of busy murmuring.

And, more than all, the scent that lies
Deep in thy heart has mysteries
  That cannot be expressed;
It is as if a long-closed door
Just oped and showed a treasure store,
  A moment's vision blest.

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The mingled feelings of delight,
The present joy, the hopes so bright,
To Spring and Childhood known.
One moment they are mine again;
I strive to grasp them—but in vain,
Like phantoms they are gone!

For these I love thee, vernal flower,
For memories of Life's early hour,
And glimpses of the past;
But more, that in thy joyous bloom,
Upspringing from dark Winter's tomb,
High hopes around are cast.

For in thy youth renewed I see
A pledge of immortality,
Of Life upraised from dust;
Thy flowers proclaim the Golden Crown,
The Sun whose glory goes not down,
The Springtide of the Just.

C. M.

HINTS ON READING.

A BRIEF memoir of those two brothers, *Alexander, Bishop of Brechin*, and the *Rev. G. H. Forbes of Burntisland* (MASTERS), has been executed by loving and appreciating hands, and is all we can hope for in the case of the Bishop as he left directions for the destruction of all his letters. The talents dedicated so wholly to the Divine Service, and the marvellous effects they produced, will never be fully detailed on earth; but we may believe that if God is granting the renewal of the Candlestick of Scotland, and the light of a true Church is beginning once more to shine out visibly upon her, it is in great part owing to these two brothers.

Another brief sketch of much interest is the *Life of Commodore Goodenough* (Griffin) one of those noble sailors who are part of the true strength of England. Surely if many such as these who have just left us still survive, we may trust that the righteous men, for whose sake our land may be spared, will not be lacking.

We are glad to see that the *Life of Abbé Henri Perroque* (RIVINGTONS) has reached another edition. It is one quite as beautiful in its way.

Holme Lee's *Ben Milner's Wooing* is one of her prettiest short novels. Everyone is sensible and pleasant, except a certain unlucky domineering lover who gives the heroine an opportunity of showing how to behave in the unpleasant predicament of having a pistol presented at her.

Hesba Stretton's little books—*Two Christmas Stories* and *Friends till Death*—are very beautiful, and well worthy of being read in the drawing-room as well as at the mothers' meeting.

We must call the attention of our readers to *The School Guardian*, published by the National Society, which contains all the information formerly to be found in the Society's *Monthly Paper*.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

for Members of the English Church.

APRIL, 1876.

GOOD FRIDAY AT SANTA CRUZ (MADEIRA.)

I.

THERE is a glory in the sea and sky,
A joyous gladness in the laughing spray,
That scarcely seems in keeping with the day
On which the Eternal Son of God Most High
Vouchsafed for sinful man as man to die.
The sun sheds forth his brightest vernal ray;
The billows smile and dance across the bay;
The mountains clad in splendour standing by;
The countless melodies of ocean sweep
In richest harmony across the deep,
And join their voices as at length they pour
One burst of rapture on the answering shore.
Say, is it thus that Nature's tones should ring
Responsive to the death-pangs of her King?

II.

Nay, child of Earth, thou judgest not aright—
Nature with all her priceless countless dower
Expounds the goodness, greatness, pomp, and power
Of HIM, Who to remove the fatal blight
That barr'd us from the realms of life and light,
Tasted Himself the bitter and the sour;
Himself passed through the unutterable hour;
Himself resign'd Himself to death and night.
And thus, as glimpses of His robe we view
In golden sunlight, green earth, ocean blue,

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We own His mercy and His might as well,
Who died to save us from the grasp of Hell;
And join our notes with Nature's voice to raise
One boundless anthem of unceasing praise.

J. B.

EASTER EVE.

THE following lines were suggested by a fresco painting of the 'Descent into Hell,' by Fra Angelico, in the Convent of San Marco at Florence:—

'*He descended into hell.*'

Dark is the night, its heavy pall extending,
Gloomy the shades unpierced by ray of dawn;
Sad centuries roll by, in course unending,
And still no streak of light proclaims the morn.

When suddenly, the thunder loudly pealing,
Awakes the echoes of that silent vault;
The dark foundations quake, and forward reeling,
Its vast walls tremble at the dread assault.

For lo, the Victor comes, o'er death prevailing,
By Whom captivity is captive led;
Lift up your eyes, God's mercy is unfailing,
And greet the Lord of Life, ye holy dead!

The Crown of Victory His Head adorning,
Triumphantly He treads on death and sin;
The mighty gates of hell, asunder yawning,
Roll back to let the King of Glory in.

O wondrous love, all earthly love exceeding,
A stream Divine from God's own mercy-seat;
Behold His sacred Hands, all pierced and bleeding;—
Fall down and worship at His wounded Feet!

O watching souls, wise seer and holy maiden,
Behold the Saviour, hear His words so blest:
'Come unto Me, ye weary, heavy-laden,'
'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'

O CHRIST, Who, now in brightest glory reigning,
Didst once descend the dread abyss of night;
Forsake us not, when low life's lamp is waning,
But grant that, in Thy light, we may see light.

C. M. P.

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AN EASTER DREAM.

Brightly dawned an Easter morning,
Dawned for me in vain,
As I lay worn out with tossing
All night long in pain.

With a brain so very weary,
And a heart so sad,
Fitly, Lord, I cannot greet Thee
On this morning glad.

Thus I cried in bitter anguish,
From my inmost heart,
As I felt from God's dear Altar
I was kept—apart.

But while I, to ease my sorrow,
Bowed my head to weep,
Lo! mine Angel, bending o'er me,
Gave God's gift of sleep.

And a very different vision
Rose before my sight;
I, once more, was in a temple
Beautiful and bright.

Beautiful each snowy column,
Wreathed with flowers rare;
While, beyond, rose God's dear Altar,
White, and pure, and fair.

And I knelt in heartfelt gladness,
There my prayer to pour;
Thanking God for having brought me
To His House once more.

Suddenly the organ's music
Seemed to die away,
Fading softly, as the sunlight
Fades at close of day.

On the chancel-step, an Angel
Seemed to me to stand;
At his feet a golden basket—
Incense in his hand.

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Brightly gleamed his golden censer,
Waving to and fro,
As he glanced upon the hundreds
In the Church below.

And a look of radiant beauty
O'er his features broke;
While, in tones of tend'rest music,
Thus the Angel spoke—

'Rightly are ye come to worship,
Sons of men, to-day,
For the Lord of Life is Risen!
Death has passed away!

'Men and women, little children,
All must homage pay!
Bring to me your Easter Offerings
For the Lord to-day!'

Then a mighty strain of music
From the organ poured;
And from many lips was offered
Praise unto the Lord.

And, within the Angel's basket,
Lovely flowers gleamed,
For each heartfelt adoration
Pure white blossoms seemed.

Then a lonely mourner murmured—
'Lord, Thy Will be done!'
And her earthly love she offered
To God's Holy Son.

Next there came an earnest utterance—
'Make him, Lord, Thine own:'
Thus a loving mother offered
Up—her cherished one.

Then a broken 'Our Father'
Fell upon the ear,
As a lisping infant offered
This, its daily prayer.

And a gleam of radiant sunshine
Bathed the child in light,
For its gift was deemed most precious
In the Angel's sight.

Google

Many offered gold and riches;
Many, gifts divine;
Some, their daily household crosses;
Others, health and time.

Then on me the radiant Angel
Turned his look of love:
'What, my child, hast thou to offer
To our Lord above?'

And I fell, in fear and trembling,
Low down at his feet,
Sobbing—'I have naught to offer;
Nothing that is meet!

'I have neither gold nor silver;
Nothing good is mine;
Nothing that is pure or holy
For the Master's shrine.

'Nothing but my heart I offer,
Deeply stained with sin;
Thinkest thou, oh, mighty Angel,
Christ will take it in?

'Take me simply altogether,
Nor refuse my call;
'Tis, I know, a wretched offering,
But it is my *all*.'

Then the Angel, smiling sweetly,
Raised me from his feet;
And he went to lay our offerings
On the Mercy Seat.

And I woke—to find my temple
Was a bed of pain—
But my dream of Easter gladness
Had not been in vain,

For I knew that I could tender
Easter Offerings still,
By a loving, meek submission
To my Father's Will.

M. C.

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CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEOS CXXV.

THE CONFESSION OF AUGSBURG.

1528—1532.

WHILE Charles V. was struggling to pacify Europe, matters had gone to much greater lengths in Germany.

Luther, as has been said, had been recalled from Wartburg by the need of checking the false teaching of Carlstadt on the subject of the Holy Eucharist. Luther himself held that the Holy Body and Blood of Christ are present together with the natural Bread and Wine; but he rejected the idea of the memorial Sacrifice and his followers imagined that to join in worship was idolatrous, but he felt very strongly against those who like Ulrich Zwingle in Switzerland entirely denied the Real Presence.

He came back to his old Augustinian Convent at Wittenberg and there published his translation of the Bible. It was indeed like leaven producing a ferment. Soon there was a horrible insurrection, led by a man named Thomas Munzer. The German peasants were a miserable, down-trodden race, mere serfs, and fierce and brutal in their ignorance, always ready to rise on any cry; and the dues of the priest and the noble out of their scanty gains were paid with a burning of heart which was ready to burst into flame at any moment. To hear of the overthrow of the system of Bishops and priests with tithes and fees, of convents as feudal lords, and monks as devouring locusts, was music to their ears, and a man named Thomas Munzer, from Luther's own country of Thuringia, became their leader, his spirit fired to fanaticism by the reading of Luther's Bible. All over the Black Forest the peasants rose, demanding abolition of tithes, freedom to hunt and cut wood, relief from serfdom, &c., &c., and wherever a noble's family fell into their hands, using barbarous cruelty. At Weinsberg, the Count of Hollenstein, his wife, child, and sixty men were murdered, every castle was sacked, and such nobles as were spared were forced to march in their ranks and be treated as their inferiors. The nobles, both Catholic and Lutheran, were horrified and enraged. They united their forces, and the peasants met the usual miserable fate of Jaqueries, being treated most mercilessly in the hour of victory. The Markgraf of Anspach, hearing that eighty-five men had sworn never to see him again, had all their eyes put out, and left them to find their way home as they could. Villages were burnt and laid waste, and in the north of Germany 50,000 men altogether perished. Munzer, however, at the head of another host was ravaging Alsace and Swabia, and then marched towards Saxony. Luther and Melancthon watched, the one with grief, the other with terror, their progress, marked by the utter destruction of every castle or convent that was not strong enough to hold

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out against them, and the good Elector Friedrich mourned while they exhorted him to defence. 'Perhaps,' he wrote to his brother Johann, 'these poor people have had only too much reason for revolt. Alas! the poor are too much oppressed both by their temporal and spiritual lords;' and when he was told to what dangers he exposed himself by non-resistance, he answered—'Hitherto I have been a mighty Elector, with horses and carriages in plenty. If it be God's will to take them from me I will go on foot.'

And this was the man to whom Munzer wrote to be converted! However, his brother Johann, with the young Landgraf, Philipp von Hesse, Duke Georg of Saxony, and Heinrich of Brunswick united, and marching against the vast host of peasants, penned them up on the side of a hill, and then in pity offered them terms of pardon if they would surrender; but Munzer, who knew there would be no hope for him, promised his wretched followers a miracle in their favour, and pointed to a rainbow, which at that moment appeared in the sky as its pledge, adding, 'Fear not. All the balls that are aimed at you, I will catch in my sleeve,' and he cruelly massacred the young noble who had brought the flag of truce.

There was no help for it but to fall on the deluded host with the artillery, and of course there was then a slaughter as of wolves in a pit. Munzer was taken alive, and maintained the justice of his cause to the last. He was beheaded, and the princes of the empire dealt with their subjects as they chose, Georg of Saxony being the most savage against them, while Friedrich would not put one to death. A nobleman seeing an intelligent-looking man among the prisoners went up to him and asked, 'Well, fellow, which do you prefer, the rule of the peasants or of the princes?'

'Ah, sir,' said the poor man, 'there is no knife that cuts sharper than the mastery of the peasants one over another.'

The terror caused by these peasants made men much less disposed to consider of reformation calmly and moderately. Luther and Melancthon both felt the evil deeply, not only of this rebellious spirit, but of Carlstadt's erroneous doctrine on the Holy Eucharist; and the heart of the best and noblest man in Germany, Friedrich the wise, was breaking at the sad prospects of what he had hailed as leading to the purification of the Church.

'If it were God's will,' he said, when he fell ill, 'I would gladly die. I no longer see either truth, or love, or faith, or anything on earth.'

His chaplain Spalatin heard his confession, and gave him the Holy Communion in both kinds; then he sent for his servants, who came weeping.

'Children,' he said, 'if I have offended anyone of you let him pardon me for the love of God, for we princes often give pain to poor folk and that is ill done.'

He died on the 5th of May 1525, and his physician could not help saying, 'He was a child of peace, and in peace he departed.' Luther had

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never seen the Elector except standing by the Emperor's side at the Diet of Wurms, but he might well mourn for such a man. 'O death most bitter to all who survive,' he said. The new elector, Johann, was a more ardent Lutheran, but a much less wise and prudent man, and the loss of Friedrich soon made itself felt in the Counsels of the Reformers.

Luther himself took very decided steps which severed him more and more from the Church of his youth. He had come to the conclusion that the Acts of the Apostles justified the ordination of presbyters by the laying on of priestly, equally with episcopal, hands, and he therefore ordained the first Evangelical preacher for Wittenberg, the Evangelical alliance being the title which the princes of his party had lately taken to themselves. He also gave up his convent life, and on the 13th of June 1525 he married a nun.

He had begun by regretting the imposition of monastic vows, seeing, indeed, that they were often flagrantly transgressed; and then came the further argument in his mind that they ought not to be made, and when made ought not to be kept. The doctrine of justification by faith alone, exclusive of works, which he had come to think the greatest of all, naturally made him jealous of all those dedications to prayer and asceticism which might be viewed as attempts to earn Heaven for oneself. These teachings widely spread had found their way into many convents, and in 1523, nine nuns of Nimpseh, unable to endure the convent life any longer, persuaded two citizens of Torgau to assist their escape by carrying them off in empty casks going to be replenished with the convent beer. They had come to Wittenberg and presented themselves to Luther, who welcomed them and placed them with his friends, since their own families viewed them as disgraced and would not receive them. He persuaded his friends to marry eight of them, saying that for his own part he did not hold himself bound from marriage by his old monastic vow, but that he might be put to death any day as a heretic and therefore would not marry.

But at the end of two years, when all were disposed of save one, named Katharine von Bora, and Luther had hoped to have found a husband for her, she refused, and told him that she would never marry anyone unless it was himself. He consented, saying he was going to play the world and the devil a trick—one does not quite see how. His old father, who had been grieved at first to see him a monk, was delighted, and he was very happy with his Kathe and her children, though the whole Catholic world was greatly shocked at this double violation of vows made willingly by persons of full age.

And yet such beautiful sayings of his about little children are recorded that it is hard to regret his marriage. He said his youngest was always his dearest, 'the little ones have most need of love and care, therefore the love of parents naturally descends.'

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He lost one little girl, and he bent over her saying, 'Magdalene, my

little daughter, thou wouldst willingly remain with thy father here, but gladly goest to thy Father yonder.'

'Yes, dear father, as God wills it,' said the child.

His love went out to all around. Looking at his little dog's wistful eyes, and feeling as if even its life must last on, he said, 'Fear not, Hänslein, thou too shalt have a little golden tail.'

When a pair of little birds in his garden flew away from him he said, 'Ah, dear little birds, do not fly away. I wish you well from my heart if you could only trust me, though I own, we do not thus trust our God.'

When standing before a fruit-tree, and admiring the fruit, he exclaimed, 'If Adam had not fallen we might thus have admired all trees,' and with a fine pear in his hands he would admire the work of God in producing it from the sap.

A musician, as he had always been, he began that large and beautiful collection of hymns which have always been the especial inheritance of Germany.

In the meantime the Archduke Ferdinand held two Diets at Spiers in 1528 and 1529, where the Evangelical alliance made strong demonstrations. In the first they were the strongest, and procured that the Edict of Wurms should not be carried out; in the second they were less successful, and it was enacted that the Edict of Wurms should be strictly enforced wherever the reformed doctrines did not prevail, but where they did no further changes should be till a general council should have been held, that the Mass should be restored wherever there were any ready to join in it, and that no doctrines against it should be preached, but that all preaching should be in accordance with the teaching of the Church on all subjects.

The Lutheran princes and deputies from the cities who were thus controlled, collected and protested against the decision, saying it was illegal for one Diet to reverse the decrees of another, refusing to bring all preaching into conformity with the Church, as to restore the Mass. The princes who signed this protest were Johann, Elector of Saxony; Georg, Markgraf of Brandenburg Anspach; Ernst and Franz, Dukes of Brunswick-Luneberg, Philipp, Landgraf of Hesse Cassel, Wolfgang, Prince of Anhalt, besides the representatives of fourteen Imperial cities. They were called Protestants, and this term, though applying only to their protest against the Diet of Spiers, was used to distinguish all of their party, and from being the name given to Lutherans, came in time to be applied to all who opposed Rome, whether they agreed in anything else or not.

Having given François I. such a blow as might quiet him for some time, and secured a space of tranquillity on that side by the Ladies' Peace, Charles V. set out for Bologna, to receive the crowns of the Empire and of Lombardy. It was no unmeaning pageant, for only as Emperor of the West could he call together a general council, even if he could get the

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Pope's consent; and only when Emperor himself could he obtain the appointment of a King of the Romans, and secure the succession to his brother Ferdinand, who as King of Hungary was fighting the desperate battle with the Turks.

To obtain from the Pope this council, Charles was prepared to grant much in Italy, and on the other hand, Clement VII., who added, to all the ordinary Italian hatred to reformation, the certainty that a Council would depose him on account of his illegitimate birth, was resolved to gain all he could for himself and his family, and therewith to stave off the council by fair promises.

Pope and Emperor met at Bologna in the end of the year 1529, and remained for four months under the same roof, when Charles granted the Pope's cousin, Alessandro, investiture of the duchy of Tuscany, and undertook to overcome the Florentines for him.

During their conferences, it seemed to Henry VIII. a fit opportunity for pleading for that separation from Queen Katherine on which his heart was more than ever set.

On Wolsey's fall the King was resolved to have only laymen in his council, hoping, no doubt, that as being less in awe of the Pope, they would best assist in carying out his wishes. The president of the council was Anne Boleyn's uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and her father, soon after created Earl of Wiltshire, was likewise included in it with the King's brother-in-law, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Sir Thomas More became Lord Chancellor, the King no doubt supposing, from his being known as one of the most open-minded men of his time, that he would assist in his purpose of cancelling the marriage.

More, however, had no doubt a sense of the perilousness of the post to any honest man, for in his speech to the House of Lords, when the Duke of Norfolk led him to the wool-sack, he spoke of the 'sword of Damocles, which hung over his head, tied only by a hair of a horse's tail.'

His conduct as Chancellor was perfect as the chief law officer of the kingdom, with such thorough impartial and conscientious work as had not always been the rule. Henry and his Council had come to the resolve that a last attempt should be made on the Pope. In 1528, Dr. Thomas Cranmer, a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, had been staying with two of his pupils at Waltham, whither they had fled from the sweating sickness at Cambridge. The King was at Tytynhanger, and his suite were dispersed in the houses in the neighbourhood, all being driven into the country for the same cause. The King's secretary, Dr. Stephen Gardiner, and his almoner, Dr. Fox, here fell in with Cranmer, and as usual the talk was about the King's marriage.

Cranmer, who had a peculiarly clear legal mind, said the point was this:—The Pope had the power to dispense with the laws of the Church, but not with the laws of God. Was marriage with a brother's widow contrary to the law of God? That was a question for universities and nonists. If so, had Arthur and Katherine been really husband and wife?

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Fox and Gardiner carried the report to the King, who was delighted. 'Who is this Dr. Cranmer?' he cried. 'Where is he? Is he still at Waltham? Marry, I will speak to him! Let him be sent for out of hand. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear.'

Cranmer was brought to the court, made to write out his argument, and appointed one of the royal chaplains. The King asked him if he would undertake to maintain his argument at Rome; and he answered that he would. In the meantime he defended his treatise both in Oxford and Cambridge, and won over several distinguished men to his view of the question. So when the embassy to Bologna was formed, he was one member of it, and at the head was placed the Earl of Wiltshire.

Some objected that Anne Boleyn's father was hardly a fit person to choose; but Henry answered that there was no one who had so much interest in the cause. Boleyn was to address the Emperor in French, and make full exposition of the cause of the King's demand, adding hints of his power and bribes, up to 300,000*l.* if the Emperor's consent could be gained. The King, perhaps that his words might be reported, declared that if he failed with the Pope, he should withdraw himself from Clement as illegitimate, simoniacally appointed and ignorant, and that he would have a patriarch of his own for England. The Pope was to be warned against Charles as a treacherous friend, and every inducement held out to either, or to both, to consent to the gratification of Henry's wishes.

The embassy arrived in the interval between the two coronations. They both took place at Bologna, though that of Lombardy ought to have been in St. Ambrose's Cathedral at Milan; that of the Empire in the Church of St. John Lateran at Rome; but both cities were recovering from the recent barbarities of the Imperial troops, and Charles avoided them; so he was crowned King of Lombardy on his thirtieth birthday, St. Matthias' day; and Emperor on the 24th of March. It was eighty years since an Emperor had been crowned in Italy, and Charles V. was the last, and a far more powerful one than any since his greatest namesake.

It did, indeed, seem that only insular conceit could suppose this a favourable moment for proposing the degradation of the aunt and cousin of this triumphant Emperor; but the essentially ungentlemanly spirit of the Tudors prevented Henry from having any conception of the chivalrous feeling that Charles had for the woman whose nearest protector he was.

A story is told that Lord Wiltshire, on being introduced to the Pope, refused to kiss his foot, but that his dog gave it a bite instead. This is most unlikely, for Boleyn's whole purpose must have been to conciliate him, and it stands on good authority, that the embassy were received graciously, and told that the Pope would do anything for the King that his conscience would permit. Cranmer was politely received, as was the wont with rising clergymen, and his treatise was accepted, though the Pope contrived to stave off the hearing it publicly read.

But when the ambassadors appeared before the Emperor, Lord Wiltshire was at once silenced. 'Stop, sir,' said Charles. 'Allow your colleagues to speak—you are a party concerned.'

Boleyn stood his ground, saying he was there not as father but ambassador; he gave the King's messages, and even his offer of the money in restitution of the marriage portion.

'I am no merchant to sell the honour of my aunt,' said Charles.

If the Pope decided against her, he said he would hold his peace. Otherwise, he would maintain her rights to the best of his power.

This was all that was gained from either Pope or Emperor. The meeting broke up. Charles went to Germany, Wiltshire to England, Cranmer visited Rome, and then travelled through Germany, trying to interest the reforming princes in his master's cause; but Luther saw no charms in the 'defender of the faith,' who only wanted to get rid of his lawful wife, and he gained no sympathy. Luther even wrote to Barnes, the royal agent, that he had rather let the King have two wives at once than get rid of his lawful one.

The Universities of Germany were still less willing to decide in the King's favour. Much was hoped from the fourteen Universities of France. Indeed, Henry had the assurance to write to François I. to interfere in his favour; but the King of France replied that he could not offend the Emperor, while his sons were still in his power, nor could they be released till he had paid 2,000,000 crowns to the Emperor, and redeemed for them the lily of gold which Maximilian had pawned to Henry VII. This made Henry forgive the debt, make a present to him of the pledge, and lend a large sum, for which consideration the Count of Montmorency canvassed the Doctors of the University of Paris one by one; and though the consciences of the majority were against it, dextrous management obtained a decision in the King's favour. A few of the others were also won over, and Oxford and Cambridge were subservient, so that Henry had outward justification, though everyone knew how dishonestly it had been obtained.

In the meantime, in 1530, armed with these decisions, such as they were, Henry applied again to the Pope, but with no better success; indeed, Clement had gathered courage to make what was tantamount to a refusal to meddle any more with the matter, and a representation that if he were afraid of a disputed succession this was no means of preventing it.

The Emperor actually arrived in Germany, and issued summonses for the Diet to meet at Augsburg on the 15th of May. This gave the Protestants time to prepare the exposition of their faith which is called the Confession of Augsburg, and has ever since been looked on as the standard of Lutheran doctrine. It was drawn up by Melancthon, and approved by Luther, and consisted of twenty-eight articles, twenty-one of which agreed with the Catholic faith of the whole Church, while the other seven contained the grounds of separation.

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Charles had sent full assurances of giving a full and just hearing, and he fully intended to do so, but all he had ever learnt and all the opinions of the men he most trusted were so entirely against them that perhaps impartiality was impossible. Luther was persuaded not to risk himself at the Diet, but all the other chief divines attended it. The Emperor could hardly fail to be provoked by the resistance of the Protestant princes, and what seemed to him contempt of that which was most sacred, while on their side they viewed the gestures of adoration at the Mass as idolatry. They refused in a body to attend at the Mass on Corpus Christi Day, when the Emperor had just arrived, and when the Diet was to open with the Mass of the Holy Ghost, the Elector of Saxony, whose duty it was to bear the sword of State, refused, though he was threatened with the loss of his office, but the Lutheran divines said, with unconscious profanity, that Naaman in the house of Rimmon was an example for him, though after all he did not bow down, and with the Landgraf of Hesse, stood upright while everyone else was kneeling at the elevation of the Host. Two copies of the confession had been prepared, one in Latin and one in German, and the princes insisted so strenuously on a reading of it that Charles was obliged to consent. He caused it to be read, however, not in the great Council Hall, but in a little Chapel which would only hold two hundred people, and then he wanted to have it read in Latin, which he himself understood much better than German, but the Elector of Saxony said, 'Sir, we are on German ground, and I trust you will not order the confession of our faith, which ought to be made as public as possible to be read in an unknown tongue.' Charles yielded, and the Chancellor of Saxony went through the Confession in so loud a voice as to be heard in the great hall and even in the court-yard.

The reading lasted two hours, and the Emperor accepted the two copies, forbidding any to be published without his consent. His advisers were divided, some such as Georg of Saxony, saying, 'Either our religion or theirs must be extinguished,' and others, such as the Elector of Mentz, thinking that they might yet be brought back. Charles caused a refutation of the Confession to be drawn up and read in the same chapel, but he forbade any rejoinder, saying justly that a Diet was not the place for theological arguments. He then made an adjournment for six months in hopes of coming to some agreement, and Melancthon and the others had numerous conferences, but all in vain, and the very first day of these conferences, Philipp of Hesse gave great offence to the Emperor by a sudden flight from Augsburg. Expecting no doubt that the other princes would follow his example and begin a civil war, Charles ordered the gates of the city to be shut, but accepted their promise to remain.

Finding, however, that no attempt at conciliation was of any use, on the 16th of November he published a decree, restoring all the rites and ceremonies of the Church, commanding all convent property to be restored and all married priests to be deprived either of wife or benefice,

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and this state of things was to continue until the decision of a general council to meet in six months' time.

Charles's next object was to provide for the present government and future succession of the Empire while he went on his intended crusade. His hereditary dominions of Spain and the Low Countries would of course pass to his son Philipp; but he had given up Austria to his brother Ferdinand, who was also King of Hungary and Bohemia, and he now desired to have him elected King of the Romans. Ferdinand was one of those men who without any great talents are able to fill their position in life with great credit. He was much more easy of access than his grave, shy, nervous brother, and had been so much more loved both in Spain and Germany that Charles's absence of jealousy was a great proof of his nobleness of nature. In Germany he was very popular with all the Roman Catholics of the Empire, and he was unanimously chosen by the seven electors, except by him of Saxony, who sent his son to protest against the election of a King of the Romans while the Emperor was in full health and vigour.

In fact the objection was that the Protestants had little hope of prevailing if the hands of the House of Austria were to be thus strengthened. It led to the seven princes and the cities joining together in a league for their mutual defence, which from the place it was signed is called the League of Schmalkalde. It was to last six years, and the protection of the Kings of England and France was entreated much against the wishes of Luther, who was always loyal, and throughout had a great respect for the Emperor, in whom he perceived a sincere wish to do right, and of whose self-control and judgment he thought highly. 'See this young man,' he said, 'he does not say so much in a week as I say in a day.'

Henry VIII. would have nothing to do with the Protestants; François I. was ready to play fast and loose with them, and promised to befriend them, not as Lutherans, but as the defenders of the privileges of the Empire.

However, Charles V. was far from intending either a persecution or a civil war, and he informed the princes of the League that if they would consent to his brother's election, assist in the crusade, and have nothing to do either with the Zwinglians in Switzerland or the Anabaptists at Münster, he would leave all things in their present state, and consider of their complaints in the council which he hoped to assemble in another half year.

There was nothing that could be reasonably objected to in this, for the Lutherans had already denounced the Zwinglian doctrines on the Holy Eucharist, and the Anabaptists were a wild and furious set of fanatics whom two years later Philipp of Hesse assisted in destroying. So they agreed to his terms, and his desire was at last gratified of finding himself at the head of a united army of 120,000 men marching against the Turks, who under Solyman the Magnificent had crossed the Danube at

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Belyran. They retreated without a blow on his advance, and he returned to Italy to endeavour to arrange for the council. During this campaign died John, Elector of Saxony, who was succeeded by his son Johann Friedrich, an ardent Protestant.

Cranmer had been sent to carry the university decisions to the Emperor, but he found it impossible to gain a hearing, and the chief effect of this visit was that he made a long stay with a learned German named Hoseman, or as he called himself Osiander, a great controversialist, neither quite Catholic nor quite Lutheran. He had a niece, and Cranmer was a soft-hearted man, who had once actually married an innkeeper's daughter at Cambridge, but happily for him had lost her within the year. So he married the fair Margaret Osiander, having come to the conclusion that there was no sin in the wedlock of a priest who was not a monk; and yet not avowing his marriage openly.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HERBERT'S VICTORY.

'Joan, Jenny, dearest old Joanie!' It was eagerly spoken, though the voice was strangely altered that came from behind the flowered curtain of that big bed, while the fingers drew it back, and Rollo raised his black muzzle near at hand. 'Oh, Jenny! have you come to me?'

'My dear, dear, poor boy!'

'No kissing—it's not safe,' and he burrowed under the sheet.

'As if I did not mean to do more for you than that! Besides, it is not catching.'

'So I said, till it caught me. What a jolly cold hand! You've not come in cold and hungry though?'

'No, indeed, Rosamond forced me to sit down to a whole spread. As if one could eat with a knot in one's throat.'

'Mind you do, Jenny, it was what did for me. The Rector ordered me never to go about unfed; but one could not always—and there was something I have to tell you that drove all the rest out—'

'Dear Herbs! Papa can't talk of what you have done without tears. He longed to come, but we could not leave Mamma without one of us, and he thought I could do more for you. I have a note for you.'

'Forgiving me?'

'I should *think* so. It is in my bag——'

'No, not this moment; I like to know it. And Mammy—poor Mammy—'

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'She is as comforted as she can be that you have Cranky and me; and then Papa's being proud of you has cheered her—oh! so much.'

'I'm glad they can comfort themselves——'

'But Herbert, dear, you must be much better; I did not expect to see you so well.'

'I'm not so bad between whiles,' said Herbert, wearily. 'And, while I can, I've got something to tell you that will make it up to you, and a great deal more.'

'Make it up?' said Jenny, looking with bewildered eyes at the dear face.

'Yes, I made Gadley consent. The Rector has it in writing, and it will do quite as well if I die. O Jenny, woman, think of my never knowing what you had gone through!'

'Is it about Archie?' said Jenny, beginning to tremble.

'Yes. It will clear him.'

'I always knew he was clear.'

'Yes, but he can come back now, all right. Eh! what an ass I am! I've begun at the wrong end. He wasn't drowned—it was all a mistake, Miles saw him in Africa—Cranky, I say, come to her.'

'Yes, Master Herbert, you've been talking a great deal too much for your sister just off a journey. You'll get the fever on again. Miss Joanna, you ought to know better than to let him run on; I shan't be able to let you do nothing for him if this is the way.'

'Was it too sudden, Joan?' said Herbert, wistfully, as she bent to kiss his brow with trembling lips. 'I couldn't let anyone tell you but myself, while I could; but I don't seem able to go on. Is the Rector there, Cranky?'

'Yes, sir, waiting in the parlour.'

'Rector,' and Julius hurried in at once, 'take her and tell her. I can't do it after all.'

'*Is* he alive?' whispered Jenny, so much overcome that Julius had to hold her up for a moment as he led her into the other room.

'Really! She thinks me delirious,' said Herbert, rather amused. 'Tell her all, Rector.'

'Really, Joan,' said Julius, putting her into the great chair, and holding her trembling hand, 'Miles has seen him, has had him in his ship.'

'And you never told me!'

'He made Miles promise not to tell.'

'But he told you!'

'Yes, because it was Anne who gave the clue which led to his discovery; but when he found we all thought him dead, he laid Miles under the strictest charge to say nothing. He is on an ostrich farm in Natal, Jenny, well, and all that he ever was, and more too. He took your photograph from Miles's book.'

'And I never knew,' moaned Jenny, quite overcome.

'He would not be persuaded that it was not more for your peace not

to know of his life, and when Miles was put on honour, what could we do? But now it is all changed. Since Herbert's discovery he need not be a banished man any more.' And Julius told Jenny the manner of the discovery. She listened, evidently gathering all in, and then she asked:

'And what have you done?'

'Nothing, as yet.'

'Nothing! while there is this blot on Archie's name, and he is living in exile, and that Moy is revelling in prosperity. Nothing! Why don't you publish it to everyone?'

'My dear Jenny, I have only known it a week, and I have not been able to find out where Mr. Moy is.'

'What, to have him taken up?'

'Taken up, no; I don't imagine he could be prosecuted after this length of time and on this kind of evidence. No, to give him warning.'

'Warning? To flee away, and never clear Archie! What are you about, Julius? He ought to be exposed at once, if he cannot be made to suffer otherwise.'

'Nay, Jenny, that would be hard measure.'

'Hard measure,' she interrupted, 'what has my innocent Archie had?'

'Think of the old man, his wife and daughter, Jenny.'

'She's a Proudfoot.—And that girl, the scandal of the country! You want to sacrifice Archie to them, Julius?'

'You are tired and shaken, Jenny, or you would see that all I want to do is to act with common consideration and honour.'

She interrupted again. 'What honour do you mean? You are not making it a secret of the confessional?'

'You are misunderstanding me, Joanna,' Julius gently said. 'Herbert's vigil spared me from that difficulty, but——'

'Then you would have sacrificed Archie to this imaginary——'

'Hush, Jenny! I fear he is wandering again. Alas! it is the sad old *refrain!*'

As they came to the door together, Herbert's voice, under that strange change which wandering brings, was heard muttering, 'Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward.' And Mrs. Cranstoun received them, with her head shaking, and tearful eyes. 'It has come on again, sir; I was afraid it would be too much for him.'

Herbert's prayer had been granted, inasmuch as the horrible ravings that he feared repeating never passed his lips. If he had gone down to the smoke of Tartarus to restore his sister's lover, none of its blacks were cleaving to him; but whether conscious or wandering, the one thought of his wasted year seemed to be crushing him. It was a curious contrast between poor Mr. Fuller's absence of regret for a quarter of a century's supineness, and this lad's repentance for twelve months' idleness. That his follies had been guileless in themselves might be the very cause that his spirit had such power of repentance. His admiration

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of Lady Tyrrell had been burnt out, and had been fancy, not heart, and no word of it passed his lips, far less of the mirth with the Strangeways. Habit sometimes brought the phrases of the cricket-field, but these generally ended in a shudder of self-recollection and prayer.

The delirium only came with the accesses of fever, and when sensible, he was very quiet and patient, but always as one weighed down by sense of failure in a trust. He never seemed to entertain a hope of surviving. He had watched too many cases not to be aware that his symptoms were those that had been almost uniformly fatal, and he noted them as a matter of course. Dr. Easterby came to see him, and was greatly touched; Herbert was responsive, but it was not the ordinary form of comfort that he needed, for his sorrow was neither terror nor despair. His heart was too warm and loving not to believe that his Heavenly Father forgave him as freely as did his earthly father; but that very hope made him the more grieved and ashamed of his slurred task, nor did he view his six weeks at Wilsbro' as any atonement, knowing it was no outcome of repentance, but of mere kindliness, and aware, as no one else could be, how his past negligence had hindered his full usefulness, so that he only saw his failures. As to his young life, he viewed it as a mortally wounded soldier does, as a mere casualty of the war, which he was pledged to disregard. He *did* perhaps like to think that the fatal night with Gadley might bring Archie back, and yet Jenny did not give him the full peace in her happiness which he had promised himself.

Joanna had suffered terribly, far more than anyone knew, and her mind did not take the revulsion as might have been expected. Her lighthouse was shining again when she thought it extinguished for ever, but her spirits could not bear the uncertainty of the spark. She could not enter into what Miles and Julius both alike told her, of the impossibility of their mother beginning a prosecution for money embezzled ten years back, when no living witness existed, nothing but the scrap of paper written by Herbert, and signed by him and Margaret Strangeways, authorising Julius Charnock to use what had been said by the dying, half-delirious man. What would a jury say to such evidence? And when Julius said it only freed himself morally from the secrecy, poor Jenny was bitter against his scruples, even though he had never said more than that he should have been perplexed. The most bitter anti-ritualist could hardly have uttered stronger things than she thought, and sometimes said, against what seemed to her to be keeping Archie in banishment; while the brothers' reluctance to expose Mr. Moy, and blast his reputation and that of his family, was in her present frame of mind an incomprehensible weakness. People must bear the penalty of their misdeeds, families and all, and Mrs. and Miss Moy did not deserve consideration: the pretensions of the mother had always been half scorn, half thorn, to the old county families, and the fast airs of the daughter had been offensive enough to destroy all pity for her. If an action in a Court of Justice were, as Miles and Julius told her, impossible,—and she would not believe it, except on

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the word of a lawyer,—public exposure was the only alternative for righting Archie, and she could not, or would not, understand that they would have undergone an action for libel rather than not do their best to clear their cousin, but that they thought it due to Mr. Moy to give him the opportunity of doing the thing himself; she thought it folly, and only giving him time and chance for baffling them.

The strange thing was, that not only when she argued with the two brothers, but when she brooded and gave way to these thoughts as she kept her watch, it probably made her less calm—for an access of restlessness and fever never failed to come on—with Herbert. Probably she really was less calm externally, and the fret of face and manner communicated itself to him, for the consequences were so invariable that Cranstoun thought they proved additionally what she of course believed, that Miss Joan could not be trusted with her brother. At last Jenny, in her distress and her unwillingness to abandon Herbert to Cranky's closed windows, traced cause and effect, and made a strong resolution to banish the all-pervading thought, and indeed his ever-increasing weakness and danger filled her mind so as to make this easier and easier, so that she might no longer have to confess to herself that Rollo was a safer companion, since Herbert, with a hand on that black head, certainly only derived soothing influences from those longing sympathetic eyes. And he could not but like the testimony of strong affection that came to him. The whole parish was in consternation, and inquiries, and very odd gifts, which he was supposed to 'fancy,' came from all over Compton as well as from Strawyers, and were continually showering upon his nurses, so that Mrs. Hornblower and Dilemma spent their lives in mournful replies over the counter, and fifty times a day he was pronounced to be 'as bad as he could be to be alive.' Old servants and keepers made progresses from Strawyers to see Master Herbert, and were terribly aggrieved because Miss Bowater kept them out of his room, as much for their sake as his; and Mrs. Cranstoun pointed to the open lattice which she believed to be killing him, as surely as it gave aches to her rheumatic shoulder.

Julius thought almost as much as Jenny could do of the means of recalling Archie, but it was necessary to wait until he could communicate with Mr. Moy, and his hands were still over-full, for though now much less fatal, the fever smouldered on, both in Wilsbro' and Compton, and as St. Nicholas was a college living which had hitherto been viewed as a trump card, it might be a long time going the round of the senior fellows.

Julius had just been at poor Mrs. Fuller's, trying to help her to put her complicated affairs in order, so as to be ready for a move as soon as one daughter, who had the fever slightly, could be taken away, and he was driving home again, when he overtook Mrs. Duncombe and offered her a lift, for her step was weary. She was indeed altered, pale, with cheek-bones showing, and all the lustre and sparkle gone out of her, while her hat was as rigidly dowdy as Miss Slater's.

She roused herself to ask feebly after the remaining patients.

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'Cecil is really getting better at last,' he said. 'Her father wants to take her to Portishead next week.'

'And young Bowater?'

'No change. His strength seems to be going.'

'I wouldn't pity him,' sighed Bessie Duncombe; 'he has only seen the best end of life, and has laid it down for something worth! I'm sure he and your brother are the enviable ones.'

'Nay, Mrs. Duncombe, you have much to work for and love in this life.'

'And I must go away from everything just as I had learnt to value it. Bob has taken a house at Monaco, and writes to me to bring the children to join him there!'

'At Monaco?'

'At Monaco! Yes, and I know that it is all my own fault. I might have done anything with him if I had known how. But what could you expect? I never saw my mother; I never knew a home; I was bred up at a French school, where if one was not a Roman Catholic, there was not a shred of religion going. I married after my first ball. Nobody taught me anything; but I could not help having brains, so I read and caught the tone of the day, and made my own line, while he went on his.'

'And now there is a greater work for you to do, since you have learnt to do it.'

'Ah! learnt too late. When habits are confirmed, and home station forfeited—What is there left for him or for my poor boys to do?'

'A colony perhaps—'

'Damaged goods,' she said, smiling sadly.

'Then are you going?'

'As soon as I have seen this fever out, and can dispose of the things here. I have just been to Moy's office to see about getting rid of the lease.'

'Is Mr. Moy come home?'

'Yes. Have not you heard?'

'What?—Not the fever?'

'No. Worse I should say. Gussie has gone off and got married to Harry Simmonds.'

'The man at the training stables?'

'Yes. They put up their banns at the Union at Brighton, and were married by the Registrar, then went off to Paris. They say it will kill her mother. The man is a scoundrel, who played Bob false, and won largely by that mare. And the girl has had the cheek to write to me,' said Mrs. Duncombe, warming into her old phraseology, 'to *me!*—to thank me for opportunities of meeting, and to tell me she has followed up the teaching of last year.'

'What—the rights of women?'

'Ay. This is a civil marriage—not mocking her with antiquated

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servile vows,' she says. 'Ah, well, it was my doing, I suppose. Clio Tallboys held forth in private, I believe, to poor Gussie, on theories that were mere talk in her, but which this poor girl has taken in earnest.'

'Very sad earnest she may find it, I fear. Can I do anything for you?' as they reached the gate of Aucuba Villa.

'No, thank you, unless to get the house off my hands.'

'You are alone. Will you not come and spend the evening with us?'

'That is very kind, but I have too much to do, and besides Sister Margaret is coming to spend the night with me.'

'I am glad to hear it.'

'Yes, Mr. Charnock, I trust I have learnt something in this spell of work. I've not been for nothing in such scenes with those Sisters and young Bowater. I'm more ignorant than half the poor things that I've heard talk of their faith and hope; but I see it is not the decorous humbug it once looked like. And now that I would have learnt, here I go to Monaco.'

'You will learn. You have a work before you that will teach you.'

'My boys are young enough to start with on a different tack,' she said. 'You will tell me—no—I'll not hinder you now. I shall see you again.'

Julius was too anxious to get home to refuse to be released, much as he felt for this brave woman. The day before, Herbert had been frightfully faint and exhausted by the morning's attack of fever, but had been so still ever since that there was a shade of hope that the recurrence might not take place; and this hope grew stronger, when Jenny came into the outer-room to say that the usual time for the fever was passing so quietly in a sort of sleep that Dr. Worth seemed to think rally possible, if only there was no fresh access.

They stood over the fire, and Julius asked, 'Can't you lie on the sofa, Jenny? I can stay.'

'No,' said Jenny, restlessly. 'No, I can't; I know you have something to tell me.'

'Moy has come home, Jenny. He is in terrible trouble. His daughter has eloped with young Simmonds at the training stables.'

'The most appropriate end of her bringing up,' said Jenny, in the hard tone it was so difficult to answer—it was so unlike herself—and her thought was that weak pity and forbearance would hinder exertions in Archie's cause. 'Generous at other folks' expense,' said she to herself. 'Sparing the guilty and leaving the innocent to exile!'

But a moaning murmur, and Cranstoun's movement at once summoned them both to the bedside.

Alas! here was the attack that the Doctor had evidently apprehended as likely to be fatal. Hour after hour did sister, nurse and friend stand watching, and doing their best, their piteously-little best, while consciousness, if there were any, was far out of their reach.

Late into the night it went on, and then followed the collapse, with locked teeth, which could hardly be drawn asunder to put the stimulus

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hopelessly between them, and thus came the tardy December dawn, when the church-bell made Jenny bid Julius not stay but only first read the commendatory prayer.

'I thought there was a little more revival just now,' he said; 'his hands are warmer, and he really did swallow.'

The old nurse shook her head. 'That's the way before they go,' said she. 'Don't ye wish him, poor lamb, it makes it the harder for him.'

Julius prayed the prayer, and as he tenderly laid his hand on the brow, he wondered whether he should find the half-closed eyes shut for ever on his return.

But as he went, there was a quiver of lip and flicker of eyelid, the lightening, as Cranky called it, was evidently gaining ground. Herbert's faint whisper was heard again—'Jenny!'

'Dearest!'

'The Lord's Prayer!'

She began, his fingers tightened on hers. 'Pray it for old Moy,' he said; and as she paused, scarce hearing or understanding, 'He—he wants it,' gasped Herbert. 'No! One can't pray it, without—' another pause. 'Help me, Jenny! Say it—O Lord, who savedst us—forgive us. Help us to forgive from our hearts that man his trespasses. Amen.'

Jenny said it. Herbert's voice sank in the Amen. He lay breathing in long gasps; but he thus breathed still when Julius came back, and Jenny told him that a few words had passed, adding—

'Julius, I will say nothing bitter again. God help me not to think it.'

Did Herbert hear? Was that the reason of the calm which made the white wasted face so beautiful, and the strange soft cool hush throughout the room?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SILVER HAIR.

'PLEASE God, I can try again.'

Those were the words with which Herbert Bowater looked into his Rector's face on awaking in the evening of that same December day from one of a series of sleeps, each sweeter and longer than the last, and which had borne him over the dreaded hours, without fever, and with strengthening pulse.

Julius had not ventured to leave the sick-room that whole day, and when at last he went home and sank into the chair opposite Terry, for the first time through all these weeks of trouble and tension, he burst into a flood of tears.

He had hardly made the startled lad understand that life, not death, had thus overcome him, when the door flew open, and in rushed Rosamond, crying, 'Julius, Julius, come. It is he or his ghost!'

'Who? What?'

'It is your hair! At Mrs. Douglas's grave! He'll be gone! Make haste—make haste!'

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He started up, letting her drag him along, but under protest. 'My dear, man do come to have hair like mine.'

'I tell you it was at our graves—our own. I touched him. I had this wreath for Raymond, and there he was, with his hat off, at the railing close to Mrs. Douglas's. I thought his back was yours, and called your name, and he started, and I saw—he had a white beard, but he was not old. He just bowed, and then went off, very fast by the other gate, towards Wilsbro'. I did call, "Wait, wait," but he didn't seem to hear. Oh go, go, Julius! Make haste!'

Infected by the wild hope, Julius hurried on the road where his wife had turned his face, almost deriding himself for obeying her, when he would probably only overtake some old family retainer; but as, under the arch of trees that overhung the road, he saw a figure in the moonlight, a thrill of recognition came over him as he marked the vigorous tread of the prime of life, and the white hair visible in the moonlight, together with something utterly indescribable, but which made him call out, 'Archie! Archie Douglas! Wait for me!'

The figure turned. 'Julius!' came in response; the two cousins' hands clasped, and there was a sob on either side as they kissed one another as brothers.

'Archie! How could you?—Come back!' was all that Julius could say, leaning breathlessly against him and holding him tight.

'No! Do not know that I have been here. I was sent to London on business. I could not help running home in the dark. No one must know it. I am dead to them.'

'No, Archie, you are not. Gadley has confessed and cleared you. Come home!'

'Cleared me!' The two arms were stretched up to the sky and there was the sound of a mighty sob, as though the whole man, body soul and spirit, were relieved from an unspeakable burthen. 'Say it again, Julius!'

'Gadley, on his death-bed, has confessed that Moy and Proudfoot took that money, incited by Tom Vivian.'

Archie Douglas could not speak, but he turned his face towards Compton again, strode swiftly into the churchyard, and fell on his knees by his mother's grave. When at last he rose, he pointed to the new and as yet unmarked mound, and said, 'Your mother's?'

'Oh no! Raymond's! We have had a terrible fever here—almost a pestilence—and we are scarcely breathing after it.'

'Ah! some one in the train spoke of sickness at Wilsbro,' but I would ask no questions, for I saw faces I knew, and I would lead to no recognition. I could not stay away from getting one sight of the old place. Miles made it all burn within me; but here's my return-ticket for the mail-train.'

'Never mind return-tickets. Come home with me.'

'I shall startle your mother.'

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'I meant my home—the Rectory. It was my wife who saw you in the churchyard, and sent me after you. She is watching for you.'

Archie, still bewildered, and as if spell-bound by his ticket, muttered, 'I thought I should have time to walk over and look at Strawyers.'

'Joanna is here.'

'Julius! It is too much. You are sure I am awake? This is not the old dream!' cried the exile, grasping his cousin's arm quite painfully.

'I am a waking man, and I trust you are,' said Julius. 'Come into the light. No, that is not Jenny on the step. It is my Rose. Yes, here he is!'

And as they came into the stream of light from the porch, Irish Rosamond, forgetting that Archie was not a brother, caught him by both hands, and kissed him in overpowering welcome, exclaiming, 'Oh, I am so glad! Come in—come in!'

There he stood, blinking in the lamplight, a tall, powerful, broad-chested figure, but hardly a hero of romance to suit Terry's fancy, after a rapid summary of the history from Rosamond. His hair and beard were as white as Julius's, and the whole face was tanned to uniform red, but no one could mistake the dazed yet intense gladness of the look. He sank into a chair, clasped his hands over his face for a moment, then surveyed them all one by one, and said, 'You told me she was here.'

'She is with her brother Herbert, at Mrs. Hornblower's lodgings. No, you must wait, Archie, he has barely in the last few hours, by God's great mercy, taken a turn for the better in this fever, and I don't see how she can leave him.'

'But she must hear it,' cried Rosamond. 'I'm going to make her or Cranky get some rest; but you ought to be the one to tell her, Julius, you that have stood by her through all.'

'And aren't you burning to do so, Rosey, woman? and I think you had better, rather than that I should startle Herbert by returning; but stay, mind your own rules—eat and drink before you go, and give the same to Archie. I shall send up a note to Miles. How is Cecil?'

'Very silent and broken, poor thing. She is to see your mother to-morrow. How well it was that she kept me so late over her wreath of camellias!'

Archie submitted to wait for food and fuller information, indeed the lady of the house manifested more impatience than he did, as she flitted about making preparations, and he sat with hands locked together over his knee, gazing fixedly at Julius, scarcely speaking though eagerly listening, and when the meal was brought in, he could not eat, only eagerly drank off a cup of scalding tea, and watched Rosamond as if jealous of any delay over her cutlet. She did not abuse his patience.

'Now then!' she said, rising. 'You shall hear something of her before long.'

'Let me come to her door,' entreated Archie.

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And as the light shone from the window of the sick-room, Rosamond

said, 'Stand under that tree in the moonlight, and I will make her look out.'

All was intensely quiet; Cranky fast asleep in the arm-chair in the outer-room, and Jenny sitting by the bed, watching the smooth quiet breath.

'You are to lie down on the sofa and sleep,' said Rosamond, kissing her, and she shook her head. 'You must. People want strength for joy as well as grief. Trust him to me, for there is some one for you to see to-morrow.'

'Not papa!' said Jenny, startled. 'No, nor Phil! Tell me, Rosamond. There is only one you could look at me like that for!'

'Look out at the window.'

Trembling all over, Jenny went and put her face to the lattice. The figure under the tree came nearer. Archie must have been able clearly to see her face in the moonlight. He stretched up his arms to her, then folded them together on his breast, and let himself be led away by Julius, while Jenny slid down on her knees, with her face buried, and the suppressed choking sobs made Herbert look up at Rosamond, and whisper, 'It is?'

'It is,' repeated Rosamond, who had thought him asleep, or entirely absorbed in the trouble of living.

'Go to her,' he added.

Rosamond put her arm round her, and supported her into the next room, for after the month of hopeless watching, the long sleeplessness, and the struggle of this silent day to force her spirit to the forgiveness she had promised, and then the sudden reaction, had overpowered her, and the suppression and silence were beyond endurance. She did not even know that Herbert was awake when Rosamond brought her out into Mrs. Hornblower's room, and said, 'Have it out now, my dear, no one will hear. Scream comfortably. It will do you good.'

But Jenny could not even scream. She was in the excited agony when the mind is far too much for the body, and joy, unrealised, is like grief. If her brother had that day passed away, and if nothing had been heard of her lover, she would have been all calmness and resignation; but the revulsion had overcome her, and at the moment she was more conscious of strangulation than of anything else. Rosamond tended her for full half an hour, and then she seemed almost asleep, though she resisted the attempt to undress her, with the words, 'I must go to Herbert.'

'I will take care of Herbert,' and Jenny was too much spent not to acquiesce, and fell asleep almost before she was laid down on the bed their landlady had given up to the watchers.

Rosamond's task was a comfortable one, for every hour of sleep, every mouthful of food, seemed to do its work of restoration on the sound healthy frame, and a smile and word of thanks met her whenever she roused her patient with the inevitable spoon.

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When he awoke towards morning, he asked what day it was, and when she told him, answered, 'So I thought. Then I have not lost count of time.'

'No, you have been wonderfully clear-headed.'

'I can't see how there can have been time to write,' he said. 'It is true that he is come, is it not?'

'Quite true; but he came independently on business,' and Rosamond told of Julius's chase, bringing a look of amusement on his face.

Jenny came in with the rising sun, pale indeed, but another creature after her rest, and in the sight of the restful countenance that greeted her with a smile. The moaning, hoarse voice was gone too, it was a faint shadow of Herbert's own tones that said, 'Is not this good, Jenny? I didn't think to have seen it.'

'My Herbert, you have given him back! You have given me the heart to be glad!'

'You must go and see him,' said Herbert.

Jenny looked wistful and undecided; but Julius entered to say that she must come at once, for Archie must go back to London by the ten o'clock train to an appointment, and could not return for two days.

Herbert smiled her away, for he was still in a state where it was not possible to bear any engrossing of his head-nurse, and the lover's absence was even to his unselfishness, good news.

Rosamond could not refrain from the pleasure of peeping down the little dark stair, as Archie and his Jenny met in the door-way, and she walked demurely in their rear, wondering whether other eyes saw as much as she did in the manner in which Jenny hung on his arm. She left them to their dewy walk in the Rectory garden to the last minute at which breakfast could be swallowed, and told Jenny that she was to drive him in the pony-carriage to Hazlett's Gate; she would take care of Herbert.

'You ought to be asleep, you know,' said Jenny.

'My dear, I couldn't sleep! There's a great deal better than sleep! Is not Herbert going to get well? and aren't you jolly again, and Archie back again? Sleep!—why I want to have wings and clap them—and more than all, is not Mr. Charnock off and away to-morrow? Sleep indeed!—I should like to see myself so stupid.'

'Mr. Charnock?' interrogatively said Archie.

'The head of the family—the original Charnock of Dunstone,' said Rosamond, who was in wild spirits, coming on a worn-out body and mind, and therefore perfectly unguarded. 'Don't shake your head at me, Jenny, Archie is one of the family, and that makes you so, and I must tell you of his last performance. You know he is absolutely certain that his dear daughter is more infallible than all the Popes, even since the Council, or than anybody but himself, and that whatever goes wrong here is the consequence of Julius's faith in Dr. Easterby. So, when poor Cecil, uneasy in her mind, began asking about the illness at Wilsbro',

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he enlivened her with a prose about misjudging, though well-intentioned efforts of clerical philanthropy to interfere with the sanitary condition of the town—so that wells grew tainted, &c., all from ignorant interference. Poor man, he heard a little sob, and looked round, and there was Cecil in a dead faint. He set all the bells ringing, and sent an express for me.'

'But wasn't he furious with Anne for mentioning drains at all?'

'My dear Joan, don't you know how many old women there are of both sorts, who won't let other people look over the wall at what they gloat on in private. However, he had his punishment, for he really thought that the subject had been too much for her delicacy, and simply upset her nerves.'

'When was this?'

'Four or five days ago. She is better; but has said not a word more about it. She is nothing like strong enough, even for so short a journey as to Portishead; but they say change will be the best thing for her, and the coming down into the family would be too sad.'

'Poor thing. Yes, indeed!' said Jenny, and feeling universally benevolent, she added, 'Give her my love,' a thing which so sincere a person could hardly have said a few weeks ago.

Reserve was part of Cecil's nature, and besides, her father was almost always with her; but when she had been for the first time dressed in crape up to her waist, with the tiniest of caps perched toy-like on the top of her passive head, the sight upset him completely, and muttering, 'Good heavens!—a widow at twenty-two!' he hid himself from the sight over some business transactions with Mrs. Poynsett and Miles.

Rosamond seized the opportunity of bringing Julius in to pay his farewell visit, and presently Cecil said, 'Julius, I should be much obliged if you would tell me the real facts about this illness.'

'Do,' said Rosamond. 'Her half knowledge is most wearing.'

He gently told her what science had pronounced.

'Then it was Pettitt's well?' she said.

'They tell us that this was the immediate cause of the outbreak; but there would probably have been quite as much fatal illness the first time any infectious disease came in. The whole place was in a shameful state, and you were the only people who tried to mitigate it.'

'And did worse harm, because we would not listen to advice,' said Cecil. 'Julius, I have a great deal of money. Can't I do anything now? My father wants me to give a donation to the Church as a memorial of him, but, somehow, I don't feel as if I deserved to do that.'

'I see what you mean, Cecil, but the town is being rated to set the drainage to rights, and it will thus be done in the most permanent and effectual way. There are some orphans who might be saved from the Union, about whom I had thought of asking you to help.'

Cecil asked the details of the orphans, and the consultation over them seemed to be prolonged by her because, even now, she could not resolve to go below the surface. It lasted until her father came to ask whether

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she were ready to go with him to Mrs. Poynsett's sitting-room. She looked very fragile and childish as she stood up, clinging to his arm to help her wavering uncertain step, holding out her hand to Julius, and saying, 'I shall see you again.'

He was a little disappointed to see her no older, and no warmer, having gone thus far, it seemed as if she might have gone further and opened more. Perhaps he did not understand how feelings, naturally slow, were rendered slower by the languor of illness, which made them more oppressive than acute.

As Mr. Charnock and his daughter knocked, the door was opened by Miles, who merely gave his hand, and went down. Frank, who had been reading in a low easy chair by the fire, drew it close to his mother for her, and retreated to another seat, and the mother and daughter-in-law exchanged a grave kiss. Cecil attempted some civility about the chair, to which poor Frank replied, 'I'm afraid it is of no use to speak to me, Cecil, Miles can only just make me hear.'

Regret for his misfortune, and inquiry as to the chances of restoration, were a possible topic. Mr. Charnock gave much advice about aurists, and examples of their success or non-success; and thence he diverged to the invalid-carriage he had secured, and his future plans for expediting his daughter's recovery. Meanwhile, Mrs. Poynsett and Cecil sat grave, dry-eyed, and constrained, each feeling that in Mr. Charnock's presence the interview was a nullity, yet neither of them able to get rid of him, nor quite sure that she would have done so if she could.

He, meanwhile, perfectly satisfied of his own considerate tact, talked away the allotted half-hour, and then pronounced his daughter pale and tired. She let him help her to rise, but held Mrs. Poynsett's hand wistfully, as if she wished to say something but could not; and all Mrs. Poynsett could bring out, was a hope of hearing how she bore the journey. It was as if they were both frozen up. Yet the next moment Cecil was holding Frank's hand in a convulsive clasp, and fairly pulling him down to exchange a kiss, when he found her tears upon his cheek. Were they to his misfortune or to his much increased resemblance to his brother?

Mr. Charnock kept guard over her, so that her other farewells were almost as much restrained as these, and though she hung on Rosamond's neck, and seemed ready to burst forth with some fervent exclamation, he hovered by, saying, 'My dear child, don't, don't give way to agitation. It does you honour, but it cannot be permitted at such a moment. Lady Rosamond, I appeal to your unfailing good sense to restrain her emotion.'

'I haven't any good sense, and I think it only hurts her to restrain her emotion,' said Rosamond, with one of her little stamps, pressing Cecil in her arms. 'There, there, my dear, cry—never mind, if it will comfort your poor heart.'

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'Lady Rosamond! This is—Cecil, my dear child! Your resolution—

your resignation. And the boxes are packed, and we shall be late for the train!'

Mr. Charnock was a little jealous of Lady Rosamond as a comforter preferred to himself, and he spoke in a tone which Cecil had never resisted. She withdrew herself from Rosamond, still tearless, though her chest heaved, as if there were a great spasm in it; she gave her hand to Miles, and let him lead her to the carriage; and so Raymond's widowed bride left Compton Poynsett enfolded in that strange silence which some called sullenness and pride; others, more merciful, stunned grief.

Poor Cecil, there was less pity to be spared to her because of the intense relief it was to be free from her father, and to be able to stand in a knot consulting on the steps, without his coming out to find out what they were talking about, and to favour them with some Dunstone council.

The consultation was about Mr. Moy. It was determined that since Archie was in England, it would be better not to wait till Herbert was recovered, but that Miles and Julius should go together at once to see what effect they could produce on him.

They drove together to his office. He was a tall man, a few years over forty, and had hitherto been portly and well-preserved, with a certain sunny air of complacent prosperity about him, that had always been an irritation to the county families, with whom he tried to assert an equality; but as he rose to greet the brothers, there was a bent and shrunken look about him; the hair on his temples had visibly whitened, his cheeks seemed to have sunk in, and there were deep furrows on them, altogether he had grown full twenty years older in appearance since he had stood proposing a popular toast at the dinner at the Town Hall. There was something nervous and startled in his grey eye, as he saw them enter, though he tried to assume his usual half-bland, half-easy manner.

'Good morning, Captain Charnock Poynsett. Good morning, Mr. Charnock, I hope I see you well?' the words faltering a little, as neither sailor nor clergyman took notice of his proffered hand; but he continued his inquiries after the convalescents, though neither inquired in return after Mrs. Moy, feeling perhaps that they would rather not hear a very sad account of her state just before letting their inevitable Nemesis descend; also, not feeling inclined for reciprocal familiarity, and wanting to discourage the idea that Miles came for political purposes.

'It has been a terrible visitation,' said Moy, when he had been reduced to replying to himself.

'It has,' said Julius. 'Perhaps you have heard that your tenant, Gadley, is dead?'

'Yes, I did hear it. A very melancholy thing—the whole family swept away,' said Mr. Moy, his eye again betraying some uneasiness, which Julius increased by saying—

'We thought it right that you should hear that he made a disclosure on his death-bed.'

'Indeed!' Mr. Moy sat erect—the hard, keen, watchful lawyer.

'A disclosure that nearly affects the character of Mr. Archibald Douglas,' proceeded Julius.

'May I ask what this may be?'

'Mr. Gadley then informed me that he had been in the outer room, behind his desk, at the time when Mr. Douglas brought in the letter from my mother, containing the missing cheque, and that after Douglas was gone, he heard Mr. Vivian propose to those within to appropriate the amount to their own debts.'

'Pardon me, Mr. Charnock, this is a very serious charge to bring on the authority of a man in a raving fever. Was any deposition taken before a magistrate?'

'No,' said Julius. 'Mr. Lipscombe was fetched, but he was unable to speak at the time. However, on reviving, he spoke as is thus attested,' and he showed Herbert Bowater's slip of paper.

'Mr. Charnock,' said Mr. Moy, 'without the slightest imputation on the intentions of yourself or of young Mr. Bowater, I put it to yourself and Captain Charnock Poynsett, whether you could go before a jury with no fuller attestation than you have in your hand. We know what Mr. Charnock and Mr. Bowater are. To a jury they would simply appear—pardon me—a young clergyman, his still more youthful curate, and a sister of mercy, attaching importance to the words of a delirious man; and juries have become very incredulous in such cases.'

'We shall see that,' said Miles, sharply.

'The more cautious,' added Mr. Moy, 'when it is the raking-up of a matter eleven years old, where the witnesses are mostly dead, and where the characters of two gentlemen, also deceased, would be implicated. Believe me, sir, this firm—I speak as its present head—will be rejoiced to make any compensation to Mrs. Poynsett for what went astray while coming to their hands. It has been our desire to do so from the very first, as letters, of which I have copies, testify; but our advances were met in a spirit of enmity, which may perhaps be laid aside now.'

'No so-called compensation can be accepted, but the clearing of Douglas's character,' said Miles.

'It is a generous feeling,' said Mr. Moy, speaking apparently most dispassionately, though Julius saw his hands trembling below the table: 'but even if the word of this delirious man were sufficient, have you reflected, Captain Charnock Poynsett, on the unequal benefit of justifying—allowing that you could justify—a young man who has been dead and forgotten these eleven years, and has no relation living nearer than yourself, at the expense of those also gone, but who have left relations who could ill bear to suffer from such a revelation?'

'Justice is justice, whether a man be dead or alive,' said Miles; 'and Douglas is alive to demand his right.'

'Alive!' cried Mr. Moy, starting violently. 'Alive! Archie Douglas alive!'

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'Alive, and in England,' said Julius. 'He slept in my house the night before last. He never was in the *Hippolyta* at all, but has been living in Africa all these years of exile.'

Mr. Moy's self-command and readiness were all gone. He sank back in his chair, with his hands over his face. The brothers looked at one another, fearing he might have a stroke; but he revived in a moment, yet with a totally different expression on his countenance. The keen defensive look was gone, there was only something piteously worn and supplicating in the face, as he said—

'Then, gentlemen, I cannot resent anything you may do. Believe me, but for the assurance of his death, I should have acted very differently long ago. I will assist you in any way you desire in reinstating Mr. Douglas in public opinion, only, if it be possible, let my wife be spared. She has recently had the heaviest possible blow; she can bear no more.'

'Mr. Moy, we will do nothing vindictive. We can answer for my mother and Douglas,' began Julius; but Miles, more sternly, would not let his brother hold out his hand, and said—

'You allow then the truth of Gadley's confession?'

'What has he confessed?' said Moy, still too much the lawyer not to see that his own complicity had never yet been stated.

Julius laid before him his own written record of Gadley's words, not only involving Moy in the original fraud, but showing how he had bribed the only witness to silence ever since. The unhappy man read it over, and said—

'Yes, Mr. Charnock, it is all true. I cannot battle it further. I am at your mercy. I would leave you to proclaim the whole to the world; if it were not for my poor wife and her father I would be glad to do so. Heaven knows how this has hung upon me for years.'

'I can well believe it,' said Julius, not to be hindered now from grasping Mr. Moy's hand.

It seemed to be a comfort now to tell the whole story in detail. Moy, the favoured and trusted articled clerk at first, then the partner, the lover and husband of the daughter, had been a model of steadiness and success so early that when some men's youthful follies are wearing off, he had begun to weary of the monotony of the office, and after beginning as Mentor to his young brother-in-law, George Proudfoot, had gradually been carried along by the fascination of Tom Vivian's society to share in the same perilous pursuits, until both had incurred a debt to him far beyond their powers, while he was likewise so deeply involved, that no bonds of George Proudfoot would avail him.

Then came the temptation of Mrs. Poynsett's cheque, suggested, perhaps in jest, by Vivian, but growing on them as the feasibility of using it became clear. It was so easy to make it appear to Archie Douglas that the letter was simply an inquiry for the lost one. Mr. Proudfoot, the father, was out of reach; Mrs. Poynsett would continue to think the cheque lost in the post; and Tom Vivian undertook to get

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it presented for payment, through persons who would guard against its being tracked. The sum exceeded the debt, but he would return the overplus to them, and they both cherished the hope of returning it with interest. Indeed, it had been but a half consent on the part of either, elicited only by the dire alternative of exposure; the envelope and letter were destroyed, and Vivian carried off the cheque to some of the Jews, with whom he had had only too many transactions, and they never met him again.

Moy's part all along had been half cowardice, half ambition; the sense of that act and of its consequences had gnawed at his heart through all his success, but to cast himself down from his position as partner and son-in-law of Mr. Proudfoot, the keen, clever, trusted, confidential agent of half the families around; to let his wife know his shame, and that of her brother, and to degrade his daughter into the daughter of a felon, was more than he could bear; and he had gone on trying to drown the sense of that one lapse, in the prosperity of his career, and his efforts to place his daughter in the first ranks of society. No doubt the having done an injury to the Poynsett family had been the true secret of that enmity, more than political, which he had always shown to Raymond; and after thinking Gadley safer out of that office, he had yielded to his solicitations and set him up at the Three Pigeons, he had been almost compelled to bid for popularity, by using his position as a magistrate to protect the blackguardism of the town. He had been meant for better things, and had been dragged on against his conscience and judgment, by the exigencies of his unhappy secret; and when the daughter, for whose sake he had sacrificed his better self, had only been led by her position into the follies and extravagances of the worst part of the society into which she had been introduced, and threw herself into the hands of a dissipated gambler, to whom her fortune made her a desirable prey—truly his sin had found him out.

His fight at first had been partly force of habit, but he was so entirely crushed that they could only have pity on him when he put himself so entirely in their hands, only begging for forbearance to his wife and her aged father, and entreating that principal, interest, and compound interest might at once be tendered to Mrs. Poynsett.

The brothers could answer for nothing. Archie must decide for himself what he would accept as restoration of his character, and Mrs. Poynsett could alone answer as to whether she would accept the compensation. But neither of them could be hard on one so stricken and shadowful, and they did not expect hardness from their mother and cousin, especially so far as old Mr. Proudfoot and his daughter were concerned.

That the confession was made, and that Archie should be cleared, was enough for Julius to carry to Herbert's room, while Miles repaired to his mother. It was known in the sick room where the brothers had been, and Julius was watched as he crossed the street by Jenny's eager eye, and she met him at the door of the outer room with a face of welcome.

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'Come in and tell us all,' she said. 'I see it is good news.'

Herbert was quite well enough to bear good news in full detail as he lay, not saying much, but smiling his welcome, and listening with ears almost as eager as his sister's. And as Julius told of the crushed and broken man, Jenny's tears rose to her eyes, and she pressed her brother's hand and whispered, 'Thanks, dear boy!'

'Small thanks to me.'

'Yes, I can enjoy it now,' said Jenny; 'thanks to you for forcing the bitterness out of me.'

'Can you bear a little more good news, Herbert?' said Julius. 'Who do you think is to have St. Nicholas'?'

'Not William Easterby? That's too good to be true.'

'But so it is. All the Senior Fellows dropped it like a red-hot coal.'

'I thought Dwight wanted to marry?'

'Yes, but the lady's friends won't hear of his taking her there; so it has come down to young Easterby. He can't be inducted of course yet; but he has written to say he will come down on Saturday and take matters in hand.'

'The services on Sunday? Oh!' said Herbert, with as great a gasp of relief as if he had been responsible for them; and, indeed, Rosamond declared that both her husband and Mr. Bindon looked like new men since Wilsbro' was off their backs.

Archie was coming back that evening. Jenny much longed to show her two treasures to each other, but it was a useless risk for the healthy man, and the sick one was too weak and tired to wish for a new face, or the trouble of speaking; nay, he could not easily bring himself to cheerful acquiescence in even his favourite Lady Rose taking his sister's place, to set her free for an evening with Archie at the Hall.

Mrs. Poynsett was in the drawing-room. She had taken courage to encounter the down-stair associations, saying she would make it no sadder for the dear boy than she could help, and so Miles had carried her down to meet one who had been always as one of her own sons.

And thus it was that she gathered him into her embrace, while the great strong man, only then fully realising all the changes, sobbed uncontrollably beside her.

'My boy, my poor Archie,' she said, 'you are come at last. Did you not know you still had a mother to trust to?'

'I ought to have known it,' said Archie, in a choked voice. 'Oh that I had seen Jenny in London!'

For indeed it had become plain that it had been his flight that had given opportunity and substance to the accusation. If he had remained, backed by the confidence of such a family as the Poynsetts, Gadley would have seen that testimony in his favour would be the safer and more profitable speculation; and Moy himself, as he had said, would have testified to the innocence of a living man on the spot, though he had let the blame rest on one whom he thought in the depths of the sea.

Archie's want of moral courage had been his ruin. It had led him to the scene of temptation rather than resist his companions, and had thus given colour to the accusation, and in the absence of both Joanna and of his cousins, it had prevented him from facing the danger.

This sense made him the more willing to be forbearing, when, after dinner, the whole council sat round to hear in full the history of the interview with Mr. Moy. Anne taking up her position beside Frank, with whom, between her pencil and the finger-alphabet, she had established such a language as to make her his best interpreter of whatever was passing in the room.

'One could not help being sorry for Moy,' said Miles, as he concluded; 'he turns out to be but half the villain after all, made so rather by acquiescence than by his own free will.'

'But reaping the profit,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'Yes, though in ignorance of the injury he was doing, and thus climbing to a height that makes his fall the worse. I am sorry for old Proudfoot too,' added Julius. 'I believe they have not ventured to tell him of his grand-daughter's marriage.'

'I do not think the gain to me would be at all equal to the loss to them,' said Archie. 'Exposure would be ruin and heartbreak there, and I don't see what it would do for me.'

'My dear Archie!' exclaimed both Mrs. Poynsett and Joanna, in amazement.

'So long as you and Mr. Bowater are satisfied I care for little else,' said Archie.

'But your position, my dear,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'We don't care much about a man's antecedents, within a few years, out in the colonies, dear Aunt Julia,' said Archie, smiling.

'You aren't going back?'

'That depends,' said Archie, his eyes seeking Joanna's; 'but I don't see what there is for me to do here. I'm spoilt for a solicitor anyway——'

'We could find an agency, Miles, couldn't we?—or a farm—or——'

'Thank you, dear aunt,' said Archie; 'I don't definitely answer, because Mr. Bowater must be consulted; but I have a business out there that I can do, and where I can make a competence that I can fairly offer to Jenny here. If I came home, as I am now, I should only prey on you in some polite form, and I don't think Jenny would wish for that alternative. I must go back anyway, as I have told her, and whether to save for her, or to make a home for her there it must be for her to decide.'

They looked at Jenny. She was evidently prepared, for though her colour rose a little, her frank eyes looked at him with a confiding smile.

'But we must have justice done to you, my dear boy, whether you stay with us or not,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'That might have been done if I had not been fool enough to run away,' said Archie; 'having done so, the mass of people will only remember that there has been something against me, in spite of any justi-

fication. It is not worth while to blast Moy's character, and show poor old Proudfoot what a swindler his son was, just for that. The old man was good to me. I should like to let it rest while he lives. If Moy would sign such an exculpation of me as could be shown to Mr. Bowater, and any other whom it might concern, I should be quite willing to have nothing told publicly, at least as long as the old gentleman lives.'

'I think Archie is right,' said Miles, in the pause, with a great effort.

'Yes, right in the highest sense of the word,' said Julius.

'*It* is Christian,' Anne breathed across to her husband.

'I don't like it,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'Let that scoundrel go unhung!' burst from Frank, who had failed to catch the spirit of his interpreter.

'I don't like it in the abstract, mother,' said Miles; 'but you and Frank have not seen the scoundrel in his beaten down state, and, as Archie says, it is hard to blacken the memory of either poor George Proudfoot or Tom Vivian, who have fathers to feel it for them.'

'Poor Tom Vivian's can hardly be made much blacker,' said Mrs. Poynsett, 'nor are Sir Harry's feelings very acute; but perhaps poor old Proudfoot ought to be spared, and there are considerations as to the Vivian family. Still, I don't see how to consent to Archie going into exile again with this stigma upon him. I am sure Raymond would not, and I do not think Mr. Bowater will.'

'Dear Aunt Julia,' said Archie, affectionately, coming across to her, 'it was indeed exile before, when I was dead to all of you; but can it be so now the communication is open, and when I am making or winning my home?' and his eyes brought Jenny to him by her side.

'Yes, dear Mrs. Poynsett,' she said, holding her hand, 'I am sure he is right, and that it would spoil all our own happiness to break that poor old father's heart, and bring him and his wife to disgrace and misery. When I think of the change in everything since two days back—dear Herbert wrung a sort of forgiveness out of me—I can't bear to think of anybody being made miserable.'

'And what will your Papa say, child?'

'I think he will feel a good deal for old Proudfoot,' said Jenny. 'He rather likes the old man, and has laughed at our hatred of Miss Moy's pretensions.'

'Then it is settled,' said Archie, 'I will write to Moy, for I suppose he had rather not see me, that I will say nothing about it publicly while Mr. Proudfoot lives, and will not show this confession of his unless it should be absolutely necessary to my character. Nor after old Proudfoot's death, will I take any step without notice to him.'

'Much more than he ought to expect,' said Mrs. Poynsett.

'I don't know,' said Archie. 'If he had refused, it would not have been easy to bring him to the point. I suppose I must have surrendered to take my trial, but after so many years, and with so many deaths, it would have been awkward.'

'And the money, mother,' said Miles, producing a cheque. 'Poor Moy, that was a relief to him. He said he had kept it ready for years.'

Mrs. Poynsett waved it off as if she did not like to touch it.

'I don't want it! Take it, Archie. Set up housekeeping on it,' she said. 'You are not really going back to that place?'

'Yes, indeed I am; I sail on Tuesday. Dear good Aunt Julia, how comfortable it is to feel anyone caring for me again; but I am afraid even this magnificent present, were it ten times as much, could not keep me; I must go back to fulfil my word to my partner out there, even if I returned at once.'

'And you let him go, Jenny?'

'I must!' said Jenny. 'And only think how different it is now! For the rest, whether he comes back for me at once, or some years hence, must depend on Papa and Mamma.'

She spoke with grave content beaming in her eyes, just like herself. The restoration was still swallowing up everything else.

(To be continued.)

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER XXII.

THE day of the ball came at last. Cecil had begun to believe it never would. But it came, as Miss Austen remarks of another festive occasion, as anxiously anticipated, just when it might have been reasonably expected to come. We need hardly say that it was Cecil's last thought when she closed her eyes in sleep at night, and on opening them in the morning the inevitable 'What is it?' that in the moment of awakening announces that some great event is expected, was almost instantaneously answered by four joyful words, 'It is the ball.' Cecil sprang from her bed, and dressed herself with alacrity. She looked out of window, and was charmed to see what a beautiful day it was. If the frost was hard, the sun was so bright that it did the frost the greatest credit not to begin thawing at once. Cold—very cold—and Cecil thought with a happy shiver of how cold her nocturnal walk would be through the conservatory and across the garden to the Ivy gate; and then, with a still happier glow, of the carriage, full of joy and warmth—the carriage that was to contain Juliet, and which would await her at that Ivy gate. Helen was still so poorly that Aunt Flora made an attack on her brother, which was successful enough after he had paid a visit to the invalid's bedside and seen how really ill she was, and that her state was not exaggerated by her aunt's womanly imagination; for Mr. Vaux was sincerely fond of his little daughter, though his way of showing his affection might not be the most agreeable to the object of it. Doctor Hughes pronounced her feverish, talked about bronchial congestion and irritation of the right

lung, but he did not look grave, and he said she would soon come right if she kept warm and still in bed, and put on his plaisters and took his medicines. The slightest chill or change of temperature must be avoided, but with care and remedies she would do very well. Aunt Flora, who was easily frightened, was quite cheered by the account, and Mr. Vaux complacently congratulated himself on his wisdom in sending for the doctor, as it was quite evident the doctor was required. Helen herself was the most patient and gentle of invalids, and Cecil the tenderest and most animated of nurses during the intervals of the day that she was allowed to be with her cousin. Aunt Flora sat for some time in Helen's room, so that it was not till lessons were over and her aunt had been called downstairs to hold some one of those many colloquies that occupied so much of her day and of her maid's—colloquies about either dress or fancy-work—that the two girls found themselves alone together.

At breakfast-time, a letter had taken Mademoiselle de Lys greatly by surprise; and when she communicated its contents to her companions, they were greatly surprised also. A friend of her early days, a French comtesse, had arrived quite unexpectedly at the Byfield Hotel. She had intended to pass through the place without stopping, but illness had detained her; and while there she had learned with astonishment and delight that her *chère Amélie* was residing in the neighbourhood; could her *chère Amélie* come to her that afternoon—and to avoid the trouble of being sent for, and the risk of catching cold, could she remain for the night at the hotel with her? She was very lonely, having no companion but her maid. Mademoiselle read her letter, and made her petition with graceful humility to Mr. Vaux, who was quite eager to give his consent, and to express his satisfaction that she had a comtesse for a friend, and that she should visit her. Mademoiselle was pleased and grateful, but would not hear of going till the morning studies and early dinner were over. It was rather a relief to Cecil that these unexpected events put the usual exercise out of the question, and that it was decided that she should have a half-holiday, and devote the afternoon to her cousin. She took an amusing book and read to Helen for as long as she had voice and breath; some instinct made her wish to avoid the subject of the ball; she was hardly aware herself that it was so; and her thoughts wandered to that subject so often that some of the sentences she read passed through her lips without presenting any idea to her mind.

At last Helen stopped her, laughing.

'But what *does* that mean, Cecil? She has been Ellen all through, and now she has suddenly become Juliet; and surely it was a voyage she was embarking on, and you called the ship a ball-room. You can't possibly be reading what is written there.'

Cecil laughed, blushed, and closed the book.

'The fact is, Helen, I was not thinking one bit about what I was reading—were you?'

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'Yes, indeed I was; it is a very pretty interesting story.'

'Is it? It seemed to me that Ellen is quite a fool; she always makes a point of doing everything that is disagreeable.'

'No, I don't think she does; she only tries always to do what is right.'

'Then, according to that, what is right is always disagreeable; and that is a very bad moral, and enough to deter anybody from ever being good.'

'I suppose I have attended to the story more than you have, for it really is not so. It is only that when a thing is disagreeable she does it just the same if it is right. She does not seem to think about whether it is disagreeable or agreeable—only whether it is right; and there *can't* be any harm in that.'

'It makes her disagreeable herself, at any rate, whatever the thing may be; and there *is* harm in being disagreeable; everybody is bound to be as delightful as they can possibly contrive to be—Juliet says so.'

'Juliet says so,' were three words that settled all subjects for Cecil; and it must be confessed almost for Helen also. When Cecil and Juliet were both against her, it would seem to her as if she could not be right. She paused on this occasion, but rallied her forces sufficiently to say rather meekly, 'Only I don't think that she *is* disagreeable; she interests me very much.' To which Cecil replied, with good-natured contempt, 'Yes, I dare say she does; you are always interested in namby-pambys.'

And Helen of course laughed, though she fervently denied the accusation.

'Cecil,' she said, suddenly, 'I dreamt about Jocelyn last night.'

Cecil quite started at the words.

'I did, indeed. I dreamt he came home, and then I woke, or at least I think I did, and lay in that strange state in which I never know whether I am dreaming or thinking; and the dreams or thoughts, whichever they were, were all about his being at home; and we were so happy—so happy, Cecil; there never was anything like it.'

Cecil stooped over her cousin and kissed her.

'So we shall be some day,' she said, softly. 'Oh, Helen, it does not do to think about it. It unfits one for everything else.'

'I hope I shall not be afraid of him,' said Helen.

'Oh, no; he will be gentle and loving; and then he will be so fond of me, and I shall have such influence over him that he will do everything I wish, and love everyone I love. How he will like and admire Juliet!'

'He will be free and able to visit anybody he cares to visit, so he will call on Colonel Wyndham, and be intimate in the house.'

'And that will bring us all really together. Uncle James can never stand out against *that*,' cried Cecil, with sparkling eyes. Then her countenance fell as she added, 'Oh, Helen, don't let us talk about it; it makes it so hard to bear that it is not going to happen just yet.'

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'Cecil,' cried Helen, suddenly, 'this is the day of the ball. You see now it is impossible—you will not really try to go.'

'No, I won't *try*. Say go without try, and you are nearer the mark.'

'But you can't.'

'But I can.'

'Oh, Cecil!'

'Oh, Helen!'

'It *is* so impossible; you *must* be only teasing. Dear Cecil, do tell me that you have given up all thoughts of it.'

'Do you wish me to tell you a story, Helen? This is like Aunt Flora, who desires us so piteously not to say things that are true, if she does not happen to like them.'

'Dear Aunt Flora! I wish you could talk to her about it, and see what she would say.'

'You little goose!' cried Cecil, laughing gaily. 'Yes, that would be a way of *trying* to go, would not it? Poor dear Aunt Flora! what a state she will be in; just fancy! I think she would have a fit, don't you!'

'But if it would give Aunt Flora a fit, it *can't* be a right thing to do.'

'Don't preach, Helen dear, preaching does not become your little ladyship at all, and you don't do it well either. Why don't you cast up your eyes, till only the whites are visible, and speak through your nose as Juliet does when she imitates cant?'

'I do wish you would be serious, Cecil.'

'I *am* serious—as serious as ever I can be. Don't be silly, Helen. It really is the easiest and yet the most delightful thing in the world I am going to do. I shall have the most delicious evening, and years hence we shall recall it and talk it over as if it were an exquisite little bit of fairy-land.'

Before Helen could answer, Aunt Flora made her appearance in the room, having come to give Helen her medicine and to advise her to keep quiet and not talk any more. She settled herself in the window with her knitting, and kept up a soft purring conversation with Cecil, till she observed a decided tendency in Helen to fall asleep, as she lay there very quiet and with closed eyes, so she rose softly and beckoning to Cecil they left the room together.

'She has taken her medicine, and a little sleep is the best thing for her,' she said, when they were outside the door. 'That will bring her skin into a proper state, and then if she keeps quite warm in bed and does not get the least bit of a chill in any way, she will soon be better.'

'Oh, yes!' said Cecil, gaily, 'she will soon be better, she must now, for her cold has lasted so much longer than colds usually do that it must come to an end very soon.'

When left in the school-room alone, Cecil suddenly recollected that she had not finished Tupper, and that this was the evening on which she

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would be called on to produce that charming exercise. She was forcibly struck by the incongruity of all things human, as she sat down to complete her task on the day of the week and within a few hours of the time when she would be making her escape through the conservatory to join Juliet in the road outside, and she burst into a fit of actually hearty laughter, though she had nobody with her to enjoy the joke, at the thought of what her uncle's feelings would be if he had the most distant idea of what she was going to do.

After she had recovered from her amusement, she tried to write her French translation but found it so hard to attend to it, that she hurried it and wrote much more carelessly than usual. She was not at all sorry to be interrupted when the maid brought in a note, saying a boy had left it, who told her he had been desired to say it was from Miss Lester. She took it, however, rather as if she thought it would burn her fingers, and looked at it with contemptuous eyes and curling lips. It was directed in a small neat copy-book hand, such writing as she would have felt justly belonged to Adela, only she had received a note from her before and knew this was not her writing.

'I suppose it is her sister,' she said, 'she has directed it for her or else the note is from her. What in the world can make either of those girls write to me?'

The note inside was in the same neat writing, and when she saw it began 'Dear Cecil,' she threw it indignantly from her. 'What impertinence, she said, 'what vulgarity! "Dear Cecil"—to me! I could hardly have believed it—however I am wrong there. It is *just* like them, just exactly what I should have expected.'

Then she took up the note again and read as follows:—

'Dear Cecil,—Then, at half-past ten, your friend will wait at Ivy gate, expecting you faithful and true, to lightly trip and shyly slip like timid mouse out of the house, with cautious care by private stair, and through the door used long before, by that old man who made the plan, to form and shape a perfect grape. Why give the praise to former days? 'Tis far more sweet a friend to meet, and join the throng that flies along, by happy chance to midnight dance, then 'tis to make, for eating's sake, the finest fruit. That man's a brute who would dispute, these words acute. So Cecil, dear, dismiss all fear. If by and by reports shall fly, and Uncle James condemns or blames, you need not mind his words unkind, nor heed reproof beneath his roof; for you and I will ne'er say die, but hand in hand will faithful stand, and heart to heart will fun impart. So don't forget your

'Juliet.'

It would have been worth any one's while to see Cecil when, after a moment's utter bewilderment, she found that the letter was from her friend. The anger and contempt changed into delight, and then as she recognised the rhyming element in the composition, she gave quite a little scream of amusement, turned back to the commencement and beginning it over again read it aloud with emphasis and expression. Then she laughed gaily, and read it through again. 'There is nobody like Juliet,' she said, 'nobody at all. I am sure Helen will be charmed with this, though she is so tiresome about the ball, and I think it will somehow

make her see what an easy, simple sort of thing it after all is. Why give the praise to former days indeed! Certainly my use of the private way will be something better—is for a higher purpose than grandpapa's. Every generation ought to improve on the generations that went before it, and I think as my clever Juliet has observed that that *is* the case here.'

With great difficulty Cecil turned her attention from the note, its writer, and its subject, to scramble through the remaining half-dozen lines of her Tupper.

She congratulated herself on the fortunate chance that caused Mademoiselle's absence from home. She did not think she could have been of any real use to her, and there was the danger of her turning traitor at the last, and the certainty that if she did not do so, Cecil would sink deeper into her power and increase the load of obligations to her, which though she had no leisure to think about them, she had an instinct might, in the dull days *after* the ball, become disagreeably heavy. She had a strong suspicion that Mr. Vaux's knowledge of French was not sufficiently great to make him criticise her Tupper without having first politely requested Mademoiselle's opinion. She thought he would put it in his pocket and tell her loftily that he would look over it at his leisure, and that she should hear no more about it till the next evening after it had been submitted to the Frenchwoman, and this was another reason for rejoicing in Mademoiselle's absence.

She found that her ideas on this matter proved amusingly correct. It all happened just as she had expected. Mr. Vaux stiffly congratulated her on her punishment being over after he had pocketed its fruits, said he had no doubt that it would prove of some use in the formation of her character, and recommended her for this one night more to seek her room earlier than usual, in order to meditate on the past and resolve for the future.

Very glad indeed was Cecil to avail herself of this permission. She longed with restless impatience to be upstairs with Helen, or alone, and never before had her uncle seemed to be so disagreeable, her aunt so languid or the family circle so dull.

At last the moment of release came, and Mr. Vaux in a very marked manner saluted her and called upon his sister to do the same. 'I am happy,' he said, 'I have no hesitation in saying, that I am happy in returning to the former custom, and in announcing that the week's probation is at an end.' Aunt Flora gave her a little congratulatory hug and squeeze hurried in under the cover of the formal kiss, that irritated Cecil even more than her uncle's solemn words. She escaped hastily from it all, and only breathed freely when she found herself safe upstairs in her own room. She ran at once to Helen and found that she had again fallen asleep. The room was warm and Helen looked better and comfortable. The doctor's remedies were taking effect, and the internal irritation was gradually being subdued. Cecil did not understand

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anything about that, the ways and means of illness and remedies were beyond her, but she could see that Helen was really better and she rejoiced at the sight.

She sat down by the bedside and resolved to remain there till it was time to dress and the house was still and quiet, so that she could venture to begin that delightful occupation. She hoped very much that Helen would wake first, as she could hardly believe it possible notwithstanding all her doubts and fears, that when the moment had actually come she would refuse her sympathy—Helen's sympathy which had attended every step of Cecil's life, and without which she now felt almost with surprise the happiest step would be incomplete.

Helen, however, slept calmly on, and, ten o'clock striking, Cecil felt that she must leave her; but as she rose from her seat Helen opened her eyes, and, looking earnestly at her, said, 'Don't go, Cecil,' just as if she had not been asleep at all.

'But I must,' replied Cecil, smiling; 'you have no idea how late it is.'

'You are not going to the ball?' cried Helen. 'You can't mean to go; it is not possible. Promise me, Cecil,—it is really wrong—promise me that you will not go.'

'You are dreaming,' was the reply; 'you don't know what you are talking about. Nonsense, Helen, go to sleep; do you know that it is bed-time? Do you intend to keep me up all night making you promises? Good night, silly Helen; go to sleep, and don't talk nonsense.'

Cecil kissed her lightly as she spoke, and Helen warmly returned the caress, fixing wistful, anxious eyes on her as she did so.

'Promise me, Cecil, promise me,' she repeated. But Cecil ran gaily out of the room without another word.

When she found herself in her own room she clapped her hands and looked round about her, saying, 'It has really come!'

She opened the press in which her dress hung, and, taking it out, laid it on the bed. She fetched all the different articles from their different drawers which were required to complete her toilet, and placed them together by the dress. Then she stood and looked at them and laughed a little, but rather low, as if she fancied her gentle girl-laughter might be heard all through the walls, doors and passages that divided her from the rest of the house. A few minutes more and she was in her dressing-gown, performing her ablutions and doing her hair. (Cecil had a great quantity of pretty brown hair, and it gave her a great deal of trouble now to plait, twist, and loop it up into a fashionably-dressed head.) This took her a long time, and she began to feel anxious that these preliminary steps, which did not afford her the same pleasure that they would have given to a vainer girl who was thinking about being admired, and of the impression that she would produce, were over, and that she was by Juliet's side in her carriage, flying along as fast as

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Juliet's horses could take her. She missed Helen greatly, knowing how her nimble ready fingers would have assisted her in fastening and arranging her fluttering dress, and fixing the flowers properly in her hair. Even Mademoiselle, though her absence was in other ways a gain, would have been of incalculable use here. However, as we have said before, Cecil was neither fond of dress nor vain. She did not care in the way that many girls would have cared, and she consoled herself with the reflection that if there was anything wrong about her, Juliet would make it all right, and settle everything better than anybody else could before they went into the ball-room.

At last her toilet was finished, and, standing before the looking-glass, she hoped she would do, and thought, with a little blush, that she certainly did look nicer than usual. She wished that Helen could see her, but did not dare seek her room for fear she should again try to dissuade her from going, and she sincerely hoped that she was asleep, and would not on any account have awakened her. It was twenty-five minutes past ten, and Juliet had promised to be punctual, as it would not do for Cecil to be shivering alone in the cold at the Ivy gate. 'I must go; I may go,' she said in a whisper. 'It is not only the day; it is not only the evening; it is the minute!'

She slipped softly out of their little suite of apartments and listened breathlessly at the top of the back stairs to make sure that the servants, obedient to the laws of the house, had long since sought their beds. She listened, and there was not a sound, or the ghost of a sound. It really seemed as if she were the only person awake or up in the house. Some lines from Helen's favourite poem floated through her mind, and made her feel that *she* ought not to blame her if she really absolved Fair Margaret from blame. Had they not done much the same thing, except that Fair Margaret took action early in the morning, and she late at night; and Fair Margaret went forth to meet a lover, and she a friend?':—

'Why does Fair Margaret so early awake,
And don her kirtle so hastilie,
And the silken knots that in hurry she would make,
Why tremble her slender fingers to tie?'

Here Cecil laughed as she remembered the difficulties of her own hurried toilet, and looked down on her ribands and flowers:—

'Why does she stop and look often around?
As she glides down the secret stair,
And why does she pat the shaggy bloodhound,
As he rouses him up from his lair?'

Cecil was creeping down stairs now, and was amused to remember how Juliet had proposed to poison Ponto:—

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'And though she passes the postern alone,
Why is not the watchman's bugle blown?'

It was fortunate for Cecil, she thought, that there was no watchman in her case to blow a bugle, or, as she had no foster-father and therefore he could not be his son, the bugle would undoubtedly have been blown.

These reflections and quotations brought her to the foot of the stairs. She hastily passed by the offices, the passage and the conservatory, and, reaching the door, put up her hand to take down the key from the nail, but—

THERE WAS NO KEY THERE.

The blank dismay, the stunning disappointment of the moment can more easily be imagined than described. She stood as if she had been turned into stone looking at the door, at her hand, at the empty nail, and then she uttered a low wail of grief, and, seizing hold of the door, shook it in impotent despair. Shook it? yes, and opened it: the lock yielded in her hand, the door was open—through some carelessness it had been left unfastened.

She hardly realised her good fortune at first, but stood still, silent, and staring, almost as much confounded by the open door as by the belief that it could not be opened. Then, recovering herself, she prepared to glide through, but at the same instant a white figure rushed out from behind some flowers, where it had been concealing itself, and, catching hold of her, cried, 'O the door *isn't* open, and I have *stolen* the key!'

In fact, poor Helen, little dreaming of such carelessness as an unlocked door in her father's house, after lying in bed very miserable for a long time, wondering whether Cecil really meant to go, and lamenting over her incapacity to prevent her, suddenly thought she would settle the question by running down-stairs and stealing the key herself before Cecil had finished dressing if she was so daring as to really mean to go. She had thrust her bare feet into slippers, and wrapped a shawl round her, and carried out her plan with triumphant success, as ignorant in her youthful inexperience, as Cecil, of the danger she ran in doing this. But she was almost too late. Helen had not a rapid invention or a lively fancy, and the bold idea of taking the key occurred to her only just before she executed it, and not till after she had been plunged for a long time in melancholy, anxious reflections; and the consequence was that Cecil, always quick, eager, and animated, was dressed and descending the stairs while Helen was actually taking possession of the key. She heard Cecil coming, and, knowing that return was impossible, hastily concealed herself as best she could, and watched, with breathless, beating heart, her cousin's proceedings. She hoped to have returned undetected to her room, and not to have confessed her faithful treachery to Cecil till the next day, but the unfortunate fact of the door being unlocked defeated all she had done, and brought her out of her hiding-place to cling to Cecil's arm, and entreat her not to go with the most piteous entreaty. As she did so, the key fell from her hand to the ground, and Cecil in a moment made herself mistress of it.

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'O you naughty, naughty Helen!' she cried, too much pleased by her success—too much relieved to find the dreadful disappointment was *not* to fall on her to be angry, or to scold; 'how can I ever punish you enough? Go back to your bed, you bad child! And would you really have had the heart—would you really have had the heart to prevent me? I never would have believed it of you, never. Go back to your bed, you will make your cold worse and be there for another week, you will indeed. Don't I look nice?' (opening her cloak to show her pretty dress, and pointing to the flowers in her hair.) 'O Helen, you will have made me late; I shall have kept Juliet waiting; and suppose she is not able to wait, thinks I have failed her, and has driven on without me!' And in the agony of fear caused by this thought, Cecil ran through the door without another word or thought to Helen, and, closing it in her face, locked it, and deposited the key on the stone outside to be ready for her return. Pursued by the idea that Juliet might have given her up and gone away, and finding herself on the asphalte walk in the garden, she ran on and on. She has reached the Ivy gate; she has passed through it; she is in the road; she looks up, she looks down; she looks to the right and to the left, and straight before her, but no carriage is there.

She felt as if she were in a horrid dream from which she would give worlds to awake, and from which awakening was impossible.

'I am too late, and she has gone on; she thinks I am not coming. Helen, Helen, I will never forgive you!'

And as the audible lamentation passed her lips, she heard a rattling sound in the distance, and the next moment Mrs. Wyndham's carriage dashed up, halted with a great crash, as carriages do when driving fast, stopped suddenly, and the footman jumping from the box placed her inside, ascended his seat, and they all dashed on once more. It was only the work of a couple of seconds and the danger and difficulty were all over—terror and disappointment had turned into delicious certainty and she was seated by Juliet's side.

She was seated by Juliet's side. Juliet free from all excitement or agitation—lovely and sparkling as ever, with her usual gay composure all unruffled—her sweet face cloudless—her eyes shining serene.

'O Juliet, I can hardly believe it—O Juliet, am I really here?' and then she poured out to her all that had happened.

'And Helen turned traitor,' cried Juliet, merrily; 'that is too bad—that is a danger we never apprehended: what a shame—what shall we do to the little dear? shall she be hanged drawn and quartered, or is that punishment too nice a one for such a heinous fault?'

'We will not mind about punishing her as she has not succeeded,' laughed happy Cecil. 'I will scold her to-morrow, and we will not mind about her offences to-night, since it has ended well. Since it has ended well! Twice to-night I despaired utterly—first when I did not find the key, and then when I thought I was late.'

'You ought not to have despaired then—that was a sin against friendship—just as if I should not have waited for you such a little while.'

'Your watch might have been different, and you might not have been able, and you might have concluded that I could not come.'

'My watch is never different, I am always able, and I never conclude anything I don't like. But now let me look at you by the light of the moon. How charmingly your hair is done, so becomingly, and quite fashionably, too; who performed on your head, Cecil? Mademoiselle, I suppose. Upon my word, I am quite jealous of her powers. If she ever gives up governessing I will engage her as my own maid.'

'You will have to engage me, not her,' replied Cecil, smiling and blushing; 'I was my own hairdresser. Mademoiselle is at the hotel with a friend who arrived unexpectedly. I dressed myself entirely, and you must look me well over, Juliet, to see if I shall do before we go in.'

'Yes, I will look you over before we go in, and I am sure nobody will overlook you afterwards. I really did not know how nice you are, Cecil; you will be the belle of the room.'

Cecil laughed at that, but she blushed too and felt pleased, because the praise came from Juliet.

'My Colonel came home. It was delightful,' cried Mrs. Wyndham. 'But only such a little bit before dinner, and then we had to dress, we had just the little bit together and did not dress till after dinner, and we were as late as we dared to be dressing, but he had to go early to see all was right; and do you know, really and truly, Cecil, it sounds silly and mawkish and namby-pamby and all that sort of thing, which I hate and detest, but really and truly, I would almost rather have stayed quietly at home with him than come off to this ball! Almost, remember I say, not quite, I save my character by the almost!'

The carriage had reached the Barracks, even the outside of which was prettily decorated with a tent-portico which caused Cecil to exclaim with admiration. The ball-room within was a mass of lights and flowers, and the walls actually concealed by flags, and bayonets, and swords. Military and naval men can always make a room look gay and pretty with little trouble and no expense, for nothing ornaments walls so delightfully as flags and swords.

Mrs. Wyndham had arrived early as in duty bound as the Colonel's wife, but her husband would not allow her to have anything to do with receiving the guests at a military ball. She was mistress of the revels, but he and three other appointed stewards stood under the tent-portico and welcomed their visitors as they arrived.

Captain Feversham claimed Cecil's hand for the first dance, and she was so glad to begin that she forgot her displeasure of the day before, and stood up with him with extreme willingness. Her youth, pretty looks, bright animated manners, and something original and striking about her that could not be overlooked, caused her to be sought by

strangers, and asked again and again after the first seeking. In one word she was very much admired, both as something admirable in itself and as something new, and if at so large a party and with so many handsome women and pretty girls she could hardly be as Juliet had prophesied *the* belle of the room, she was certainly one of the belles. It followed as a matter of course that she enjoyed herself exceedingly, and found that a ball was an even more delightful thing than she had expected. The shyness which she had felt at first left her after the second or third dance, for Cecil was not naturally shy, and only felt that painful sensation when in very unusual circumstances. She became excited and her spirits rose almost wildly and became almost beyond her own control. She had no party to belong to, and, in fact, no *chaperon* to look after her or give her any of those gentle hints so useful to girls at their first ball, for it need scarcely be said that Mrs. Wyndham could not be called a *chaperon* at all, and though always ready with a smile, a look, a word, or a laugh, when chance brought them together for a passing moment, she was far too much taken up on her own account and with her own amusements to prolong those passing moments when they came. She was as ever full of good-nature, and began by taking care that Cecil had partners, and good ones, but when she saw that the partners took care of that for themselves, and that there was no danger of her friend sitting down for a single dance, she shook her fan gaily at her, told her she was a sad flirt, and left her to her own devices.

Adela Lester looked very sweet and interesting. She did not dance so much as Cecil, and she often sought her mother's side between the dances. But she enjoyed herself exceedingly, and her serene face and quiet graceful carriage and manners, were admired by many. Especially as it appeared, by two gentlemen who hardly left her side during the early part of the evening, and with both of whom she danced a great deal. One of these was a tall dark man with long hair and immense beard and moustache which were all nearly black and left very little of his face to be seen. Cecil very soon fixed on him as a figure of fun because he was Adela's admirer, wished some one would lend him a pair of scissors to cut his hair with, and declared that she hoped she should not be compelled to dance with him.

'He just suits Miss Lester,' she said, with youthful impertinence; 'but he is not my style.'

She had not, so far, come across the Lesters at all in the course of the evening, the rooms were large and crowded, and as she had early noticed them—at least, early after their arrival, for they came very late—she was perfectly well able to avoid them and she did not think they had observed her presence. She hoped sincerely that she might escape their doing so altogether, as they would be greatly surprised, would be sure to ask questions, and might perhaps tell tales afterwards.

Captain Feversham tried to pay her a great deal of attention, and assumed a manner of mutual understanding, which at first offended, but after-

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wards, as her spirits rose, and she yielded to the excitement of the scene, amused her not a little. However, he was quite unable to victimise her by his attentions for she had so many admirers that she was far from being dependent on one.

In one of her brief happy moments with Juliet, that lady laughingly said, 'You are a little cheat, Cecil. You are perfectly at home in a ball-room, and don't require the least looking after—this your first ball! I believe you have been going to them all your life!'

'No,' cried Cecil, shaking her head, 'or I should not be so happy; I fancy it is the novelty that is so delicious. I feel that I shall never enjoy another so much as this. How could I? I remember the first time I ever tasted ice. It was strawberry-cream, and gave me a perfectly new sensation. I like strawberry-cream ice very much indeed, but it is not a new sensation now.'

'Don't moralise, Cecil.'

'No I, won't—I should like to go to a ball twice a week for the next two years of my life—is that moralising?'

And the two friends passed each other laughing, each on her flower-strewn way.

Another time Cecil addressed Juliet:

'Look at that man standing under the star of swords there—the man all hair, nothing but hair, is not he a fright?'

Juliet looked.

'No, I do not see that he is—I don't think he is. If half his hair were cut off his head and face, I fancy he would be a good-looking man.'

'Good-looking! O Juliet! and you with your Colonel to compare him to!'

'Of course he is not as handsome as my Colonel, nobody is—I don't expect it of them, poor things.'

'No, but do look at that man, he is a regular figure of fun—he is Adela Lester's one admirer.'

'I wish her joy of him, how can a civilised being come out among his fellow-creatures with all that hair about him? He is Orson with a vengeance.'

'So he is—I shall always call him Orson.'

'And Adela will be Mrs. Orson.'

'Yes, by all means—Adela shall be Mrs. Orson—he has hardly left her side all this evening.'

'He is looking at us now with severe eyes, as if he disapproved of us very much.'

'I hope he does, I am quite content to be condemned by Orson. He has just the look of a man who has been brought up by a bear.'

'And has got old Mrs. Bruin to comb his hair with her claws,' concluded Mrs. Wyndham.

Later in the evening a gentleman trod on the light fragile texture of Cecil's dress, as she was crossing the room on Captain Feversham's arm,

and saved himself from tearing it by almost miraculous activity. Cecil turned round with a smile and found that the offender was Orson. He apologised, she begged him not to think about it, and the little colloquy ended by his asking her to dance. Chaperonless sixteen-years-old Cecil was not aware that this was a liberty against ball-room etiquette, and that he ought to have first obtained an introduction to her. She therefore accepted him as a partner, upon which Captain Feversham said,

'Hullo, but that's an awful blow on me, I thought you were going to dance with me for all the rest of the evening.'

Cecil, who would have been exceedingly offended at this speech when she entered the ball-room, only laughed gaily at it now.

'You musn't throw me over, you know,' said he, 'after helping you in all your little tempers, and doing everything on the sly, and under the rose—you musn't throw me over.'

The fact was Captain Feversham had drunk enough champagne to make him a little off his guard, or he would not have addressed Cecil in this way. She was too ignorant of such things to suspect the truth, and though annoyed at his familiar manner and words, she really feared his power of betraying her, and when he snatched a flower from her bouquet, touching her hand almost roughly as he did so, she did not like to show that she was offended but permitted him to keep it, merely dropping his arm and taking the one proffered her by Orson, who was regarding with curious inquiring eyes the terms on which this young lady and gentleman stood together.

'Your cousin has spoiled your bouquet,' he said, as she tried to gather up the flowers into something like order again.

'My cousin?'

'I beg your pardon. I thought that gentleman was your cousin.'

'Indeed no, merely an acquaintance,' replied Cecil, indignantly.

'Really?' Orson spoke in a very quiet manner, and yet there was something so marked in it that Cecil looked up into his face in which (as much as she could see of it) it seemed to her that strong disapprobation was expressed. This displeased her extremely and she rattled on, thinking it good fun to shock and astonish Adela's admirer.

'Do you see that girl standing there?' she said presently, drawing his attention to Adela.

He looked, observed, and then said with a little smile, 'Yes.'

'Isn't she a dowdy?'

'I beg your pardon—a what?'

'Dowdy,' repeated Cecil, saying the word in a very slow plain way; 'is she not the sort of girl who looks out of place in a ball-room?'

'You do not intend that as a compliment,' remarked he.

'A compliment! I should think not.'

'And is she as bad as she looks?'

'Yes, exactly—though bad is not the expression. She is as goody as she looks—in one word she is simply intolerable.'

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'Dowdy and goody,' said her partner calmly, 'and intolerable—strong terms these, and the young lady is to be pitied to whom they are applied.'

'O you need not pity her,' cried Cecil, laughing lightly. 'She is perfectly contented with herself, wrapped up in a robe of self-complacency that renders her quite impervious; pity her friends, not her, or rather her acquaintances, for I don't think she has any friends.'

'Now shall I tell you what *I* think of her?' asked her partner.

'Certainly, if you like.'

'I think her the prettiest and the pleasantest girl in the room, with a modest grace about her which is irresistible.'

Cecil looking at him and seeing that he was in earnest, felt indescribably provoked. As their eyes met, she had an odd thrill go through her as if she had seen him before. He must be like some one she knew, was her thought, but her acquaintance was small and she was puzzled to think whom he could resemble.

'I think her manners quite perfect for the manners of a young girl,' continued Orson, with the same unruffled calmness in his tone. 'She is a girl one could trust.'

'That is a very odd thing to think about,' said Cecil, contemptuously.

'Yes, I suppose it is,' replied he, smiling, but only at his own thoughts, not at her words; 'the fact is I have a little sister who was a child when I saw her last and is hardly more now, but I was thinking I should like her to exactly resemble that dowdy, goody, intolerable young lady.'

Cecil found Orson quite as disagreeable as she expected Adela's admirer to be, and thought to herself that if he wished his sister to resemble her, his best plan would be to marry her at once, as a man could not choose his own sisters, but could his own wife. He is just fit for her, she reflected, they are a pair of dowdies, a pair of goodies, and it would be splendid if he was to marry her and take her away. Orson and my cat, what a delightful couple!

'You like that style of thing,' said she; 'it is nice that there are different tastes in the world, so that even an Adela Lester may be appreciated. She goes to daily services and covers books for middle-class lending libraries, and intends to be a hospital nurse. But you have been dancing with her, so she told you all about it I dare say.'.

Cecil was really talking only to amuse herself. It seemed simply ridiculous to her that Adela should be admired, and she felt a gay contempt for the Orson who admired her. It was mere idle talk on her part; she did not feel either spite or envy because one so different from herself was being held up to her for admiration. She heartily disliked Adela, it is true, and her antipathy did influence her words, but they appeared to be caused by still worse feelings, of which, in fact, she was innocent.

Orson, of course, did not understand all this, and thought in his own mind that he had on this evening made acquaintance with the most delightful and the most objectionable girl he had ever met in his life.

'You know the young lady of whom we are talking, then?' said he, 'or, rather, I should say you do not know her, or you would be aware, I am sure, that she is the last person to talk about her own good works; no—she did not tell me any of these things—we said nothing about services, or libraries, or hospitals. I hope, however, that she won't be a hospital nurse—laudable as the wish and useful as the position are.'

'And why then do you hope it?'

'She is very young; her friends ought not to allow her to take any decided step for years, and I don't think they will either, and in the meantime I may be permitted to hope that a happier fate awaits that very charming girl. You don't wish to be a hospital nurse, do you?' he added, with a sudden change of manner.

'I!' laughed Cecil; 'no, indeed, the idea is full of horror, anybody can be a nurse just as anybody can be a housemaid or a cook; education and refinement and everything else worth talking of become as useless as if they had never been; as for me, if I could choose my own life, I would be an actress—it is a glorious career, and would make it worth one's while to be alive.'

She intended to astonish him by saying this, and hoped she had succeeded.

He regarded her rather earnestly with cool disappointing eyes for half a minute before he answered her.

'Well, you are very young too,' he said, at last, 'and perhaps may be saved from the accomplishment of your wishes.'

'Thank you,' she said, laughing, 'there is little hope of my being able to carry them out. I would only be a great actress, and to be that I ought to be educating now, and what I am learning would not help me much I am afraid.'

'And what *are* you learning?' inquired he.

'To turn Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" into French,' cried Cecil, laughing, and he laughed too, though he looked at her rather curiously.

Cecil was delighted when her dance with Orson was drawing to a close, but before she had done with him she determined upon making him give her his opinion of Mrs. Wyndham. 'He is sure to disapprove of her,' she thought, 'no one who likes Adela Lester can appreciate Juliet, and just to convince myself how worthless his praise of Adela is I will make him abuse Juliet. The one thing won't be perfect without the other, and I don't want to leave his character incomplete.' So she waited till Juliet drew near, and then pointed her out to him.

'What do you think of her?' she asked.

'I have been observing her a good deal through the evening,' he replied at once, 'she is a beautiful creature.'

'And charming and admirable?' persisted Cecil.

'I have not had the pleasure of being introduced to her.'

'But you can judge—surely you can judge without an introduction—

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you can form some opinion. Do you not admire her more than you do Miss Lester? Would you not rather that your little sister resembled her?'

'No, pardon me, not at all,' he cried, quickly; 'that lady, I understand, is married, and I certainly should not wish my *wife* to resemble her.'

'Not though she is beautiful and charming?'

'No; not though she is beautiful and charming.'

'And why?'

'Because there are other things that a man requires in a sister or a wife besides beauty, even though it be dazzling, and charms, however attractive and alluring.'

Cecil had brought this on herself, she had determined to make him abuse Juliet, and had questioned him on purpose that he might do so, and now, though his censure was only negative, and he had not said and evidently could not be made to say one half that she intended, she lost her temper, and was unable to hear with equanimity this cool judgment of her friend. She might have known herself well enough to be aware that this would be the case, and that she could not hear without anger an unfavourable word of Juliet.

'Adela Lester is not fit to tie her shoes,' she cried, her cheeks flushing. 'She is simply perfect and the other is a—sham.'

'A sham!' reiterated her partner, 'and this is the way in which young ladies speak of each other, is it? Do you know it is a great many years since I have been at an English ball? and I feel inclined to say that it shall be a great many more before I go to another. I don't think they are very *nice*.'

Cecil had recovered her temper while he was speaking, and felt a little ashamed of herself. She consoled herself, however, with the assurance that it did not matter in the least. He is a perfect stranger to the neighbourhood, she thought, that chance has brought to this ball. I never saw him in my life before, and in all probability I shall never see him in my life again. What does it matter if I have spoken to him foolishly, and—as to his good opinion—I had rather not have the good opinion of a man who admires Adela Lester, and considers that Juliet would be objectionable as a sister or a wife. This last idea struck Cecil as so supremely ridiculous now that her indignation had passed away, that she could not help laughing.

Then she dropped a rather deep and mocking curtsey to Orson, who returned it by a profound bow, which, perhaps, had something of the same spirit about it which had dictated her obeisance, and the girl and man parted, each equally disgusted with the other. Cecil in another moment was rapidly waltzing with some one else, and speedily ceased to think about her one disagreeable partner. She did not care even to see if he returned to Adela's side or what became of him—in fact she did not consider him worthy of a thought.

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She looked at Adela, concealing herself behind the fat shoulders of

a wall-flower as she did so, and thought she had never seen her appear to less advantage. In Cecil's opinion she was neither well drest nor well looking. She actually, she said to herself, is drest and looks as Adela Lester should in a ball-room; it is quite of a piece and exactly what might have been wished. Then she turned her eyes on Mrs. Wyndham, and felt with a glow of delight that the same might be said of her. She was Juliet—just Juliet. She was drest and looked just as Juliet Wyndham should in a ball-room. 'I suppose it is always so,' thought Cecil, gladly, 'a sort of poetical justice attends everybody's steps and makes them appear at special moments of life, so as to realise their ideals. I am sure that it is the case to-night with both Juliet and Adela—Mrs. Orson. Yes, I am quite determined that she shall be Mrs. Orson. Orson shall marry her, and by so doing they will both accomplish the ends of their being, as Uncle James would say.

Juliet was floating easily and gaily about, the very personification of youth, beauty, and joy. She had a word and a smile for everybody, and carried around her wherever she went a crowd of worshippers. Adela was standing by her mother's side speaking with timid grace to a gentleman with whom she had been dancing. She seemed pleased and amused, and occupied by the scene in which she took a part, but at the same time no one could look at her without thinking of home, and believing that in home circles her sunshine would be brighter still. No one who looked just then at Juliet would have thought of home at all, or of anything but halls of enchantment, or of sailing down pleasure-streams in gay boats with silken pennants.

'Orson is everything we can desire,' Cecil said to her friend, the next time they met; 'he adores Adela and condemns you.'

'Does he? dear brute!' replied Juliet pensively; 'that is quite as it should be; but hush, that is he, talking with a friend; don't let them see us, let us hear what they are saying, there is no harm; people ought not to talk secrets in a ball-room.'

Mrs. Wyndham drew Cecil behind a pillar with a great pretence at secrecy and hushing. But Cecil remonstrated.

'It is not fair to listen to anyone anywhere, not even to Orson in a ball-room,' she replied. 'I don't want to hear what people say unless it is meant for me. I have been obliged to conceal things in consequence of Uncle James's misconduct, and that wretched Captain Feversham talks to me of things being "on the sly" and "under the rose," as if he and I shared some great secret together. But that is a different thing from listening, Uncle James does not force me to do that, and so I'd rather not, Juliet, if it's all the same to you,' she added, laughing.

But she could not help herself. There was a great crowd in that part of the room, and having once got behind the pillar the two girls were obliged to remain for a few minutes, and to listen to the conversation between Orson and a gentleman who had his back to them and whose face they had not seen at all. He was speaking.

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'I think I know whom you mean. Is she very pretty?'

'Well, really I don't know about pretty. Perhaps so. I suppose she is, for I remember my first impression when I saw her was of a pretty girl. But her ways and conversation quite put notions of her being pretty out of my head.'

'Do show her to me, look about for her. I dare say I can find out who she is.'

'I don't see her anywhere just now. But you need not be afraid. She will appear. She is the sort of girl who is everywhere.'

'A regular hackneyed ball-room belle.'

'I don't know about that. No, no. I don't say that. She is very young, and not hackneyed, thinks and speaks a great deal too much for my taste; but she is a type I suspect of the modern young ladies who did not exist when I left England, and whom I find I don't admire!'

'What sort of a young lady is she? You know I am as ignorant as you are, and I know nothing of these modern young ladies.'

'You have your sister; you are a happy man, with a perfect type in your own home. May it please God that I have as much cause to rejoice when I see mine! But *this* sort of girl is familiar with every man she knows, and envious of every woman.'

'What a horrid sort of girl she must be.'

'There, do you see that fellow there?' pointing to Captain Feversham, 'she was on terms of the closest intimacy with him. Some secret between them, and he snatching her flowers and she allowing it; yet she told me quite coolly that he was a slight acquaintance. And when I admired a girl whom anyone who has ears and eyes *must* admire, her spiteful remarks were quite melancholy to hear.'

'Perhaps, however, each were special cases: the man might be a special admirer and the girl a special rival. Did she admire none of her own sex?'

'Only married women.'

'Well, you do not seem to have been fortunate in your partners.'

Here Cecil and Mrs. Wyndham were enabled to pass on, Cecil with flushed cheeks and haughty sparkling eyes. She was too young to be able to laugh at the remarks she had heard applied to herself, and although she told herself over and over again that she despised them, and that she still more despised the man who uttered them, the fact that they had been uttered made her feel extremely uncomfortable. She glanced at Juliet to see what she thought about it, but Juliet's fair face was serene and joyous as ever. She laughed when she found Cecil looking at her, and said—

'What severe judges men are! I can fancy I hear my Colonel condemning just in the same manner a girl he did not *approve*. What a mercy it is he approved *me*, but *why* did he, I wonder?'

It was evident that Juliet had not the most remote idea that it was Cecil's character and conversation they had been hearing canvassed, and after a moment's reflection, Cecil found it would be so much pleasanter not to enlighten her that she held her tongue.

Immediately after this she and Mrs. Wyndham were both dancing again, and Cecil endeavoured to forget the unpleasant remarks she had heard made about her in the charming excitement of the waltz. She knew that these remarks were not just, and it did not occur to her that her behaviour had been such as to lay her open to no other construction. Though both proud and refined, with delicate womanly instincts which had made her keep Captain Feversham at a distance, and condemn Mademoiselle for her familiarity with him, yet circumstances had given him a sort of power over her, and entitled him to assume a manner which she was unable to repel. These circumstances were simply the concealments and the disobedience which she had been practising for the last few weeks. Then, again, the dislike, entirely without foundation, which she had allowed herself to feel and had even encouraged for Adela Lester, made it natural for her to speak of her in a manner that might be mistaken for jealousy, and the irritation she felt at her being admired looked more like jealousy still. This dislike could never have assumed the proportions it had, if she had not been for ever comparing her with Mrs. Wyndham, and for ever shunning intercourse with her in order to enjoy it with others, and but for her disobedience she would not have known Mrs. Wyndham at all. But all this never entered Cecil's mind for a moment, and it never occurred to her that Orson was neither uncharitable nor unjust, and that it was entirely her own fault if he had made any mistakes about her.

Colonel Wyndham asked her to dance, which pleased her extremely, though she felt a little fear that he might question her as to whom she had come with. She need not have been afraid. He was very happy to see her there, but it never occurred to him to wonder how she came. Men, especially men of a superior type, are very convenient beings to practise little deceptions on. He congratulated her upon her appearance at her first ball, and asked her how she thought Mrs. Wyndham was looking, listening with pleased attention to her enthusiastic replies. After which he talked to her on general subjects, and so agreeably that she was quite confirmed in her preference for married men over single. She made him look at Orson and asked who he was, but he did not know.

'Though I am one of the givers of the ball,' said he, 'I am a stranger in this part of the country, and I don't know who half the people are. That man is unknown to me. He is a remarkably fine-looking fellow though, and only wants a tailor and a hair-dresser to make him a handsome one.'

'Is he?' replied Cecil, 'I think him hideous.'

Colonel Wyndham laughed. 'I assure you he is not hideous,' he said, 'he is only badly dressed and his hair wants cutting."

'But I have danced with him,' cried she, 'I have talked to him, I have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and his mind is as badly dressed as his person, and its hair wants cutting as much as the hair of his head.'

Cecil's lively originality amused Colonel Wyndham, and he now asked her rather slyly if she had taken any *very* early walks lately. She blushed

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but hinted that there was no occasion so long as Mrs. Wyndham looked as she did to-night.

Then some remark the Colonel made led Cecil to think that if his brain had entered into the consideration at all of how she came, it had reposed itself on the conclusion that it was with the Lesters, and he spoke a few words of praise of Adela's appearance and manners to-night as if he was sure she would agree, and was under the impression that they were intimate friends. She could not imagine what made him think this unless it was that she and Helen had been with the Lesters at the Penny Reading, and that he had blamed Juliet for separating them from the friends to whom they had been intrusted.

'Is your cousin here to-night?' he asked.

And Cecil blushed while she said that Helen was confined to her bed with a bad cold. She blushed because she felt that she was giving a wrong impression, and that Colonel Wyndham would conclude that she was stating the reason why she was not there. In his inmost mind Colonel Wyndham wondered a little at a sensible, particular man, such as he believed Mr. Vaux to be, over-strict as his wife assured him he was, allowing so young a girl as Cecil, who he knew was still in the school-room, to attend a large military ball like this. He did not approve of it when he began to think about it, and he came to the conclusion that it was just as well for the very youthful-looking Helen that she was in bed with a cold instead of waltzing round the lighted ball-room with his young officers.

He and Cecil stopped dancing and stood opposite the door of the room that opened into the portico. They were not aware when they paused that they were standing close to Orson, who had been dancing also and was resting for a moment. When she saw who her neighbour was she immediately spoke to him, with an arch look first at the Colonel to draw his attention to who it was. She merely asked him if he had been dancing with Miss Lester again, and she merely said this because she could think of nothing else to say. Before he could reply, a little bustle appearing to be taking place in the portico now attracted their notice to it, and Orson's partner inquired who the old gentleman in a great-coat, who seemed inclined to make his way in through the inner door, could possibly be.

He looked and gave a great start.

'How very extraordinary,' he exclaimed, 'it is my uncle!'

Cecil looked also when he said this, and gave a greater start still.

The old gentleman in the great-coat was Mr. Vaux.

'Impossible,' she cried, hardly knowing what she said in the consternation of the moment, and answering more to the sound of the words he spoke than to any meaning attached to them. 'He cannot be your uncle, he is mine.'

Then he turned hastily towards her, and regarded her very earnestly.

'O,' he said, 'I hope not!'

(To be continued.)

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A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER XX.

TEDDY TO THE RESCUE.

Maggie met Rose at the schoolroom door: 'Oh, do you know, there is such a fuss going on, you never heard anything like it before—but stay, shut the door, we are to be very careful, for the Fräulein says it would just kill Mamma if the least breath of what has happened got to her room. The Fräulein is in a state of mind.'

'What is it?—no one hurt, I hope—nothing really wrong?' cried Rose, dismayed at the thought of the serious consequences a very small mishap might occasion on this particular evening.

'It is all through Florence's obstinacy. She has gone and lost herself,—so stupid of her! She would go to church this evening without Anne or me. I told her she ought not to go out as Anne was busy, but she would, and she has actually never come back again, though it's long past six and the other people have left the church long ago. I watched them out of church, and when Florence did not come home I told the Fräulein, and she sent Anne to Mrs. Fanshawe's, and now she's gone herself to search the square and the main road. Is not it odd?'

'It's dreadful,' cried poor Rose. 'Oh, how I wish I had never asked her to write and post that letter.'

'What letter?'

'A letter to Aunt Rachel. Oh, can she have gone to Russell Square to take it herself? How soon I wonder can we get her back? Maggie, Mamma wants to see us all after tea, and she is very ill to-night; and I really do think if there is a fuss, and if we have to tell her that Florence is not in the house, and that we don't know exactly where she is, it will kill her. How could Florence do it?—how could she?'

'Well, I believe her obstinacy about going out alone had something to do with a letter. She was reading one over and over all lesson time, and when I asked her to show it me, she scrunched it up in her pocket and turned red and pale as if she were going to have a tooth pulled out.'

'Where are Claude and Lionel?'

'Claude came in at six o'clock, just as Anne came back from Mrs. Fanshawe's with the news that Florence was not there, and had not been at church at all, for Lucy was there and had not seen her, so the Fräulein begged him to run round to the flower-shop in Church Street, for the chance of Flo's having gone there to buy Mamma a nosegay. It is not a bit likely, but it was the only thing we could think of. Rose, do you believe Florence is run over or anything?—you look so pale! What do you think?'

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'I think she has gone to Russell Square to see Aunt Rachel and show her a letter from Rose Marshall about the gold thimble, which came this morning, and which I gave to Florence to send to Aunt Rachel by post. I am not at all uneasy about Florence, but I dread Mamma's hearing that she has gone out alone, when she asks for her to bid her good-night. As it is so late, perhaps Aunt Rachel may keep her all night, and then Florence may not see Mamma again for a long, long time.'

'What do you mean?'

'Maggie, I believe we are all going to be sent away from home, that the house may be kept very quiet while Mamma tries some new remedy under a new doctor who is coming to-night. Won't it be sad for Florence if she has to leave the house without bidding Mamma good-bye. It was good of her to be so anxious to help Rose Marshall, but I do wonder at her going out without anybody's leave, or telling anybody where she was going. Can she know more about the theft of the gold thimble than we do?'

Maggie did not think this likely, and while the girls were still recalling the events of the Charade evening to convince themselves that Florence's opportunities for observation had been fewer than other people's, Claude returned to report a fruitless visit to the flower-shop, and two minutes afterwards the Fräulein appeared, looking extremely breathless and flurried, and evidently so seriously anxious, that Claude and Maggie, who had at first been inclined to look upon Flo's escapade as something of a joke, caught the infection of her fear. Rose's conjecture that Florence had gone to Russell Square was listened to with great eagerness by the Fräulein. Claude seized his cap to rush off there and make sure, but Rose stopped him. 'The most important thing of all,' she explained, 'was to guard against Mamma's asking for Florence while she was out of the house, or at all events till Papa was at hand to decide what should be told, and to comfort her if she was uneasy. To prevent this they must occupy her attention, as long as possible, with visits from the other children. Lilly and Maggie could not spin out their good-nights to cover more than half an hour, and Lionel might not be back when he was wanted.'

'Won't, certainly,' struck in Claude. 'I could not get hold of him after school, he was off somewhere before I was free; and as I know he has taken it into his absurd head that Papa won't be back to-night at all, he is sure to be precious late in coming in. Oh, what a shame it seems that two of us should be missing when she wants us. Lionel deserves to have his feet cut off, and Florence too—won't I give it them when they do come in!'

'There'll be no need,' said Rose sadly; 'if they miss seeing Mamma it will be worse for them than anything you can do to them. They'll be miserable enough without anybody's needing to say anything.'

It was settled at last that the Fräulein herself should go to Russell Square, and that Packer and Anne should be sent out in different directions in the neighbourhood, for the chance of falling in with Florence,

who might have lost her way and be straying about a few streets off, too shy and sulky to ask her way, or too much frightened to understand directions that might be forced on her by benevolent passers by, a line of conduct which anyone who knew Florence could quite credit her with.

By the time the Fräulein had taken a cup of tea, and started for Russell Square, it was necessary for Maggie to go to Mamma's room, and Claude and Rose sent her in with much trepidation, and many injunctions to refrain from hints and inuendoes of any kind.

Fortunately Maggie's pretty pink and white face seldom showed any signs of emotion, and in a negative way she might always be trusted to do as she was bid.

Lilly was more talkative and less reliable, and Claude and Rose decided that it would be best for her to go into the room with Claude, and stay just as long as he stayed. It would shorten the safe time, but that seemed a less risk than letting her go alone.

A very quiet time in the house followed Maggie's departure from the schoolroom. It seemed to Rose like a lull before a storm. She went and stood at the schoolroom window, and looked up and down the square. Oh for the sight of some one she knew approaching, Papa, or Aunt Rachel, or Florence, or Lionel! How could Florence have done this foolish thing! How could she so far have forgotten Mamma! Rose's heart ached for Florence, almost as much as for her mother. If it should be a last chance of seeing her mother—if her last act towards her mother should be to grieve and trouble her, how would she bear all the long life there might be for her afterwards? Would there be any possibility of comforting her if she brought such a trouble on herself through wilful disobedience or by the result of some secret misdoing? There must surely be some unknown cause for her present strange conduct. Could she have stolen the gold thimble herself, and be now gone to confess her fault to Aunt Rachel? Rose did not like to admit such a thought, yet nothing short of it seemed sufficient to account for her risking a disturbance while Mamma was so ill.

Maggie came back only too soon. She had been crying a little; but not more, she declared, than any one would have cried to whom Mamma had given such a long kiss, and such a sorrowful, lingering, farewell look.

It had nothing to do with Florence, and she had remembered to ask leave for Claude and Lilly to follow her. Maggie joined Rose in her watch at the window. It must be eight o'clock now, for the church bell began to ring for the eight o'clock service, and one or two people were seen hurrying across the square. The dark door-way swallowed them up, and then everything was so quiet (for this was always a still time in the square) that a faint sound of singing by and by reached Rose's ears. It made her think of a day last year when Teddy Marshall had been lost, and when her namesake had gone through the same time of waiting suspense as she was bearing now. The thought comforted her, for she remembered how Rose Marshall had been comforted; and covering her eyes for

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a minute, she tried to stay her anxious heart on Him without whom no sparrow falls to the ground, no smallest event of His children's lives comes to pass. Her mother was resting on Him to be with her in all she had to suffer, and though wrong-doing might bring its consequences and punishment, He would not leave her to bear a pang alone. Rose was beginning to understand that with Him all pangs could be borne.

'A cab is driving up to the door,' exclaimed Maggie, 'and Papa is in it with another gentleman. I wonder who'll open the door for them, and what Papa will say to everybody being out of the house at this time of evening when Mamma is ill. How are we tell him about Florence and Lionel? he will be so angry.'

'Oh, never mind,' cried Rose joyfully, 'so long as he is here to help us and tell us what to do, nothing seems to signify. I'll run down and open the door and tell him; I shall be so glad to see him, I shall not feel afraid.'

It was a little formidable, however. The Professor took a hasty alarm at the sight of Rose at the door, and from the general air of something wrong in the house, and was so much disturbed that she could hardly satisfy him on the main point, that her mother was not worse since morning. This shock disposed him to take the news of Florence's and of Lionel's absence from home, when it had to be explained to him, more seriously than he might otherwise have done.

'It is quite unpardonable,' he said, 'that these children should bring unnecessary trouble into the house at such a time as this, quite unpardonable.' They would be punished enough most likely for their disobedience, but he did not know how he could forgive them; and as he said this there was a look of stern anger on his face that made Rose tremble for the two who had brought it there. It hardly gave her any comfort, when he turned back on the stairs as he was mounting them to take Dr. Spencer to her mother's room, to put his hand on her head and say—

'You are not to blame, Rose, I am sure; this ought not to have happened, but I feel sure that you and Claude have done your best.'

Claude and Lilly came from their mother's room a few minutes after Mr. Ingram and Dr. Spencer entered it. They reported that Mamma had asked to see Florence and Lionel, but when Papa had told her decidedly she must not have any more visitors to her room that night she had asked no further questions.

She looked very much disappointed, however, and whispered to Lilly to give her love to them both, and tell them she was sorry they had not come to her earlier in the evening.

'What will they say when they hear that?' cried Rose. 'How sorry I am for them. I almost dread their coming now that it is too late to do any good.'

Yet when another hour had passed, and the evening light faded into darkness, all other thoughts gave place to increasing anxiety. What could have become of them both? Claude was summoned to the study

to speak to his father when the Professor left Mrs. Ingram's room, and after a somewhat long interview he came back a good deal disturbed and crestfallen. He had been closely cross-questioned, and had been obliged to give some details of Lionel's late conduct out of school, which his father blamed him for having concealed so long.

'Not that I mind *that* so much,' said Claude to Rose, 'because by-and-bye, when I tell Papa I held my tongue only because I could not vex him just now when everything is so miserable, I know he'll forgive me; but he blames himself still more than he blames me, and says he has been neglecting us and not meeting his trial in the right way, and he looks so unhappy I just can't bear to see it, and all because Florence is such a baby and Lionel could not be satisfied with anything short of running after that fool of a Jim Packer. Well, it will all come out now, for Packer is sent for, and he will have to rout out the two of them wherever they are. His reign in the house is over, you may be sure of that. It seems a pity, does it not? for Mamma likes him. He lived with her father when she was little, you know, and I don't suppose he will ever be as happy with any one else. Lionel will be surprised when he finds what a precious piece of work has come of his pig-headedness.'

'Yes,' said Rose, softly, 'that is the dreadful part of it; things are so twisted together that one little bit of wrong seems to pull such a great deal after it one never knows when it will stop. Ah, and I have observed that it is the same the other way, and that ever such a little beginning of trying to do right draws helps and rewards after it that are ever so much more than one expects, or than one ever could deserve. It is very curious.'

'And frightening too. Don't you think so?' observed Claude, in a more confidential tone than he usually allowed himself to fall into when Rose tried to draw him into one of her talks about real things.

'Well, I think it would be frightening if it were not for something else. I will whisper it, Claude, for I feel it almost too solemn to say out loud. "Even there also shall Thy Hand lead me and Thy Right Hand shall hold me." I used to be afraid of that Psalm, do you know, Claude, once, as if it were dreadful to be always looked at wherever one was, but now I think it is perhaps the most comfortable of anything in the Bible. It is as if one were told one might walk all one's life feeling as one did when one was a little child and had hold of Mamma's hand; so very safe.'

'Only if one does not feel it,' said Claude, gruffly.

'After next year, Claude, you and I shall have more helps. Mamma was talking about that this very afternoon, and she said she thought by the spring I should be old enough to be prepared with you for the confirmation in the church here. I am glad we shall be together.'

Rose stole her hand into her brother's as she finished her sentence, and as it was quite dark and they were alone, he did not pull his away, but sat silent by her side for a few minutes of grave thought—silent minutes,

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that seemed to Rose to be drawing their hearts closer together than hours of ordinary talk.

Peace, however, could not last long on that evening. The next thing that happened was the return of the Fräulein from Russell Square with the tidings that nothing had been seen or heard there of Florence. The Professor, who up to this time had confidently accepted Rose's explanation of her sister's disappearance, that she had gone to take a letter to Aunt Rachel, and who had therefore been more disturbed at Lionel's misconduct than at Florence's absence from home, was now thoroughly alarmed, and after a consultation with Dr. Spencer, set forth to the nearest police-station to give notice of the child being lost, and engage the services of the police in searching for her through London.

By this time Maggie and Lilly were both crying with fright at the notion of Florence possibly having to pass the night alone in the dark streets; and as there was no nurse upstairs to comfort or scold them, the Fräulein had not the heart to send them to bed, but let them nestle up on each side of Rose on the old schoolroom sofa, while she sat near putting in a word of comfort now and then, and encouraging Claude to talk out all the conjectures about the runaways that were in his mind. A break came, with the news brought breathlessly into the school-room by Anne and the parlour-maid simultaneously, that Lionel had been seen creeping down the area steps, and that he was now trying to get in at the back-door, which cook, with some undefined idea of being on the alert while trouble was about, had locked and bolted an hour earlier than usual that night. Claude went down to let him in, and send him to his room at once, as his father had desired he would do if Lionel returned while he was absent, saying that he was too much disturbed to see him that night, and must keep all he had to say till another morning. A hard punishment the girls felt it would be to be sent off into solitude with the bare intelligence that all his misdeeds had been brought to light, without a moment to talk out his dismay and fright with anyone; but all agreed that it was no more than he deserved. When Claude came back to the schoolroom everybody looked at him anxiously, though no questions were asked.

'Hampton races!' said Claude, shortly answering the looks. 'Jim Packer took him out that way to see what was going on along the road after the race was over, and they managed to have a row with some "Aunt Sally" people on Turnham Green and Lionel got a black eye. Nothing to signify, but he daren't come home for fear Mamma should ask to see him; so Jim took him into a public-house and they have been putting raw meat to it, till Lionel thought the swelling had gone down enough for him to slip in in the dark without anyone questioning him. It might have passed for a school-row if we'd seen and heard nothing of it till to-morrow morning. He has come home nearly as late, he says, many times this spring without anyone saying a word. If I had been paying more attention to him he could not have done it.'

'And if we had made things pleasanter for him at home perhaps he would not have cared to do it,' said Rose, penitently.

'My dear, you have done your part,' said the Fräulein, bestowing an affectionate kiss upon Rose. 'I have lately noticed your efforts to help others with a great deal of sympathy, though I have said little about it. It has been an example that will not, I think, be lost on the rest of our schoolroom party. Of course I am not in any way responsible for your brothers, and indeed never undertook anything beyond the general supervision of your lesson hours and your instruction in German, but when the heart is once interested one cannot be content with a bare fulfilment of duty. If I had seen things from the first as I do now, I might perhaps have relaxed the rules about German speaking in the evening for the sake of making the family gathering pleasanter to your brothers. Perhaps when we are all settled again we may hit on some happier plans for our leisure hours. With your father's approval I might be induced to think of it, trusting you, Rose, as I believe I may do.'

Could the Fräulein be actually acknowledging that there were things more important than speaking German?—and did she mean to say that some conduct of Rose's had opened her eyes to this new idea?

Maggie and Lilly could hardly believe it, and the astounding compliment was equally lost on Rose; for while the Fräulein had been speaking some sounds outside the house, which reached the schoolroom through the open window, wholly absorbed her attention. The area-gate had certainly opened and shut again, and there was a second ring and a loud single knock at the back-door. It was not likely that Florence should come home that way; yet from the moment the area-gate moved Rose felt sure it meant something, and when she heard voices in conversation with the servants at the back-door she could sit still no longer.

'Do let me run down and find out what is happening?' she begged the Fräulein.

'Only a call from some friends of the servants with whom they are gossiping over the events of the day, I am afraid,' said the Fräulein.

'But I think I hear Teddy Marshall's voice,' cried Rose. 'Oh, Fräulein, I must go; he knows something, I am certain, and perhaps the servants will send him away without listening to what he has come to tell us.'

'Come back at once if it is nothing then,' said the Fräulein, and with this half permission Rose escaped from the room.

When she reached the lower story the conversation at the back-door had been transferred to the kitchen. There the servants were all gathered eagerly round some one who had just entered, and as Rose came up a movement among them let her see Mrs. Marshall holding Teddy by the hand. She was in the middle of a long speech, of which Rose caught some sentences before her presence was perceived by any one of the eager group.

'That is just what I'm coming to, if you'll let me go on. Dr. Daubeny, he would have come himself as soon as the poor young lady had been put

to bed, and her dear foot bound up; but, sir, says I, I'm a mother myself, and I've known what it is to lie on a sick-bed and worrit about my children; and if there's anyone that ought to take the news to the poor lady, as it might prove the death of if not broke gently, it's me—seeing that my boy Teddy was the one to help the poor thing up when the omnibus wheel had as good as gone over her, and that the little dear met with the accident when she was coming to see my girl.'

'Accident!—Florence!' cried Rose. 'Oh, Mrs. Marshall, tell me about it quick!'

At the sound of her voice, Teddy ran up to her, and took her hand.

'Don't cry, Miss, the other little Miss is a deal more frightened than 'urt. Law, it ain't nothing. I should 'ave jumped up and runned away—and little Miss did walk a 'olding of my 'and, from the crossing at the end of the street where she was knocked down, and where I and a gentleman 'elped 'er up to the bottom of our staircase. Then she turns all white and trembly, and I leaves 'er a setting on the steps, and runs up and fetches mother.'

'Giving me such a start, as I don't know when I've 'ad,' struck in Mrs. Marshall, who by no means approved of having the narrative taken out of her hands. 'It was 'alf-a-gill of milk I'd sent 'im, Teddy there, to fetch, in our biggest white jug, for I won't deny that the brown one 'ad a sup of beer in it for father's supper; and when he runs in panting you may believe me, it was my big white jug I thought of first. Teddy, I said, speak the truth, if you 'as been and broke the jug—for, says I, a lie is what I can't a-bear; and instead of answering, he seized 'old of my gown and dragged me down-stairs, and it was not till we'd got to the first landing he could bring out a word. "It's a young lady that wants you, mother," says he at last—"a little lady from the 'ouse where they give me a music-cart and chicken for my dinner"—for he's never forgot that, I can assure you, Miss, or given up talking about it. So then I ran down to the bottom of the house, and there was your sister, poor little dear, sitting as white as a sheet on the lowest step, and Mrs. Chapman 'ad come out of the kitchen, with one or two more, to look at 'er.'

'Oh, poor Florence!' cried Rose; 'but was she very much hurt? What had happened? Do tell me, please, as quick as can you!'

'As to what 'ad 'appened, Miss, you must ask Teddy, for I've never rightly made out whether it were an omnibus, or a man carrying a ladder, or a party of drunken men coming out of a public-house, as knock'd your sister down. Some said one thing, and some another, and I 'aven't 'ad time yet to ascertain; but as for 'ow much she's 'urt, Dr. Daubeny would not let me set out till the surgeon as was sent for 'ad seen 'er; for, says he, you'll only make 'em more anxious if you run off with half a tale, and I am to say that there is no bones broke, only a badly-sprained angle and a bruised back, that will maybe keep the poor little lady in bed for some time, but that won't have worse consequences, the doctor opes.'

'But how did she get to Dr. Daubeny's house? What made you think of carrying her there?'

'She told me it was there she was going, when, on getting out of an omnibus that had brought her from this end of London, she took a wrong turn, and wandered about till she was knocked down at the corner of our street, just as Teddy was passing by. He knew 'er in a moment, bless him! he's that sharp is my Teddy; and seeing a crowd getting about 'er, and 'er ready to cry, he comes up and says he, "Come along to mother," for it's mother always with 'im. Such a boy as he is for 'is mother—thinking nothing can be done without me. When I see the poor little dear a sitting on the steps, as white as a sheet of paper, and shaking all over, I was ready to take 'er up in my arms and carry 'er to our place and put 'er in Rose's bed; but she began to cry as if 'er heart would break when I named it, and sobbed out that she must see Miss Daubeny. So Mrs. Chapman she ran and fetched a cab, and I lifted 'er in, and we went to the doctor's house together. I held 'er poor foot on my knee as we went, and she felt a bit easier, poor dear! and asked Teddy (for of course, Miss, he 'ad put his self in the cab along with us) if I was his mother and Rose's? and then, Miss, she told me something that 'as made my heart lighter than it's been these weeks past. I don't say as your sister was right to come out without leave, her mother being ill and all; but I do say I shall bless 'er for coming so far to speak up for my girl as long as I live.'

'Come up stairs to the school-room, and tell Fräulein von Bohlein and my sisters all about it,' exclaimed Rose, remembering suddenly that the kitchen was not the best place for explanations. 'Mamma is settled for the night and must not be disturbed, but our governess and my brother and sisters are waiting anxiously for news of Florence, and will want to hear all you can tell them. Teddy will be careful not to make any noise on the stairs for fear of awakening Mamma, won't you Teddy?'

Teddy looked a model of discretion; but cook and Anne (who did not like to lose all chance of cross-questioning the principal witness) put in a suggestion that he had better stay down-stairs and eat a bit of cold chicken that chanced to be in the larder, and a corner of currant-tart, for his supper; and though Mrs. Marshall made some faint objections and apologies for Teddy's probable appetite, the thought was too manifestly a good one to be put aside. They left Teddy established on Anne's knee, while cook searched the larder, and found the Fräulein and Claude at the school-room door, preparing to come down stairs to see what was keeping Rose so long. Rose set their anxiety about Florence at rest in a few words; and then Mrs. Marshall had the satisfaction of telling the story quite through in her own way. She had brought her narrative to the point—relating that Florence had, during their cab drive, confided to her that she was able to prove Rose's innocence of the theft of the gold thimble, and that her visit to Miss Daubeny was for that purpose—when the Professor returned home, and Rose rushed down to the hall to

bring him up stairs, to hear a third version of Florence's adventures from Mrs. Marshall. He was greatly relieved when it was made clear to him that Florence was safe at Dr. Daubeny's house; but, wearied as he was, he could not rest till he had seen her, and ascertained at first-hand that the injuries she had received were not more serious than Mrs. Marshall represented them to be. He begged the children all to go to bed, promising that news of Florence's state should be brought to them on his return; and then he again set forth in a cab, taking Mrs. Marshall and Teddy with him, to drop them at the Models on his way to Dr. Daubeny's.

What a long, long day it seemed to Rose, since she had heard Maggie's canary sing in the morning, and received that letter! She fancied when she got into bed that she had so much to think over she should not be ready to go to sleep for hours and hours, yet it was from a very decided doze that she started up to find the Professor, with a candle in his hand, standing by her bedside. He stooped down and gave her such a kiss, as her mother used to give in the days when she had been well enough to make late visits to little beds and bestow midnight kisses.

'I am glad to see you have been asleep,' he said. 'You must be tired after your exertions to-day. I came to tell you that I left Florence freer from pain and inclined to sleep, and that I have had a conversation with her that has lessened for me the pain both of hers and Lionel's conduct. It has been very bad, but I understand how it has arisen, and I hope that this crisis may be the beginning of better things for them both.'

'You will forgive them then?'

'Yes, certainly, though that does not mean not punish them. The worst punishment for their wrong-doing I cannot keep from them if I would. I can only pray that it may not come to them both in the shape of a life-long regret and remorse. Good-night, my dear little daughter; whatever happens you will always have it to remember that you have been your mother's comfort and mine through an anxious day.'

With this last word Rose could not but sleep in peace.

CHAPTER XXI.

"*Sister* is derived from a word that means *consoler*."
MAX MÜLLER.

THERE was a good deal for Rose to do the next day. The household was stirring early, for the children were all to be sent away in different directions during the course of the morning, and Rose's first business was to go up to Lionel's attic and comfort him in a terrible paroxysm of grief he fell into when his father had made known to him that he was to be sent away to Ipswich that very day without seeing his mother again, and out of the way of getting constant news of her. This too, because his father said he could not, after last night's revelations, burden himself with the anxiety of looking after an untrustworthy member of the family while his mind was so sorrowfully preoccupied. Whether Lionel's home life ended with to-day,

and he was to be sent eventually to the boarding-school in Germany where his Ipswich cousins were being educated, was, he had been told, a question for further consideration; but he had been made to feel that whatever course was pursued in the future it would be long before the confidence with which he had hitherto been treated could be restored. It could not be expected of Lionel that he should talk out his trouble and acknowledge his repentance openly to Rose, as Claude in like circumstances might have done, but it was a great proof of softening of heart in him that he sent for her to help him to pack, and allowed her now and then to come and sit by him while he rolled about on the floor of his room and relieved his feelings by vehement abuse of Jim Packer, the 'Aunt Sally' people, Hampton races, and himself for falling their victim. It was a good sign, too, that through all the half-growled, half-sobbed-out sentences, there was no questioning of the justice of his punishment, and that he did not pronounce anything a 'disgusting shame,' but his own folly in letting himself be drawn further and further into partnership with Jim Packer's secret doings.

'I thought it was a shame,' he said, sitting up at last. 'When we had been allowed to make a sort of friend of Jim, and when we had let him make himself useful to us in lots of little ways, to turn stiff all at once and treat him like a servant. I thought it a shame. I did not know then—'

'But now you do know,' said Rose, gently; 'so after this you will always believe that when Papa says a thing that looks a little hard there is most likely a kind reason for it at the bottom. Even when it is such a really hard thing to bear as this going further away from home than the rest of us while Mamma is ill!'

Lionel growled out an assent, and after this the growls died away into an occasional deep sob, as he gave Rose instructions about various treasures that were to be given to Willie in case it was decided he was not to come home again, but accompany his cousins to their horrid German school after the next holidays.

'Papa says,' he remarked in a very shaky voice, 'that one reason for sending me away is that Willie is so fond of me, and that now he shall be afraid of my example hurting him. I had better never have noticed him, I suppose, since I can only do him harm.'

'Oh no, no, he did not mean that,' cried Rose; 'and you know, Lionel, Mamma always loved you to notice the little ones. You will always be able to remember that you pleased her that way more than any of us—if——'

'Don't say it—I can't hear it—I won't hear it,' cried Lionel, dashing his head down between his hands again. 'Papa said it—oh! and I never shall be able to forget how he looked all the rest of my life. If *that* happens——'

'But we hope it will not,' said Rose earnestly. 'I can't help hoping very very much myself now that Dr. Spencer has come; and, Lionel, dear,

though you are going further away than the rest, you need not feel as if you were shut out. There is only one thing we can any of us do for Mamma during this dreadful week, and you can take part in that. Let us fix on some hours in the day when we can all join in praying for her recovery, and I will take care that Claude and Maggie and Lilly know what we settle. Then we shall be all together doing what we can for her.'

The suggestion seemed to comfort Lionel, and by the time the hours were decided on, the Professor himself came up stairs to say that the cab which was to take Lionel to the station was at the door, and Rose slipped away, not to embarrass Lionel by her presence in anything he might have to say to his father during these precious last moments.

The Fräulein and Maggie and Lilly were busy packing up school-books and work to take with them to Mrs. Fanshawe's house, where they were to spend the next fortnight, and Rose supposed she was to accompany them till about a quarter of an hour before the move was made, when her father sent for her into his dressing-room.

'My dear,' he began, hastily, 'we have not been able to keep the knowledge of Florence's accident from your mother. It is most unlucky that she has had to hear it to-day; but Dr. Spencer thinks it better for her to know the truth than that any hesitation in our manner of answering her questions about you all should awaken uneasy suspicions. She has borne the news calmly, I am thankful to say, but she has set her heart on your remaining with Florence at Dr. Daubeny's till she is well enough to be moved to Russell Square, and I have promised to send you there at once. Your mother wants to speak to you now, and give you some directions. Go in there, and don't let her see that you are at all nervous or afraid.'

Rose did not think she was, the pleasure of seeing Mamma again was so much the most prominent thought. There were some arrangements and preparations for the surgeon's visit going on in the room, but Rose would not look at or think of them. She walked straight to the bed, where Mamma was waiting for her with outstretched hand.

'My darling Rose, shall you mind going to nurse Florence in a strange house, since nurse cannot be with her nor Aunt Rachel, and I am of no use to anyone? It will comfort me to know that you are with her.'

'Mamma, how could I mind,' cried Rose, cheerfully. 'Besides, do you know I have been wishing to get to know Dr. Daubeny's daughter for months past. There is nothing that could have been planned for me while I am away from you that I should like so well.'

'And you will comfort poor Florence, my dear? I think you know all the points on which I am anxious for her. You won't let her give way to fits of crying? and if her throat should be at all bad, you will make a point of fetching nurse from Russell Square to look to it. She knows the first symptoms of a bad attack coming on, and will see the proper remedies applied. I trust you, Rose; I know you will remember all the little things I am particular about in illness and carry out my wishes faith-

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fully. It is great rest to me to have that confidence; I don't know what I should do to-day if I had not found out during this last year that I might always count on your obedience to my wishes.'

'I will try all I can, dearest Mamma,' said Rose; 'and Papa will come every day to see after us and help us, and Florence will be quite happy, I am sure, and never give trouble again after getting your message.'

A few more loving words and another kiss and the interview was over, and Rose found her father waiting outside the door to take her away.

The doctors were to come at one o'clock, and it was now twelve, so the departure had to be hurried. Claude had received an invitation from Mrs. Papillon to spend the fortnight with Walter, and was much cheered at the prospect of having his friend's society in the evenings; and Mrs. Fanshawe and Lucy were in the drawing-room waiting to carry off the Fräulein and her pupils. Lucy made great lamentation over Rose's desertion, but Rose could not cordially echo her complaints. Lucy's gay face and merry talk would, she felt, be as oppressive in one way as Mrs. Fanshawe's foreboding looks would be in another. Maggie and Lilly might, perhaps, find a medium state of spirits and hopes between the two, but Rose did not think she could have borne it. Where she was going she would not only have the comfort of a definite duty to take up her time, but, she hoped, the kind of sympathy that would be most helpful to her. Anne accompanied Rose in a cab to Dr. Daubeny's house, and during the long quiet drive Rose had time for many thoughts. How often since the day when she had first passed through those streets with Aunt Rachel had she planned occasions for making the acquaintance of the other 'young lady with the bag,' and how unlike all these were to the sorrowful circumstances under which their first interview was about to take place!

(*To be continued.*)

GETTING IN.

(*Extract of a Letter from Vienna, March* 28, 1875.)

On Easter Eve the Austrians have High Mass, and the Emperor goes in state, with a splendid procession, to his private chapel. He generally passes with the procession, all walking, through the courts in front of the palace; the consequence is that the people accumulate in large numbers to see it. But the court where they go is small, and only a certain number can get in. I was told unless I got there by 3 P.M. I should have no chance—the procession starting at 4.30 P.M. I went with an American who has been a very long time on the Continent, and his stay in foreign parts has greatly increased the 'cheek' (excuse the slang, it was the most appropriate word for the occasion) which is innate in most Americans. I proved, however, as you will see, a very good scholar of his, and entered into the spirit of the affair.

We arrived in the large court through which the procession does not pass, but which leads into the smaller one, through which it does pass, at 2.30, and found ourselves far too late, as the outer court even was densely crowded, and no one was allowed into the smaller one. 'That's a nuisance,' say I to my friend the American. 'What?' says he, with some surprise. 'Why, that we have come too late.' 'Oh, you just wait a minute and follow me.' To my surprise he assumed an air of very great importance, and of course so did I. He went straight into the crowd, saying, 'Pardon, pardon,' as he pushed the people aside, and went through them. So did I. Well, at last we got to the porch dividing the two courts, and were of course stopped from going any further by the Imperial Guard. *But*, if we were, we had by this manner got right up to the front and close to the Guard, and we were more likely to get on further afterwards than if we had, as I certainly myself should have done, remained behind.

We soon began talking to the Guard, and asked them to let us through, but it was no good. Presently we saw a most imposing-looking official, whom we heard the people call the 'Hofmeister,' and who appeared to be the man then approaching. My friend the American went up to him without the least hesitation and tried to talk to him, but he said he had no time. Presently, my American picked out one of the Guard who looked very good-natured, a young man, and commented to him on the great hardship of his case, and the want of courtesy which was shown to American citizens, and at the same time brandished his passport. The Guardsman seemed rather to take the reproof to heart, and, to my surprise, led off my friend through the soldiers and up a staircase, and he vanished from my sight.

The spirit of determination not to see an Irishman beaten by an American now rose strongly in my breast, and I determined I would get in by hook or by crook. I also picked out another Guardsman, and he told me that the people (who were present in very large numbers) would none of them see anything, as the plans were changed, and the procession would only take place in the palace itself; and he said he could not possibly let me through, as it was entirely against orders, and the other Guardsman had had some sharp words for letting my friend through.

I was determined to go, however. Just then I saw the important-looking official I mentioned before, strutting about in his scarlet coat, gold borders and buttons, white trousers, top-boots and spurs, cocked hat, and gold-headed ivory cane, and in a great fuss.

I determined that when he looked in a better humour he should have the honour of admitting me. I watched him, and suddenly, before I could be stopped, rushed through the soldiers, took off my hat to him, told him I came from England, &c. &c., and hoped he would pass me through. He was very polite, and did so, sending me through lines of soldiers, up the stairs which the American had previously trod. I arrived shortly after on a landing, and was stopped by soldiers, notwithstanding

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my vehement affirmations that the 'Hofmeister,' had allowed me to go up. I believe this great person, whom I called 'Hofmeister,' was a myth. His function was not that of 'Hofmeister' at all, as I soon perceived by the soldiers clearly not knowing whom I meant.

So I thought it expedient to drop further reference to him. I could not see the American, so I feared I was still beaten by him, and that he had managed to go much further in, so I implored the Guard to let me go further. 'Where on earth do you want to go to?' said they. This was a difficult question to answer, for I did not really know where I did want to go to; I only did not want to be beaten by the American; so I said, 'I want to go upstairs.' 'Upstairs! Why, nobody is allowed to go there at all, and you would be turned back if you did,' said he. He was a very polite and good-natured man; so I said, 'Just let me try.' He replied, 'Very well, just as you please.' So off I flew up another flight of stairs, and came to a corridor about 200 yards long, lined on both sides with the Imperial Guard; here I rushed into a nook where two or three friends of officers were, and stayed there. I still felt it just possible that the American was still in front, so I asked one of the Guard if I could not go further, and was again met by a look of astonishment, and the question, 'Where do you want to go?' Well, this time I could not say upstairs, as there were no more, so I did not know what to say, and boldly informed him, 'I want to go to the Royal Chapel.' He laughed considerably, and said only members of the Court were allowed there; so I stayed where I was, and had a splendid view of the whole length of the corridor, down which subsequently the procession came. My friend the American, I found afterwards, was behind me, and had not penetrated so far as I had.

The procession was a most impressive one. The first thing I heard was music at the end of the corridor, and on looking saw the clergy come in front singing; then came all the nobility in their regimentals, two by two. Then came the Cardinal under a canopy, with a priest swinging incense before him. Then came the Emperor, and behind him his Hungarian body-guard.

The procession was very long, and as there was only room in the corridor for them to walk two abreast, you may fancy that I could observe pretty accurately. This all occurred inside the palace, so that the people outside saw nothing; as my informant had previously told me would be the case.

ROUND THE RAMPARTS.

(*A Letter from Ceylon.*)

We live in a queer old place, Jack and I. The house we at present inhabit is one of many others inclosed within an old fort; one of the oldest in this little out-of-the-world corner of the east. Outside the square of

houses, which with their pretty gardens and verandas, encircle a green where goats, sheep and tame deer feed, the old ramparts rise frowning and stern. They are not built of stone and mortar like European walls, but with great blocks of coral turned almost black by age, and looking at first sight much more like coarse-grained wood than what it really is. Indeed, when first I saw it, I could not help thinking it really was wood, and yet felt ashamed to ask, so silly did such a supposition appear.

Between the ramparts and the outworks lies a broad dark moat. Deep and still but not stagnant, it rests under the shadow of the walls, communicating with the sea by means of two narrow passages through which the tide rises and falls, keeping the water pure, and adding considerably to its living inmates.

On the top of the ramparts there is a broad grassy level overlooking the moat, commanding a view of the sunny fields and cocoa-nut groves, on one side, and of the shining sea dotted all over with bushy islands on the other. In the early morning those fields are covered with groups of beautifully-coloured cattle let out to graze before the heat sets in. They at once remind one of Jacob's flocks, so bright are their mottled coats with every shade of red, brown, black, white, yellow, tawny and grey. The goats are the prettiest, though one can hardly tell them from the sheep, both are such shaggy wild-looking animals.

Sometimes on idle mornings we amuse ourselves with a stroll round this walk, watching the endless curiosities that present themselves to our eyes in the moat; for Jack is slightly crazed on the subject of natural history. Leaving our own veranda, we pass across the avenue to queen's house. Every out station has a 'queen's house!' Through the lofty rooms and a broad flagged passage we turn into a small inclosure shaded by a flamboyant tree the gorgeous blossoms of which look literally like bursts of flames from amongst the delicate green of its leaves. On up a pretty open staircase through a little fancy boudoir, and we emerge on the ramparts beneath the shade of a grand old banyan.

What a tree it is! One looks up wonderingly among its weird old arms, from which depend long rope-like roots, growing as they reach the earth into solid trunks, and forming suites of galleries and arches for the distance of some hundreds of yards in circumference. The crows find it a marvellously convenient nesting-place, to judge from the numbers that roost there, in spite of the snakes which also select it for their residence. I am pretty sure that the well-known attachment of cobras to the banyan is the true explanation of the unpleasant character with which the natives invest it. On one occasion, wishing to procure some very beautiful nests of the weaver bird which hung from a tree under which we had been having an evening picnic with some friends, Jack endeavoured to prevail on a native boy to climb for them, offering a reward if he would bring them down in safety. The youth, however, was not to be beguiled by all the persuasions our whole party could bring to bear on him. He declared that were he to climb the tree after sunset, and without going

through an intricate complication of prayers and ablutions, the evil one resident among the branches would choke him in his ascent, or expel him without apology with broken limbs. No wonder he declined. There is always a small temple near each of these trees dedicated to its uncomfortable deity, in which the natives kindle fires and beat tom-toms; measures which, to uninitiated ears, would seem sufficient to banish any number of mortals or immortals, whether snake or spirit.

This morning is a perfect one for our investigations, cool and grey, with an occasional gleam that lights up the water through and through. We have brought our opera-glass, and the first object to be looked for is the black nose of the old alligator, an honoured occupant of these waters, seeing there is nothing in them of more value than himself.

Jack takes a sweeping glance up and down.

'There it is.' And I see it distinctly as he hands me the glass; double speck of motionless matter out in the smooth water.

That iron nose has been the mark for more than one bullet from Jack's rifle, but though the creature writhed and splashed as if struck, it must have been uninjured, for there it is still, only more wary. Jack wanted to get the teeth, but we are very glad now it was not hurt, as it has become the honoured parent of one or more young alligators, which being at a safe distance we consider as pets in some sort.

'Come round to the sunny side,' suggests Jack; 'we can get nearer him there; but walk quietly,' he adds, as I stop occasionally to pick the sharp points of the needle grass from my feet, 'if you want to see the young one.' And with this expectation in view, we creep along under cover of the breast-work to the spot we know they frequent.

'The old one has seen us,' I whisper; as turning a corner into sight of the water again, the nose disappears, sinks, without sound or ripple, leaving not even a bubble to mark its descent. On the lower and opposite side of the moat close to the water, the breast-work is covered with a most lovely little mauve-coloured creeper like a convolvulus.

Its thick wreaths of leaves twine round and among each other weaving a firm support for the wall it clings to, and hanging down in rich tresses to the edge, its bright hues against the velvety darkness of the old wall, producing an effect to rejoice the heart of a Ruskin. Something moves. 'What is it Jack?' A sharp snapping sound disturbs the water close under the foliage, and an ugly unshapely looking bulk pokes upward biting and tearing among the delicate flowers. We cannot discern any form, and for a minute or two stare in wonderment. Jack throws a stone at it, and a heavy dark mass glides away beneath the water and is lost among the weeds. It is the other old alligator; but we never saw him at vegetable diet before.

'The old beggar!' exclaims Jack, as I look up at him and see his eyes fixed on the retreating monster. 'I wonder is the young one to be seen.' He stoops over the side on which we stand, cautiously looking down on the soft reedy bank some thirty feet below, and, following his sign, I see,

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lying at full length in the sunshine, a third. It is a young one, about five feet long, and evidently less experienced than his elders, for he has not yet heard us. How close he seems to us. We can see his great scaly back, like rock-work, and his lazy heavy-looking legs and feet spread out on the grass in a luxury of idleness. His huge head and long hollowed snout (the true family nose) is slightly raised, as if suspicious of something unseen; and his hard stony eye half-closed and fixed. He may be asleep; for it is not necessary to the animal's comfort to close either mouth or eye when enjoying his slumbers. A hideous eye it is: stealthy, pitiless, treacherous, deadly; not a muscle in his body moves; not a motion indicates the presence of life in that cruel, savage-looking form. Jack and I stand nearly as still, intently watching him; till a slight movement startles him, and like a flash of lightening he is in the water. Two or three vibrations of his powerful tail, a rush of bubbles, and he is gone. One cannot associate the idea of rapid motion with the animal's appearance, but when startled it shows how it *can* go. So there is a colony of them, and we shall waken some fine morning to the fact that our fat geese cannot be found.

There is a fisherman on the opposite side dropping his line into the water and bringing up the little, round, plump, silver things at every cast. It seems such a pity to take the little creatures' lives, when one learns to understand the capacity for enjoyment which exists in those little lives. But then we all know how good we think them on the table. I do not believe many people are aware how intelligent and affectionate in their own way some species of fish are found to be.

There is one corner a favourite spot of ours for the observation of a certain respectable pair, the proprietors of a well-ordered establishment of their own. It lies between two sides of a soft sedgy bank, overshadowed by tall grass, and floored by soft, warm, white mud. Morning after morning we have watched the master and mistress pursuing their domestic engagements. One handsome fat fellow, with brightly-barred sides like a large cowrie, is busily employed in digging round holes in the mud, about as large as would hold a well-sized apple. There is a regular suite of those little apartments, some six or seven, close to each other in a nearly perfect circle; and, as the deep ooze and sand keeps falling them in, he shovels with his nose round and round, throwing up the mud into a ridge, and keeping each hole perfectly clear. The mistress meantime takes the lighter labour of keeping watch over her partner's work, hovering about and over the little cells which no doubt contain all her earthly riches, and darting viciously at any intruder whose appetite overcomes his caution. She does not see why she should hatch young fry for his breakfast, and gives him a piece of her mind on his ribs, which alters his views to some effect.

But this morning we find the little corner deserted, and at first are inclined to think some evil must have befallen the pair, as every trace of their dwelling has disappeared. A sudden exclamation from Jack, how-

ever, whose practised eyes perceive in a glance what it takes me some moments to discover, directs mine to a sort of dark shadowy cloud moving leisurely along the edge of the bank. Ay, there they are! Closer and thicker than any swarm of bees it moves on. Myriads and ever-increasing myriads of little fish appear, as we watch them gliding among the grassy shallows; and there are the veritable pair of old fish along with them. How busy and important they look. One fish keeps a little in front of and above this apparently overwhelming family, leading them through the mossy thickets and sandy glades; while the other guards the rear, pecking, driving, darting at all officious inquirers with the impartiality of a strong and lofty mind. As the sun shines on the water the little fish look like sparks of gold and silver twinkling among the weeds; and, as Jack says, one might half fancy them to be water fire-flies. Young as they are, they already exhibit as many frolicsome propensities as kittens or puppies. Now poising in a dense mass over some dark pool; now scattering over an open space of nice clean mud; leaping, diving, sidling, and turning tails over head among the weeds, and keeping their parents in a state of gasping agitation while they pursue their pranks through their rippling playgrounds. There is a long, lean, shark-like fish hungrily haunting their tracks, though seldom approaching too near, as he has more than once received sharp intimations of maternal opinion from the brave little mother. On such occasions he has shot himself off like an arrow—a cowardly fellow. He is three times her size, and would eat her if he dared.

Here comes another acquaintance; the exact counterpart of one which Jack shot a few days ago. Talking of shooting fish, it is strange how difficult a thing it is to do. Whether the water turns the shot or checks its force, certain it is that Jack has frequently fired into a shoal of fish lying as thickly together as bees in a hive without touching one; and if perchance two or three floated silver-side uppermost, it must have been from the shock, for there was not a wound to be found. On this occasion, however, he fired with ball, and killed the fish on the spot. But we must watch our friend. On he comes from out of the deep still shadow, lazily floating into the sunshine; a sumptuous, well-fed, well-dressed individual; a regular water Dives, shining with red gold fins and tail, and opening and shutting a mouth wide enough to swallow all the little fish in the moat in one gulp. Society seems to have small charms for him though; for he glides through life in haughty exclusiveness, or at most in company with but two or three of his kind. His chief occupation seems to be in sliding sideways against the weeds, Jack says, to rub off the water-ticks from his skin; and I am very glad such a piece of pomposity has his share of life's worries.

The water is most beautifully clear and still now, and in many places we can see large bare patches like that small one in our favourite corner, over which one or two fish are sure to be keeping watch. We like to startle them away sometimes to see what they will do, and they always

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appear to have a little avenue burrowed through the weeds down which they dart, presently returning, when the alarm is past, to resume their patient guard.

The sun is getting hot now, and Jack puts up the umbrella; a real umbrella, meant for shade, though not quite so overwhelming as one I saw a few days ago with a gentleman, who looked more like a 'Puck' under a toadstool than a being of human dimensions under a sunshade. We may as well go on round the shady side, though that does not seem so favourite a resort of the larger fish. There must be plenty of small ones though, to judge from the way the pond-herons collect along the wall. There are seven now sitting in a row like jurors in a court. Others are swooping backwards and forwards like cross-examiners, just touching on a point here and there, and then rising for another dive. Jack says they catch a fish each time, but the action is so rapid one cannot perceive it. They are such pretty, gentle-looking birds; quite too refined in appearance to be so greedy. Two exquisite little kingfishers, like living jewels, dart hither and thither in the sunlight, their azure backs literally glittering with the brilliancy of their colours; and there is a large Brahmin kite circling overhead. What a noble-looking bird he is, with his widespread rich brown silken wings and snow-white head. He wheels and poises above with a proud fearlessness, turning his piercing black eye from side to side, and uttering that strange wild cry of his as he watches our movements. There he goes, sweeping off full speed, and lighting on the water's edge among the reeds at some distance, where he means to breakfast. How haughtily he stands, with folded wings and curved beak, leisurely looking out for his prey. Woe betide the poor little mice, lizards, or katoozas, if those keen eyes light upon them in the crannies of the old walls! And yet the two latter seem strangely fearless of danger; or perhaps it is boldness. They will lie perfectly still, with raised crest and tail curved upwards, in intentness of observation apparently, until one has almost stepped on them. But then perhaps they know what are and are not their natural enemies. The katoozas take the colour of whatever they rest on, so that when lying along the old wall it is almost impossible to see them. They are like the chameleon in that respect, but are much smaller, and have sharp spines down the head and back, which they erect when frightened. There is also a deep pouch under the throat which becomes inflated at the same time, giving them a very vicious appearance. They are, however, harmless little creatures, and only look objectionable, like a great many other animals which we habitually dislike.

It is getting quite too hot to stay out any longer. The dogs have wisely remained under the banyan tree, and wait our return with dripping tongues and panting sides; no doubt puzzled to think what can induce us to walk about in the sun. The sea looks blue, and calm as a lake, dotted all over with the curiously-shaped sails of the native boats.

This evening, perhaps, we shall row across to the island where Jack

won a bet by shooting five snipe, the only five it contained! Meantime we must hasten in to baths and breakfast, and then away starts Jack for his long hot day at the office. I wonder how many more he will spend there. People say he is to be removed to C——. If so, we shall have a long journey to go. Would any one like to hear about it?

WOMANKIND.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MONEY-MAKING.

This is an odd title, but everybody *does* want to make money in these days. Elder people can recollect when it would have been thought actually undignified to make any gain by any performance of a lady, and when if her talent were too strong not to seek an opening, she would have shrunk from and put aside any payment as an insult.

There was foolish punctilio in this, and it led to perplexities and awkward positions; but the whole tone of mind was a curious contrast to the present, when everybody of every rank is only trying what is the market value of their accomplishments, and all the compunction displayed in the sale and barter of keepsakes and old clothes resides in the warning—No cards.

I suppose the bazaar system first led to the change of tone, and that the ease of communication through the penny post, with the opening of literature to almost everyone, have all conduced to the present state of feeling, besides the multiplication of good purposes and of needs.

The objects vary from those of the women, who seriously wish for a profession to relieve their parents from their maintenance, through those who wish to raise money for a good purpose, down to those who only 'think it would be nice to have something of their own to spend'—nor is this an unworthy motive, if the spending be of the right and unselfish sort.

Let us put in a different category all those who have a profession, whether teaching, nursing, or any other by which an entire livelihood is gained; and speak only of that money-making which is in a manner supplementary, whether used for personal or beneficent objects.

Two principles should be indelibly impressed on amateur workers, and these are—never to sell inferior work, and never to undersell real workers, who have their bread to win.

Unfortunately, human nature does not recognize its own inferior work, any more than the Archbishop of Zaragoza did that the apoplexy affected his sermons. Whether it can command a market price is really the only test. All that comes under the denomination of bazaar work, even when disposed of in private, but which good-natured people buy when they had rather not, at some exorbitant price 'to encourage the child,' to be rid of

her importunity, or for the sake of the object, is all a sort of amiable illusion, and another form of begging.

If some new design be imported or invented, and people seek after it for its own sake, and are willing to pay for it, then the gain is probably real and legitimate earning, and it is quite fair to take full advantage of it, before the fancy shops find it out, copy it cheaply and vulgarise it.

There are things too that can only be properly done by loving hands that can spend much taste and time over them. Such are Church embroideries and *single* illuminations. These cannot any how be done by wholesale or supplied to order, and though Sisterhoods supply Church needlework, there is at this time no fear of an overstock of *good* work. For real goodness is a *sine quâ non*, goodness not only in the design and fancy part of the work, but in the plain needlework and the making-up, the prose of the matter. A chalice veil may have a lovely pattern of embroidery, but just not in the middle, and the hemming may be unworthy of Standard I. in the national school; or a cushion may be in a bright well chosen pattern but pulled all to one side; or an illumination may be rich as gold and blue and crimson can make it, but with all the letters crooked and a smudge in the corner. These are not right offerings, whether to give or to sell. Conscientious completeness, such as would be required by an ordinary employer, is an absolute duty in whatever work is done for the Church, whether to be given or sold for its benefit. Slovenly work is dishonesty, and if you expect to sell it for charity it is double dishonesty.

Perhaps we had better look first at the whole principle of 'offering to the Lord.' The Sanctuary in the wilderness was made of the precious jewels of which the Israelite men and women deprived themselves. David would not offer what cost him nothing, and the gifts his people brought, for which he gave such glorious thanks, were the wealth of a people who wore their treasures in jewels and gold. Mary's alabaster box was very precious, and the widow's mite was half her living.

No trace is to be seen here of its being good to become an importunate beggar even for a religious work, certainly not that it is well to do trivial amusing work and sell it, instead of making some personal sacrifice. Have there not been ladies who would tease their friends for shillings or half-crowns on a collecting card, at the same time that they were ordering a dress costing five times the amount the card professed to raise, and when asked why they did not buy a less expensive garment instead of taking the card, answering 'Oh, collecting is such fun.'

There is no pretence at good motives in such a saying as this, but it shows the uttermost abuse of the system. Nor have I any hesitation in condemning the cards wholesale. Mites are not mites unless they are half our living, nor do I believe that a sixpence, or even a succession of half-crowns, given avowedly because they are no sacrifice, will ever bring a blessing on a work. To ask for subscriptions from those who have some connection with the place where the work is to be done is fair and right,

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but to print myriads of begging circulars and send them round the country to perfect strangers does not seem to me to be the way to do the thing. Would it not be better to spend the cost of printing and postage on the work itself, and wait in faith and something worthy of the name of self-denial?

Is there any ground for thinking mendicancy virtuous? The Orders of Friars who began it had absolutely nothing, but had come up to the Apostolic rule of holy poverty, therefore they are no example for those who take some work on their hands, and go about begging for its maintenance. Some give out of their abundance, a mere unblest trifle to be rid of them, others, hard pressed already by legitimate calls, have to pinch one of these rather than deny the request. The example of doing and giving everything is far more likely to 'provoke to good works,' and bring in means that will be blessed than this constant asking.

Of bazaars so much has been said in other places that I will only sum up the objections in short. They are entirely inadmissible for Church building. What is given for the honour of God should be really given in His honour, not through the medium of the purchase of trifles, or still worse through the gambling of raffles. If you say you must have your Church, and the bazaar is the only way, so you *hope* it is not wrong, are you not forgetting that He Who made the fisher boy's gift feed the multitude, can enable you to raise what He needs for His house if you trust Him entirely, and do not have recourse to doubtful means?

Some bazaars have more justification—convalescent homes, orphanages, and the like, can periodically produce an amount of needlework and fancy work which with additions from friends may be very properly sold to raise the funds. To this there is no objection at all, if the sale be properly conducted, *i.e.*, in a manner that would make it entirely unattractive to the young lady in search only of diversion and flirtation. A fair price and a quiet sale, though these sound dull enough, are the only right ways of doing the thing, and the whole affair is very difficult to manage satisfactorily.

Of private sale I have already spoken. If you can make a thing worth selling, sell it by all means, as a legitimate way of assisting and giving time and talents, but avoid fictitious prices. A drawing that can be sold in an art shop, or take rank in an exhibition, is worth its price; but an ill-drawn monster that can only be sold at a bazaar, or in a basket, is mere trumpery.

Altogether there are many who would do much more for their cause by money-saving than by money-getting—by rigid economy in dress, rather than by poor performances sold at fancy prices. If they remember the penny saved is a penny gained, and use their own needles for what they would otherwise pay for, giving the price to the good work, there would be more reality and self-denial than in buying expensive materials for fancy work and giving the proceeds. Still, as before, those who can do anything really good—lace-makers, embroiderers, fancy

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knittens—or who can ride in on the crest of a wave of new fashion, are welcome to do so. Only the great thing to bear in mind is that money is not everything, and that God's blessing is.

When Zerubbabel's poor little temple was being built, God said, 'The silver is mine, and the gold is mine.' But what did He say when Herod's temple was being 'restored' in surpassing beauty, and the rich were casting in out of their abundance? It seems to me that money to be spent in ornament, squeezed by all sorts of importunities out of careless uninterested givers, who do not so much as breathe a prayer for its success, is not worth the picking up.

The ways in which young ladies most often endeavour to obtain money are illustrations and literature. Their drawing needs to be of a very superior order to be of any use for the first. It is a great pity that they do not really study drawing more—real, good, artistic drawing—before they attempt it. Hundreds of girls can do figures with a pretty expression and a good deal of feeling, which look in the pencil or pen and ink of the first sketch as charming as they can desire; but when subjected to any process for repeating them, come out with none of the air of the original, only with its big head, impossible legs, and dolly fingers. Why? Because the designer has never really learnt to draw, or her eye would never have endured the disproportion which is the ruin of her sketch. In general, therefore, ladies' attempts at illustration are received with distrust by publishers, and the work falls to people who do not seem to read the tales they are employed upon, or else whose sole idea is to represent a man and woman hand in hand, in the very acme of the last fashion. If ladies would learn thoroughly to draw before they attempt to design, they would be really valuable, bringing their refined and devotional feeling to bear; and they would also be valuable to struggling magazines, breaking down from the impossibility of getting good 'pictures,' or of getting on without them. But how often does the old proverb need repeating—'Nothing is worth doing at all that is not worth doing well.'

Lastly, the gains of writing come into account. These generally do depend on their own merits. A very brilliant name may give a lift for once, and of course there may be a work sold favourably at a fancy price 'for' some special purpose, which is only the bazaar in another form. But magazines and publishers ultimately pay according to merit, and the difficulty is, or seems to be, the opening.

Girls hear of (generally in stories) a hundred pounds paid on the spot for a MS.; they write something, send it off, and are wofully disappointed when, if it be not declined with thanks on the spot, it is kept for months or years, and only brings in its small profit when the special original need is almost forgotten.

But is this the way to think of writing? Surely if for every idle word we speak we shall have to give account, it must be more serious still to write what will go forth to hundreds. Have we any right to write

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what people are to read, and which will, in a measure, leave a mark on their minds, merely for our own pleasure or gain, without pains or consideration whether we do good or mischief?

Of course, if a story is to be natural and amusing, it must have a good deal in it not directly didactic; but there are certain rules that each person ought to make, namely, to consider whether what is written is likely to do harm, or leave a bad impression, *e.g.*, it is not right to speak lightly of authorities, or treat governesses as natural enemies, to add terrors to orphanhood by representing unjust aunts, to connect ridiculous ideas with sacred subjects, or to excuse anything dishonourable.

Something of wit and pathos may have to be sacrificed, but better so by far than leave a mischievous impression. And be quite sure that you have something to say, teach, or tell before you write it, and then write your very best; and take real pains with your English, avoiding slipshod phrases, not for fear of being laughed at, but because it is not right not to do your best; and bad grammar is quite as injurious to your writing as bad drawing to your sketch. No one has a right to write who has not studied a good English grammar, and read really good authors enough to have learnt to avoid the disgraceful blunders that meet us in half the children's books, and many of the novels we take up.

Observe, wanting money is not a sufficient reason for writing. It may be a full reason for selling a yard of lace, but not for selling a sheet of words, which are living things, and have an effect. If they are poor, weak, silly, ill-expressed sayings on some sacred subject, sentimental raptures, or unreal, unnatural stories, they do harm, by weakening the cause, and helping to make it despicable in the eyes of the enemy. And, alas! in literature necessity is not the mother of invention, and very few can write worthily who only write, or at least have begun writing, from desire of the payment.

No one can tell whether a talent be an available one without the impartial public judgment, marked by success or failure—can tell at least while the newly-hatched bantling is still dear; though in after years the causes of failure become laughably evident. But if there be success, and the ear of the public be gained, the responsibility is increased, and the rule of only writing as a Christian, with the glory of God in view, needs to be kept in mind, among the temptations to win a wider circle of readers, by keeping principle out of sight.

Authorship must never be viewed as a mere trade for gaining money, apart from the duty of keeping the works themselves up to a high, pure standard that may benefit, not degrade the readers.

I say all this because dabbling in authorship is so universal an experiment in these days, and one that often meets with a certain amount of success, which in the long run depends on power and ability; for if an author cannot write in a style to command popularity, no advantages of connection or introduction will avail after the very first. People will only read and buy what they like.

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It is unfortunately more difficult to make an immediate profit of what costs more pains and labour. A translation is seldom acceptable either to a publisher or a magazine, and here let me hint that everyone thinks nothing so easy as to translate, whereas, nothing is really so difficult. People who can write original sentences quite fairly, entirely fail to see when they are importing a foreign idiom bodily, or failing to render a word. They will call the French navy the marine, and make a German hero childish when he was only childlike. A real comprehension of the niceties of each tongue is required, and in general each phrase requires not to be translated word for word, but to be thought out and reconstructed in English. To translate is most excellent training for oneself, and an employment very advisable for those under any pressure which makes easy occupation of the mind desirable; but it is not often that it will bring in much remuneration, or indeed any, save under exceptional circumstances. But why must everything be done for gain instead of for culture?

Studies of history, bits of biography, and the like, are most useful to the worker. Indeed, I do not believe that much good original work can be done without such studies to fertilise the mind, but they need to be very well and thoroughly done. A life of Mme. de Sevigné must not content itself with saying that M. de Grignan 'held some office' in Provence; and many a detail that never appears must be mastered, or there will be some absurd and impossible statement. Except as magazine 'padding,' however, these papers require to be by a person of made fame, or to be very brilliant indeed to be very gainful.

Others write for some direct need in their parish or teaching. They find nothing to serve their turn with their own special pupils, and write to and for them. This generally goes to the point, and is really valuable.

But the upshot of it all is, that brain-work refuses to be properly done, if the payment be originally the inciting cause. It may become a profession and a knack, but the need of expression must in some way have been the original cause of putting pen to paper, if the production is to succeed.

And when we regret that the poor will do nothing for us without expecting a sixpence, are we not growing rather like them, when we are so very eager for gain that we cannot exercise our talents, or cultivate our powers, without a view to it, even for a good object?

Money is tempting, and seems like the whole means of doing everything, but *oneself* is a greater thing. Our means go with ourselves as part of the work, but it seems to me that there is far too much desire abroad to collect from all quarters, instead of doing *the* work to the utmost of our own powers—praying and trusting to God to bring the help, if it be His will. I do not mean that we should never ask, but I do not think it a duty; and when we are told that it is a wholesome abasement of pride, I cannot see any Scripture example of it. And I am still farther from saying that we should not use our industry or talent to earn what

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may be needed either for religious and charitable purposes or to supply family needs, but I want such gains to be sought, not in a light easy petty way by inferior, poorly-finished work at fancy prices, but by true, honest conscientious labour, neither cheating others nor ourselves, and that where that labour is literary, that we should remember that it is not simply a matter of so much writing for so many pounds, but that we are seriously accountable for the effects of the words and ideas we send out into the world.

We may be told that our novel will not succeed unless there is more sensational writing in it, and it follows the taste of the day. But may not there be some who will rise up in the judgment and condemn those who have palliated sin and made it seductive, even like Paolo and Francesca, when they spoke of the romance of Lancilotto?

And as a great consolation for those who feel the terrible heart-thrill to have no power of giving, I would say that one's heart, one's prayers, one's personal labour are far more than any material gift; nay, that there are many cases when the knowledge that gifts come from an abundant store only leads to that careless daintiness which is apt to be resented as ingratitude in the poor, whereas they really and justly esteem that which is afforded to them by the efforts of one little better off than themselves.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XXI.—THE INTERNAL RULE.

As the External Rule of a Religious House is designed to be the standard and pattern of each day's habits and duties for the several members of the Community, regarded in their relation to one another; and as the Constitutions are devised to secure permanence and good administration of this Rule; so the Internal Rule, in its turn, is intended as the safeguard against mere formalism, as the embodiment of spiritual maxims, pointed by the lessons of practical experience, which will assist those who receive it to lead a higher life, and to realize more fully the nature of their calling and the character of the special aids they enjoy to stimulate their zeal and devotion.

Necessarily, there can be nothing new in such a Rule. It is merely a brief comment on the two great precepts of the Evangelical Law, love of God and of one's neighbour, accommodated to the special exigencies of the Common Life, and it is only so far as it has particular reference to the usages of a community and to the specific works which that community undertakes, that it differs from the religious maxims which should guide devout persons in secular life. Nevertheless, there is this practical difference, that such a body of maxims, when made part of the fixed Rule of a Society, is brought far more definitely under the notice of those subject to it than the very similar precepts in all good books of devo-

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tion and meditation are under that of secular persons, so that the excuses and palliations for imperfect realization and memory of them, which are readily allowed to these latter cannot be permitted in the case of those who have given a more positive acknowledgment of their obligation.

Thus, there is nothing mysterious or doubtful about an Internal Rule, such as might be conjectured by any who imagine that the adjective denotes privacy and concealment. The word Internal, in this collocation, refers merely to the conduct of the person guided by the Rule, and not to any secrecy in the subject-matter. All that is denoted by it is that it professes to lay down such inward principles of habitual thought as will lead to the highest mode of action, and to recommend certain devotional or disciplinary habits which affect the individual only, and not the community. Anyone may readily compile an Internal Rule by simply putting together a few striking maxims of piety, gathered from the best known spiritual writings, and adding to them some counsels as to the mode of carrying these maxims into operation in daily life. The main thing to be considered in making any such compilation is that it must be drawn up so as to address the understanding and the conscience more immediately than the emotions and the affections, in order that it may run less risk of being neglected and set aside in those seasons of coldness, languor, and depression which will occasionally trouble the most devout and zealous Christians. An Internal Rule which even seems to take for granted that religious feelings are always warm and lively, will break down whenever this is not the case, as must often happen; or if it do not visibly fail, will too probably lead to unreality and hollowness, by obliging, as it were, the profession to one's self, if not to others, of entertaining sentiments which are in fact latent, if not absent, at the time. But if the Internal Rule be fashioned in such wise that a Christian conscience and understanding cannot fail to acknowledge its power as truth, even when its power as emotion is least evident, it is far less likely to become a mere matter of routine, to which a languid acquiescence, but not a hearty consent, is yielded.

The following draft of an Internal Rule, therefore, has no pretensions to originality of any kind, nor is it taken directly from the regulations of any one Society, but is put forward as a kind of general outline, applicable to most active Communities, which may be adapted and modified to meet local needs and peculiarities. It may, if to be committed to memory, be cast into terser axioms than is here done, where the aim is to give the reason as well as the precept—

A.—*Duties towards God.*

1. The object of the whole Community, and of each member of it, is to promote the praise, glory, and love of God.

2. This object can be attained only by that conformity to the will of God which consists in likeness to Christ.

3. As Christ is the Eternal Wisdom of God, the Almighty Right Hand

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of God, and the appointed Judge of quick and dead, likeness to Him must include, besides personal holiness, the qualities of wisdom, strength, and justice.

4. All acts, therefore, whether of the Community or its members, and whether done towards God or towards man, must be done with due thought and foresight, not heedlessly; with adequate promptness, courage, and vigour, not timorously nor languidly; and with fit regard to justice, that is, to the rights of others, and not unfairly nor arbitrarily.

5. It follows that in endeavouring to do the will of God, it is necessary not only that the end aimed at should be pure and noble, but that the means employed to reach it should be pure and noble too; for though we cannot certainly forecast the final result of a series of actions, we can tell whether each step in that series is in itself right or wrong, and so pleasing or displeasing to God, and it is for that one step we are immediately responsible, not for the final event, which is out of our hands.

6. To the end that the will of God may be fully known, it is necessary to devote much time to meditation on the Mysteries of the Faith, especially such as touch on the Humanity of Christ; reading and prayer, to devout and to the loving service of all God's creatures, especially those with whom contact is most frequent, or towards whom the work of the Society enjoins special duties.

7. The first act of waking consciousness should be the dedication of one's self, of the coming day, and of all deeds, words, and thoughts therein to God, with prayer that He will guard and keep for Himself what has been thus offered to Him. Each beginning of any kind of employment should in like manner be offered up to Him, especially the recitation of offices or the perusal of Holy Scripture; and a prayer for pardon of all faults, omissions, and shortcomings should make part of the final private devotions at night.

8. Bear always in mind the continual Presence of God; and the saying, 'There is an eye which sees all things, there is an ear which hears all things, there is a hand which writes all things in the Book of Judgment.'

9. Besides the stated prayers at morning and night, and the regular offices of the Community, employ brief and secret ejaculations during the day, whether of praise or prayer, in the intervals left free by the nature of the occupation in hand.

10. The spiritual attitude should be that of confident rejoicing in God through Christ, as on the part of His children ransomed by so great salvation, and therefore religious melancholy should be steadily shunned as a mark of imperfect faith and love. True peace and joy in Christ, not a factitious and calculated cheerfulness of manner, should be sought in prayer and communion with God.

11. To make this confidence in God the normal habit of the mind, the practice should be cultivated of going to Him in every need, not for prayer alone, but for conversation, as of friend with Friend, telling Him,

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as to a human father or beloved and honoured friend, all that burdens or perplexes, and asking His counsel and help.

12. A portion of Scripture should be privately read and studied daily, apart from such Lessons as may be read in joint worship; and at least one verse daily committed to memory, preferably from the Psalms, Isaiah, the Gospels, and the first Epistle of St. John.

13. A special intention, whether of praise, thanksgiving, or petition for some grace or need, should be determined on before offering to God any act of worship, especially in the Holy Eucharist.

14. There should be a daily examination of conscience, and a more particular review at longer intervals, weekly or monthly, to note and guard against laxity and retrogression. But care must be taken not to let the practice beget either selfishly absorbed introspection or morbid scrupulosity.

15. No Sister shall of her own mere motion, and without express authorization from her Superiors, practise any peculiar devotions or austerities over and above such as are common to the whole Society, to avoid any room for the growth of spiritual pride in doing more than others.

B.—*Duties towards the Community.*

1. Although kindliness, justice, consideration, and courtesy towards others are Christian duties of universal application, yet their exercise towards members of the same Community and household is of more special and binding obligation. The closer the tie, and the nearer the contact, the greater is the duty in these respects.

2. Every occasion of being helpful and loving, without unnecessary officiousness, to those of the same Community, should be gladly seized.

3. The formation of cliques, and the dominance of favour over impartial justice, should be steadily resisted, as hurtful to the Common Life.

4. The conduct of members of the Community shall not be made the subject of conversation or discussion by any who are not officially bound to take cognizance of it.

5. In privately estimating the quality of any act done by another, care must be taken to allow the benefit of doubt in all cases, and to remember that there may be reasons, excuses, or palliations unknown to the observer; as also that one's own peculiarities and defects may jar still more upon others, and need a yet more lenient interpretation.

6. Tale-bearing must be shunned, as fatal to the confidence, peace, and affection of a household. The gain from the correction of a single fault would be too dearly bought at such a price. Nevertheless, one member who observes a fault in another which directly affects the Community, and which has escaped the notice of Superiors, may speak of it privately to the offender by way of friendly remonstrance; and in the event of its repetition, then lay it before the head of the department in which it occurs, or before the Superior, without adding any comment whatever. But this

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sanction does not extend to personal faults of manner or conduct, affecting only the individual who commits them. They must be borne with silently, and made the subject of private intercessory prayer.

7. The truest humility does not consist so often in taking the *lowest* place, as in taking one's *own* place, wherever it may be, without either pride, shame, or murmuring. And it will, besides, exhibit itself more certainly in willingness to receive suggestions and help from those in a lower grade than in submission to the directions of those in a higher position.

8. Intercessory prayer for the whole Community and each of its members, distinguishing, so far as known, their several needs, should be a part of the daily measure of devotion.

9. For the more avoidance of jealousy, it is to be steadily kept in mind that whatever work is done by any member of the Community is done for and by the whole Community, so that all the remaining members have a full share in any credit or advantage derivable from it, and that such corporate benefit is best attained by careful selection and adaptation of work and workers to each other; in doing which, it must be taken as a principle of action that those who distribute the work have chosen aright, and have acted under the Providence of God in allotting each share.

10. While members of a community should exhibit uniform courtesy and consideration to one another, all should show special marks of deference to such as are placed in authority, with fitting regard to the self-respect those should cultivate who may in their turn be called upon to rule.

C.—*Duties towards Work.*

1. Bear in mind that every piece of work, whatever its nature, is done for God as the true Master and owner, and therefore is honourable in itself by reason of the dignity of the employer; and is to be done gladly, thoroughly, and promptly, as an act of loyal service to Him, and as an honour and favour conferred on one's self.

2. Consequently, accept every change of work which may occur, as the expression of His will for the time being, to be complied with willingly and uncomplainingly.

3. Do not feel discouragement at slow progress or even failure in mastering new work. It may be designed in order that steady grappling with difficulty may strengthen faculty and judgment, so as to give more thoroughness; or it may be to disabuse the mind of an over-estimate of its own powers, and so to promote humility.

4. If, after giving a fair trial and honest effort to a new work, failure continue, and the work itself suffer;' then, but not till then, report the fact to the proper authority, and abide by its decision as to continuance or relinquishment.

5. Never stop to argue the point. Do the work first, and argue about it, if necessary, afterwards.

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6. Be strictly and solicitously punctual in all work which has to be done at a given time. Because (*a*) it is part of God's service, and He should not be kept waiting the convenience of His creatures; and (*b*) it is part of the duties of truth and courtesy, due to all men, to keep the appointments made with or on behalf of others.

7. Do all work as quickly as is consistent with doing it thoroughly well. But if the two be incompatible, put thoroughness in the first place.

8. Make God, through prayer, the Helper in every work, and in every stage of the work.

9. If sent alone to superintend any work, feel no discouragement or depression at the loneliness or difficulty, remembering the union of the whole Community in prayer and work with each of its members, and still more the abiding Presence of Christ with the most isolated of His faithful.

10. After a definite break-down and failure, take the matter to God, and begin again, if the work be capable of renewal, and no summons elsewhere be given.

11. So far as may be, when engaged in work, join spiritually in the prayers of the Community at the stated hours, especially at the time of the Holy Eucharist; but feel no distress or anxiety at the interruption or suspension of times of prayer by the requirements of work, remembering that work for God is itself an act of worship.

12. While shrinking from no really needful toil or exposure in God's service, avoid all unnecessary risk and exhaustion. And that for two reasons. First, God has intrusted only a certain quantity of health and strength to each person, and that must be husbanded and economized, not squandered, that it may last as long as possible in His service; and next, because overdoing work may prove to be a piece of selfish wastefulness, obliging other members of the Community to add their worn-out colleague's tasks to their own, and to nurse her besides, thus severely increasing the strain on the whole Society.

13. Do even the smallest and most trifling action so that it shall not go for nothing, but be of use in God's service.

14. Finish whatever is begun, and do it in regular order, with due thought and method.

15. Above all, never fuss, at any time or under any circumstances, but go calmly and collectedly to work.

D.—*The Use of Recreation.*

1. Recreation should be to the wearied mind what food and drink are to the hungry body, and no one should make the time allotted to it a period of strain rather than of refreshment.

2. As the duties fixed by the time-table keep members of an active Community much apart from one another, it is desirable that they should meet, so far as is practicable, in the Common-room for social inter-

course during some part at least of the daily season of recreation. Otherwise, the sense of family union is apt to be lost.

3. Nevertheless, as temperaments vary, and as the change of occupation which brings rest to one person may fatigue another, no member of a Community should put constraint on others to employ their recreation time in any particular way, but leave them so far as may be to their own devices (so long as these do not trench on the rights of any other member, or offend against the Rule), and pass no judgments upon their choice.

4. It is equally the business of each member to make recreation-time pass pleasantly and healthfully, so as to be a cheerful and acceptable break in the labours of the day, promoting vigour and elasticity both of body and mind. And it is well not to discuss any matters of work during its continuance. They should be kept for Conference.

5. Such members of the Community as possess any distinctive tastes or accomplishments ought to devote some part of the recreation-time to practising them: first, because they are talents which should not be buried, but utilized; next, because they help to bring culture and refinement into the life of the Community, and thus to lessen the power of narrowness or frivolity; lastly, because their results may in many cases, as in those of drawing, painting, modelling, carving, embroidery, &c., be profitably sold for the benefit of the Community.

E.—*Duties towards Outsiders.*

1. The Community should regard all similar societies as being companies in the same service, and as bound to mutual good offices, and therefore any member of another Religious House should be treated as an honorary member of the one where she happens to be a guest, and be put, except in the matter of government, on exactly the same footing as her standing would entitle her to claim in her own Community. There should be no jealousies and no reserve towards such persons, and intercourse should be encouraged amongst them, that each Community may profit by the advantages of its congeners.

2. Towards persons not of the Society, but who are the special objects of its care and work, the most solicitous kindness, attention, and justice must be uniformly exhibited, since failure in these respects is to defeat one of the fundamental objects of the Society itself. And the moment such persons are treated merely as material from which spiritual advantages may be derived by members of the Society, all good works done for them become mere calculated selfishness, and are altogether alien from the law of charity.

3. Towards secular guests of the House, whether permanent residents or casual visitors, the exercise of Christian hospitality demands unfailing kindness and consideration. Although the Rule will usually assign the special charge of such persons to the Guest-Mistress, and will appoint them a separate apartment for their sitting-room, so that there will be

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comparatively little need for much direct intercourse, yet such as there is should be marked with courtesy, attention, and ready obligingness, especially towards such as are infirm, or, being strangers, are unfamiliar with the usages of the House.

4. Towards secular persons brought into contact with the Society in business relations of any kind, similar courtesy should always be exhibited, and explanations of all necessary kinds be patiently given and received, without distinction of ranks.

5. If a member of the Society be the guest of secular persons, she is to conform herself to the usages of their household so far as is consistent with the spirit of her Rule, giving as little trouble as possible, showing herself courteous and grateful for the kindness bestowed on her, and taking care that as she is the one representative of the Society in that place for the time being, nothing that she says or does shall be capable of being construed in its disfavour. On the other hand, she must guard herself against undue relaxation from contact with those not bound as she is, and especially against distaste for the strictness of her own life, produced by contrast with the ease and freedom of a different method.

6. Avoid, in all the cases named, the assumption of airs of superiority over seculars as such, and the habit of looking down on them as much lower in spiritual rank and progress. This is not only often very far indeed from being the truth, but is a temper of mind directly provocative of corporate spiritual pride, which readily becomes personal, and is fatal to the higher life. On the contrary, the true way of viewing the difference is to contrast the much greater religious aids which the Common Life enjoys with the relative insufficiency of those afforded to secular persons, and then to note the great advances made by many of the latter, compared with the stagnancy and coldness of too many Sisters.

F.—*Personal Duties.*

1. Minute and delicate cleanliness of person, and so far as the exigencies of work permit, of dress, at all times; in honour of the Incarnation, and with respect for a body made the Temple of the Holy Ghost.

2. Sedulous culture of such mental faculties and powers as may be possessed: directed (*a*) to thorough mastery of the work of the Society in all its branches; (*b*) to the development of any special capacity which may be utilized for God's glory; (*c*) to the acquisition of such practical and literary knowledge as may make each member a more useful worker and a more intelligent and pleasant companion or adviser. And this in honour of the Eternal Wisdom, conformity to Whom is the hope and aim of true Christians.

3. Resolute subjugation of personal defects of temper, manner, and habits, which are hurtful to the harmony of social intercourse, and trench on the rights or feelings of others.

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4. Resistance of temptation, steady and undisquieted, with full confi-

dence in God, and knowledge of the powerlessness of the Tempter if he have not an ally within, who is therefore to be distrusted.

5. After a fall or fault of any kind, however often repeated, instant and trustful return to God; frank acknowledgment of error or sin, openly if against others; privately if concerning one's self; avoiding all excuses or self-exculpation.

6. Confident belief that God will seal the pardon thus sought by confession and amendment, and dismissal of all such thought of the sin as may cause distress, perplexity, or hindrance of work in hand.

7. Avoidance of depression, anxiety, and discouragement, as tokens of an imperfect faith; and full trust that God can and will supply all defects in work done honestly and thoroughly, according to the best of one's power, to His glory.

8. No member of a Community should indulge in any habits or practices, even innocent or even salutary in themselves, which would cause a noticeable divergence from the ordinary usages of the Society, and possibly give rise to comment or jealousy.

9. All contentiousness, and holding out for one's own rights, as distinguished from maintenance of the Rule, should be sedulously avoided, and readiness to give way in everything not involving principles should be habitually cultivated.

10. Silence should be observed as to personal religious trials, experiences, and graces; save in the two cases of consulting a superior or adviser to obtain aid and counsel; or of being one's self consulted by another in some trouble or perplexity, in which the experience of one who has passed through the same difficulty may be helpful.

11. Strict frankness and truthfulness, straightforwardness and avoidance of equivocations and quibbles, as well as of all circuitous or underhand ways, even more than of direct falsehood, should be most sedulously cultivated, for, to use the words of St. Francis de Sales, equivocation in matters of religion is to canonize lying. God, Who is Truth Eternal, cannot be served by that which is so contrary to His own Nature and Will.

12. Watchfulness over self should be constantly maintained, against even the smallest sins, less for personal reasons than because the whole Society must needs suffer from the faultiness of any one of its members, and profit by the good actions done by each of them.

R. F. L.

S. MONICA'S HOME FOR SICK AND INCURABLE CHILDREN.

It may seem a little surprising that among all the various schemes which have been devised for the relief of our afflicted poor, one class of sufferers should, until lately, have been almost entirely overlooked; viz. those sick children, the tedious or incurable nature of whose complaints renders

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them unfit subjects for hospital treatment. Childrens' hospitals are of no use in these, alas! too numerous cases, for an almost invariable condition of admission to these invaluable institutions is, that the patients should have a prospect of release, either by cure or death, within a reasonable time. And so, unless some scheme can be devised for their aid, these poor little sufferers must be doomed to drag on their weary lives amid all the discomforts of wretched homes, or the chilling comforts of the workhouse.

S. Monica's Home for Sick and Incurable Children, in the parish of S. Augustine, Kilburn, was opened in August, 1874, with an especial view to supplying on a small scale this urgent need. It owes its existence to the efforts of two ladies, whom a long experience of hospital nursing had convinced of its necessity. When first commenced, eight little patients were admitted, since that time a new ward, for which the Home is indebted to the munificence of one of its earliest and most faithful benefactors, has been opened, and now twelve little inmates are received.

As it is to be feared that for many the Home must be a permanent residence, an effort has been made to combine all the distinctive peculiarities of a Childrens' Home, with the treatment and appliances of an hospital.

If funds allow, it is hoped shortly to enlarge sufficiently to admit twenty children, which will be the limit, as it is feared that with a larger number the Home might be lost in the hospital. Patients are admitted from all parts of the country, without reference to place of birth, subject only to certain conditions with respect to age, &c. Every pains is taken to give them such an education as the state of their health will allow, and to teach them such work as may help them later on in contributing towards their own maintenance; needlework of all kinds forms a prominent part of their training, and at the present time one boy is being taught church-embroidery, and already gives promise of attaining considerable proficiency. That the Home has supplied a very real need is abundantly evidenced by the applications, some of a most distressing character, which those who have the care of the Home are compelled almost daily to refuse; and it is to be noticed that from the very first there has not been a single vacant bed.

With regard to the little patients themselves, it is very certain that some power is at work, which has made their beds of sickness very soft. The passer-by must often find it very hard to reconcile the merry Babel of infant voices which he hears the moment he sets foot in the street, with the announcement on the door-plate, that it is a Home for *Sick* Children, and must make the residents in the neighbourhood sometimes seriously ask themselves, whether in some cases sickness is not a more enjoyable condition of life than health.

While the Home is mainly designed for Incurable Children, others are not refused, and at present two or three very promising cases, under the ble treatment of the doctor, who so generously devotes his time and skill

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to the little patients, give every hope of permanent recovery. Last year the kindness of a friend enabled most of the children to spend a month at the sea-side, with very beneficial results.

It is said, that the pith of a letter is generally to be found in the post-script, and this shall not form any exception to the rule. The promoters of this institution feel justified in claiming for their undertaking a very general support. They are especially anxious to enlarge their list of annual subscribers, so as to have some assured source of income. Will any readers of the *Monthly Packet* be willing to enrol themselves as annual subscribers, or otherwise to aid this work of the Church? and will not some children, whom God has blessed with health and strength, be induced to forego some gratification in order to aid in cheering and helping their little suffering brothers and sisters, whose lives, under the most favourable circumstances, cannot be as bright and joyous as theirs?

Gifts of all kinds are most acceptable, especially old linen, muslin, fruit, flowers, game, and wine; and subscriptions will be received, and thankfully acknowledged, by the Lady Superintendent, S. Monica's Home, 2, Bolton Road, N.W.

Visitors to the Home are always welcome any afternoon, and their visits are much appreciated by the children.

F. S. F.

SUNDAY MORNING.

AN ALLEGORY

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

Once upon a time a few weary travellers in a strange land came, just as they were in despair of ever finding the right path and as the shades of night were fleeing away, to a splendid Palace. They saw its peaked roofs on which the rising sun was smiling, its lofty storied windows and its towers pointing upwards, from afar. A fair green space surrounded it, and every here and there were erected monuments to the good and wise who had formerly dwelt in that country. As they entered the porch which led to the Presence Chamber, the travellers all at once heard a herald from within proclaiming with a loud voice that a good and gracious King, 'Whom heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain,' was pleased to dwell with men inside those walls (2 Chron. vi. 18), and that He was favourable to the poor and needy, if they came before Him humbly and with sorrow for having strayed from His highway. Immediately the travellers laid aside their travel-stained garments and put on the white robes which were there offered them (Rev. xix. 8). Thereupon the same herald exhorted them to draw nigh and accompany him with pure hearts and humble voices unto the Great King's throne. Then those men all knelt down and confessed their many grievous errors in times past, and stated what wretchedness they were in at present, and what need they had of the

King's pardon. No sooner had they said this than the King, hearing even before they could cry upon Him (St. Luke xv. 20), sent His chief minister to them at once, who, as he was commissioned, spake the King's forgiveness, and assured them of pardon and peace; whereupon, with a loud noise like a clap of thunder, the whole assembly earnestly recorded it—'May it be so!' resounding through the vaulted roof. The King's only Son, it seemed, had in days long passed once given His servants a short form of supplication. Most gratefully then did these heralds (and our weary travellers along with them) break forth into its utterance, and afterwards exchanged a few more words of hearty praise to the King's Majesty.

And now, while they were still, as it were, at the entrance to the Palace, a strain of solemn music rolled through its courts, and the King's servants struck up a chant of invitation for all to come before His Presence with thanksgiving. Immediately, from very gladness of heart, our weary pilgrims took up the joyful notes, and ere its echoes had died away once more the King's ministers broke out into glad hymns mingled with many an earnest cry for the King's help. Naturally in this too our wayfarers took their part. When all was again still, one of the servants of the Palace took his station upon an elevated platform, and opening a book—the Book of Life it was called, in which the King's words were written—stood and read, so that all might hear, a chapter in the history of a nation long since destroyed, who were always stiffnecked and hard-hearted, to whom blessed promises of a Saviour and Redeemer were often made, but who continually rejected these glad tidings. All listened intently, and at the close sang together a noble hymn of praise to the King, in which they strove to unite with angels in heaven and the spirits of just men made perfect, in order to swell still higher that King's exceeding glory. Once again the servant stood by the carved eagle, which, with outstretched wings, bore up the King's Book, signifying it may be (for all that Palace was full of imagery) that on the powerful wings of an eagle, as it were, that Great King bare up His own and brought them unto His High Place (Ex. xix. 4; Is. xl. 31), and that the weary ones who waited on Him should renew their strength like eagles (Ps. ciii. 5). He read now of the fulness of time in which the Great King's only Son came to be the world's Saviour, and how purely He had lived and died for man (1 Pet. ii. 21). Another burst of praise called upon all the lands to be joyful in this Saviour. Our travellers felt that this was the Guide they sought to guide their feet into the way of peace; this was the Light who should lighten their darkness, and sang with great joy.

Then followed a set profession of faith in this great King, which, our travellers noticed, those servants said turning to the East, signifying that from thence they expected the Dayspring from on high to visit them. The prayer of the King's Son succeeded, and a few versicles ensued, after which, all humbly kneeling, three short prayers were put up by the minister for the King's blessing upon them, for peace and for grace. So

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ended the first service, and the travellers found themselves within the Palace, left in its venerable precincts, but not yet admitted to its holiest and most sacred place.

But now ensued a second and more solemn supplication. All who were within the King's Palace humbly knelt and confessed their errors in times past, and besought particular blessings, naming them one by one.

And then followed the third and most sacred act of reverence which those servants could possibly perform, and it was done on this wise. The chief minister left the others and penetrating to the inmost recesses of the Palace, knelt a while in silent worship before the Table of the King. Then with a loud voice he recited to the others the ten rules of life which the King wished them to observe, and they all besought Him to incline their hearts towards keeping each of them. After this the chief herald ascended a few steps, and from that commanding position having chosen a few words from the King's book, proceeded to enlarge on them for a short time, exhorting his hearers to keep these ten rules of life which he had just read them, to reverence the King and His Son, to love their neighbours and to keep themselves pure. This concluded, he returned to the Altar where the spiritual incense of prayer and praise was wont to be offered by the whole assembly. While a few words urging all to contribute for the sick and needy were read aloud, the faithful gave each of his best, and the money was then solemnly dedicated on the altar to the King out of the love they bore to His suffering subjects. A very earnest prayer was also put up to Him respecting all soldiers of the Cross engaged in fighting His battles against the adversary.

And now ensued a celebration of the greatest mysteries of those men's faith. Bread and wine were reverently placed on the King's table. After hearty confession of all the sins of their past lives, the ministers drew near and exhorted our careworn travellers humbly and faithfully to do the same, and to eat and drink of the King's fare which possessed unspeakable virtues for strengthening them and making their souls immortal. Gladly, as may be supposed, did those men one and all come to such an admirable gift. The chief minister took the perishable earthly creatures of bread and wine, and solemnly consecrated them, by virtue of powers specially given him by the King, into heavenly mysteries. No change indeed ensued in the natural substances of the Bread and Wine, but they became spiritually instinct with new and living and blessed properties. As the chief minister declared, they became 'the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood' of the great King's Son. Marvellous indeed in this is the King's goodness, poured forth in ways none can utter or understand!

So those servants most thankfully took and ate and drank, one and all of them, as the King and His Son bade; and there they 'offered and presented unto the King themselves their souls and bodies to be a reasonable holy and lively sacrifice' unto Him. And so with many more words of

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praise, the highest they could possibly ascribe, the chief minister of the King's Palace stood and blessed them while they reverently knelt before him. Most solemn was that blessing, and it seemed to rest upon their souls, already filled with a new and strange peace. So after a few moments of silent adoration those travellers who had entered the Palace heavy and travel-stained, departed from it strengthened and comforted, clad in the white robes which they wear who always follow the King's Son. And when they returned to the outside life of advancing onwards through much tribulation and many a danger to the pearly gates of the King's City, which now shone upon their eyes from the distant heights, they found that in the strength of that Divine Meat they could go many days; they felt its invisible power helping them to wield the sword of the Spirit against their foes. They walked no longer by sight, but by trust in that King who had so greatly helped them. They resorted to His Palaces as often as they found them in their journey. They became men of a different country in very deed (Phil. iii. 20), so that the people amongst whom they sojourned took notice of them and said, 'These men have been with the King's Son' (Acts iv. 13). 'These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth' (Rev. xiv. 4).

And as they became older, those travellers found themselves ever nearing the King's City, and its walls and gates shone daily ever brighter before their eyes, 'even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.' And, at length, one by one, they slowly finished their toilsome climb to the narrow gate, and humbly knocked, and were at once admitted (St. Matt. vii. 7). And into the joys of their life now durst no man look (Rev. vii. 16), 'for since the beginning of the world, ear hath not heard, nor eye seen, neither have entered into the heart of man the things' which that Great King 'hath prepared for them that love Him' (Is. lxiv. 4; 1 Cor. ii. 9). Only we ourselves humbly trust that their bliss may one day be ours, and we have a good hope that by that King's Son's death for us we too shall one day be received into that City of Peace! Yet we rejoice with fear, knowing that 'there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life' (Rev. xxi. 27). We press on, if that we may apprehend that for which also we are apprehended of Him (Phil. iii. 12—14). We strive, day by day, to make our calling and election sure. Ah! what need of vigilance have we not, when there ever ringeth in our ears those solemn words: 'Behold, I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown, (Rev. iii. 11).

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

MAY, 1876.

LENT LECTURES ON THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY CANON ASHWELL.

(Delivered at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, during Lent, 1876.) *

LECTURE I.

TWICE a day within these walls we declare our faith in 'The Holy Catholic Church;' and it is worth asking, in what formulary, and by what authority, do we so speak?

The answer is that the Creed or formulary in which we so declare our faith is as old as the Church itself; older, perhaps, in its essential outlines, than a large part of those New Testament Scriptures which are written for the guidance of that Church.

Why do I venture upon such an assertion?

The ground is this. East and west, and north and south, from out of Palestine, the Christian Church spread fast; so fast that a single generation saw it known throughout the Roman world. It was not by one hand that it was planted, but by many; each apostle by the very nature of the case preaching, teaching, and planting the Church apart from the rest, and so far as we know with scarce an opportunity of meeting after the first separation. A generation or two passed by; and then throughout these scattered branches of the Christian Church you find everywhere the Christian Creed. Scarcely in any two or three places are its words exactly alike, but never in any place do you find any departure from the same type or form.

What does this prove?

It proves necessarily two things:

1. The variation in the wording shows that the different churches did not derive their forms of creed from one another, or else they would have agreed more closely in phraseology.

* These lectures were taken down in short-hand, and are now printed, with only the very slightest verbal corrections, exactly from the short-hand writer's report.

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2. The agreement in outline shows that every branch of the Christian Church had been supplied originally with some common formula of Faith.

Thus we have no hesitation as to the fact that a creed, of which our Apostles' Creed is the legitimate representative, must have been delivered everywhere to the churches of apostolic foundation. And as a large part of our New Testament was written to correct errors and strengthen faith in particular churches years after their foundation, it is not too much to say that some such creed as that we speak of may be of equal antiquity with much, and perhaps of greater antiquity than some considerable part, even of our New Testament Scriptures themselves.

It may be, and it is the reasonable conclusion of many, that it is such a creed as this which is the very formulary so often alluded to in Scripture under the various phrases, 'saving words,' 'deposit,' 'keep the deposit,' 'hold fast the form of saving words,' and the like, with which the later epistles of St. Paul abound. It is in such a formulary, so venerable, going back so deep to the very foundations of the Christian system, that we all of us day by day and twice a day declare solemnly before God and man, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.'

This alone would be sufficient to satisfy any Christian of the importance of this article of the faith. But we must go yet farther.

The *position* which this particular article holds in the Creed makes us notice it even more. It is so striking and so suggestive. Did we ever think of observing the plan on which the Creed is constructed, and how this article is placed with respect to the rest of its contents?

To begin with, then, the Creed is arranged in three main divisions:

1. In the first, we profess our faith in God the Father, the Creator, Maker of Heaven and Earth.

2. In the second, we recite our faith in God the Son, Redeemer, Incarnate, and what He did and suffered for us on earth, His Resurrection, His Ascension, His future Judgment, &c., &c.

3. In the third, we say, 'I believe in God the Holy Ghost.' Under these three great divisions are arranged the fundamental articles of Christian belief.

Now it is very remarkable that up to the clause 'I believe in the Holy Ghost,' every article in the Creed has to do with God, and Him alone: not a word yet about ourselves; not a word yet about what we hope for, look for, or expect. All is about God, what He is, what He does, and what He will do.

Now let us go a step farther, and look on to the *end* of the Creed, and read its three concluding articles. What are they? They are:

1. The forgiveness of sins.

2. The resurrection of the body.

3. The life everlasting, after the body has risen again.

So then, at the *end* of the Creed we profess our faith in the three great blessings of the Gospel, and of the Christian faith: that is, forgiveness of sins; then rescue from death, which is the punishment of sin; then

inally, grander and more far-reaching than any, rescue not merely from hat bodily death from which we pray and hope to rise again, but rescue rom the eternal death, the death hereafter, the death which waits upon hose who rise again to shame and everlasting contempt:—we believe in rescue from eternal death by the gift of everlasting life.

These then, you see, stand in marked contrast with the opening portion of the Creed. These are three things which concern *us*. Just as the earlier part of the Creed had to do with what GOD is and does, so the conclusion of it is concerned with ourselves, with the present blessings and the future hopes which belong to our Christian calling.

Observe next that these last correspond each to each with three great divisions of our faith in GOD:

1. The forgiveness of sins: this is from God the Father.

2. The resurrection from the dead: because Christ is risen, we also shall rise in Him.

3. Eternal life: the peculiar gift of GOD the Holy Ghost, GOD the Life-giver, who quickeneth all in earth and heaven.

So the three blessings of the Gospel, Forgiveness of sins, Resurrection from the dead, and Life everlasting, answer to the three great objects of our Faith,—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost.

But by this time we must all be asking, 'What has this to do with the article upon which I am desired now, and for the next few Sundays, to speak to you—"I believe in the Holy Catholic Church"?'

The answer is this:—that the article 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints,' steps in, or rather, I ought to say, does not step in, but by the guidance of that Holy Spirit which presides over the utterances of God's Church, has been placed between those articles of the Creed which concern us, and those in which we profess our faith in God.

We do not go on to say 'the forgiveness of sins' immediately after 'I believe in the Holy Ghost.' We do not go on from faith in the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—we do not venture to speak of the blessings of the Gospel, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting—until we have professed our faith in something which connects the two; and that which leads us on from the one to the other,—that article is 'the Holy Catholic Church.'

Thus, then, the article 'the Church' is the link between our faith in God and our hopes for ourselves. Up to this article, it is all faith in God. After this article, we go on to the blessings of God's people and the hopes of the world to come.

But may I not go straight from one to the other without passing through the Church?

No. Barren faith saveth no man. The devils believe. The devils in the Gospel knew Who Christ was, and recognized Him for GOD when even the Apostles of our Lord had not yet received the full perception of Who and What He was Whom they served and followed.

So between the faith in God and the hopes for man there stands this article of which I speak,—the Church of Christ, that Church whose discipline and teaching shall convert barren faith into Christian love and holy living, and so lead us on to God our Father when we pass away to the other world, as children of God, children who have been brought up for Him, children who have passed through the probation of life, and become His sons for evermore.

This then is what I meant when I said that the peculiar position which the article holds in the Creed is quite as suggestive to a thoughtful person as the bare fact of its being an article in the Creed at all.

It stands between our faith in God and our hope for ourselves. We believe in God; we hope for eternal life. We believe in Christ; we hope for salvation. Faith and hope want connecting. We believe what Scripture tells us about God and Christ. We do well; but the gospels after all are a history of what is past. We hope for eternal life. We do well; but that is in the world to come, far off beyond the grave. Between the future and the past there stands the present, the present life in which we have to live and act, and pass through the probation which God provides for us. And we ask how to live and act so that our faith may work and our hope may be realised. What has the Creed to tell us about the present, as well as the future and the past? And the answer again is this:—Between the past and the future you Christians now stand, looking back on the facts of Redemption, looking forward to the hopes of Glory. And in the meanwhile your God and your Saviour have provided you a home and a guide. God plants you in the Church, the Church which trains you up in all Christian living, so as to realise at last the hopes on which you build. In other words, belief in God and Christ leads you to be members of Christ's Church. As members of Christ's Church, your eye is pointed forward to the hope of immortality.

These thoughts follow immediately from the simple observation of the structure of our Creed. But they may well seem to stand in need of some further explanation. And the explanation will be best given by touching briefly upon some of those farther lessons which this article conveys, standing, as it does, in this very peculiar position in our Creed.

You must believe in the Church, it says to you, if you are to hope for everlasting life. You are to believe in the Church, as well as in God and in the forgiveness of sins.

Well, but what *is* the Church that I am to believe in? Does the Creed tell you? No; it does not, and it need not. The Church was a living being and a living organization when the Creed was delivered to it. And the New Testament, which Christ's Apostles wrote for the use of the Church which they founded, tells us plainly enough what that Church was for which the New Testament Scriptures were written. S. Paul tells us it is 'the Household of God.' In another place he calls it 'the Family of God.' Take the first three Gospels, and there our Lord's own

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favourite name for it is 'the Kingdom,' into which His ministers were to go on baptizing all nations unto the end of the world. Take S. John's Gospel, there it is 'the Vine,' whose branches draw their life from the stem, which is Christ. Take S. Paul again, and it is a living 'Body,' a living unity, a Being filled with the Spirit of God, one Being, of which you and I as individual men and women are parts. Not the same part, but different parts, each having a different office in it; so that of all the millions of men and women, members of Christ's Church, that have ever been, no one is merely a repetition of another, but, as the different members of the body have different offices, so each separate soul is a different and individual member of this great mystery, the Body of Christ. I need not quote the passages, you know them all. What I have reminded you of will be enough to point out that, according to Holy Scripture, there is such a thing on earth as an organized Body of men; a Body which God makes as distinct from any other body of men as one family is distinct from any other family, as distinct as one kingdom or nation is distinct from another kingdom or nation, as distinct as one tree is from other trees. The very fact that you belong to one family means that there are other families which you do not belong to. The very fact that you belong to the kingdom of England means that you are not a Frenchman or a Russian.

I must press this a little farther. All these descriptions in Holy Scripture agree in another remarkable particular. I mean this:—that they all point to the fact that those who thus belong to the body called the Church are not one in the same sense as when men choose to *form themselves* into a society or an association. A dozen people may agree to live under one roof, but they are not one family for all that. They may agree perfectly well together, they may be one in purpose, in principles, and in spirit; they may agree perfectly; they may agree better than the members of most families do; but they *are* not a family, and they cannot make themselves into brothers and sisters. Fifty boughs of a tree may be stuck together, but they will only be an imitation tree after all. So men cannot make themselves into a Church. God made the Church. It is His family. Christ was the Firstborn thereof. Christ, in His rising again from the dead, was the Firstborn and the Head of the Christian Church. You cannot make yourself a member of that Church; God alone can. It must be His act, not yours.

So I say next, that Scripture plainly teaches that there is such a thing in the world as a Body or a Society made, fashioned, organized, and guided by the power and will of God. And it is called the Church [*i.e.*, of or belonging to the Lord],* as being something that God makes, and not man; something that God originates, and no human power. And it is upon this ground, and upon no other, that this Body, or Kingdom, or Organization enters by Divine right into a formulary; in which we

* This fact, namely, that the very word 'Church' was originally an adjective with the meaning stated in the text, ought not to be lost sight of.

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express our faith, not in any work of man, not in anything that man does or can do, but only in Divine actions, and in Divine Persons, in what God is, and does, and gives. How should we place next to God the Holy Ghost in that solemn Creed anything which was of man's making or of man's invention? It is only because the Church is GOD'S Church; it is only because its existence began on that day of Pentecost when God the Holy Ghost came down from Heaven as the first gift of the ascended Jesus; it is only because He created it, and He inspires it, so that it is a Divine organization, and not a human association; it is only upon this ground it can claim its place or take its stand next to God the Holy Ghost in the apostolic list of things Divine on which Christians rest their faith.

The teaching of Holy Scripture then is that there is such a thing as a family of God on earth, distinct from human families or nations, joined to Him and springing from Him. It is a family or nation of one blood, because otherwise it would not be one family; as all members of a family must derive their being from one source, or else it is no true family even among men.

From all this you see clearly what the Church is *not*. The Church is not merely a title or name for a number of persons holding like opinions. A foreigner to our own land may have opinions more like those which prevail in England than those which are current in his native country, but that does not make him an Englishman. To be an Englishman you must be born such; or if a foreigner desires the same privileges as an Englishman he must be 'naturalized' as we say; and in being naturalized he renounces his former nationality, precisely as the Christian renounces the world, the flesh, and the devil, the triple bond which held him in his natural state. As children of the first Adam, that triple bond held us. Baptized into the second Adam, and naturalized into the kingdom of God, we renounce the former, precisely as in human things a man renounces his former nationality and gives up the advantages he had in it, before he is received into his new nation. Merely to hold the same opinions as an Englishman will not make him one. It is the same with the Church. Holding Christian opinions does not make us Christians. No truer, no more awfully important statement can be made than this—Christian opinion does not make the Christian life, or the Christian state. God alone can make us Christians. It needs a new birth into a new family, and under new laws, and with new hopes, and with new duties, and new affections, and new feelings, and new loves. It is becoming a new Being, and not merely the old Being holding fresh opinions as a matter of speculative belief. God alone can make you Christians, and this is why, after stating our belief in God and Christ and the Holy Spirit, we go on to say, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' That is, I believe there is such a thing as a family or nation which is God's family and nation, born of God by a Divine birth, living by a life-blood which comes into it from above, from a world unseen, and by a Divine power flowing through all the veins and arteries of its spiritual being. Thus each individual member

of the Church receives a new life, linking him with the Father of spirits, from whom the life-blood comes, and uniting Him with every other soul either in this world or in the world unseen through whom that life-blood has poured by the gift of God, and not by the will of man. For this family is one at all times and in all places, in earth and in heaven; 'the one family in earth and heaven,' as S. Paul himself expresses it. God's family cannot be two families at a time, any more than any other family can. It must be one, or it ceases to be itself. Hence we say not merely 'I believe in the Church,' but 'I believe in the Holy *Catholic* Church,' because 'Catholic' means universal, and because the Church must be one and the same wherever it is, universal in time and place, in this world and in the world unseen, and in the world to come.

So I learn from this article of the Creed that if I desire to be saved, if I desire to have forgiveness of sins and to look forward to everlasting life, I must not only hold certain opinions during this life and in this intellect of mine, I must not merely hold certain opinions as to the nature of God, or the history of Christ, but I must be a member of that family, and must live the life which that family lives, and have the affections, loves, desires, habits, and aspirations which are proper to that family. I must become a member of that family, not by any act of mine, but by the grace of God and the power of the Spirit. You sometimes hear in common speech that such and such a person 'intends to join the Church.' Oh, that all who use such phrases could be stopped by some teaching from above, and be made to change the word, and fall on their knees and acknowledge that it is by the power of the Spirit alone that they can be joined unto that Church which is the Body of the Lord. I cannot join myself to the Church by holding certain opinions, but must be joined thereto by the act of God, giving me a new life and a new life-blood; a real Divine life working in me, and making me a living, growing member of the family whose head is God.

What is that life-blood? What is the one life-blood which makes them one with one another and with God? It is God the Holy Ghost; God the Life-giver, and therefore we call our new birth into God's family a birth of the Holy Ghost, 'of water *and* the Spirit,' because it is a spiritual birth from God; and so we call it regeneration, spiritual regeneration, because it is the act of the Spirit of God coming into us as the vital force of our new life in that family of God, of which Christ is the first-born.

What then do I mean when I say again, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church'? I mean that family of God in which I have, *firstly*, the pledge and the gift of the forgiveness of sins; in which, being forgiven for my sins, I look forward, *secondly*, to resurrection from death, which was the punishment of sin, because Christ, the first-born of the family, has risen and left the door open through which the younger brothers of the family, shall follow Him, their Head, out of the opened portals of Hades into the joy of Heaven. For, *thirdly*, I am baptized into that family in which I

have a guarantee that, after rising again from the dead, I shall live with Him for ever. The guarantee is that He liveth evermore, and because He liveth I shall live also.

Thus much, then, for the explanation of the words, drawn from the simple statements of Holy Scripture. But is this all that we must say to you about the Church of Christ?

Oh no, nor the half. Is it enough for me to have been born into the family of God? Does the fact of God having made me part of His family *ensure* my apprehension of the final forgiveness and the 'everlasting life'? Ah, brethren, here comes in the force of that next word, holy—'*Holy* Catholic Church.' We were born into the Divine family in order that we may grow up into holiness and goodness, that thereby, following in the steps of the Firstborn of the Church, we may attain the hopes which follow the words of which I speak. Here comes in the importance of those words I have so often quoted, about Christ being *the* firstborn of the family. He, as the firstborn, shows us what we, the younger brethren, are meant in our measure to become through belonging to His Church. The Church is God's family. Here in this life we are but children. And just as in any well-ordered family all is done that the children may grow up to a healthy manhood and delight their parents, so it is with the family of God. It has its Divinely-ordered arrangements, which all are fashioned to this one end and aim, that in this family of God we may grow up into genuine goodness and vital holiness; so that—if I may use such words with reverence—so that we may be fitted for that eternal life to which Christ is leading us, to which Christ prays we may attain, for which the Holy Spirit makes intercession for us in groanings that cannot be uttered.

Look what a wide sphere of thought this opens. All Church organization is but the way in which God has ordered His family so that its members may best, under God's help, grow up into goodness and holiness. This is the sum and substance, this is the meaning and the object, of all Church ordinances and Church organization, so far as they are according to the will of God.

As a wise parent arranges his family life for the satisfactory growing up of his children, with a view to their manhood, so God with His family the Church. We don't make ourselves holy, any more than we made ourselves members of God's family. Our opinions don't make us holy, any more than they made us Christians. What brings us on towards eternal life is the combined action of our will and submission, with those spiritual gifts and graces, those spiritual helps towards overcoming sin, those spiritual forces for growing good, that guidance and teaching which by God's mercy are supplied to us in the Church, which is God's family. The Spirit of God dwelleth in it and in us; and the spiritual forces which, as a Divine electricity from the unseen world, are ever flowing through it and us, are what bring us onward and upward towards our final manhood in Christ our Lord.

I say again,—take this, which is the simple Scriptural view of the Church's ordinances, and polity, and sacraments, and arrangements of every kind,—take this view, and I fearlessly speak of it as the correct one, and see what a wide sphere of thought is opened out to us with regard to that family of God, even in its earthly arrangements, of which I speak. And not only how wide a sphere of thought, but how intensely real, how solemn, how solemnizing, how practical as regards our daily and hourly life.

The Church is God's family. What are the needs of the family during this state of our existence? What are the needs of the child in *any* family? I may touch upon them as three chiefly:

1. Sustenance for the life.
2. Teaching for the mind.
3. Discipline for the character—greatest and last of all.

It is the parent's duty to furnish these at least. I take it that the three simple elements of a parent's duty to a family are, sustenance for the life, teaching for the mind, and discipline for the morals and character.

So with God in His great family the Church.

1. The spiritual life is to be kept up by communion with God, Who is our life. The spiritual life must have its food to sustain it. So God provides all that life-sustaining communion with Himself which is set forth and contained in what we describe as the great Sacrament of the Gospel, the Sacrament of unity with God and Christ, the Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. 'Except ye eat My flesh and drink My blood, ye have no life in you,' and 'he that eateth Me even he shall live by Me.'

2. But life is not enough. Life is for a purpose. Life itself is not enough. The Christian soul needs more, just as much as your children need something more than sustenance. The soul needs teaching, and God gives us His teaching, in His Word and in the creeds, as taught and ministered alike in books and in the teaching of His ministers, and in the application of it to your souls by His Spirit in secret. That is the second.

3. But knowledge is not enough; you want more than that for the Christian soul. You want the practical training of the character in all the habits of goodness, and in all the habits of religion. For goodness or holiness lieth not in knowledge—though it may be doubted how far knowledge is not necessary to it—it lieth not merely in knowledge, but it lies in habits, and practices, and feelings, and love, and charity, and kindness, in intercourse with God and goodwill to men. All these have to be learned, they have to be acquired. A man cannot say 'I will be unselfish,' and straightway go home and find that he is unselfish. It is a matter of training and life-long discipline. And therefore, in the third place, what we look for in the Church of God is that practical training in the habits of goodness which form the Christian rule of life: towards ourselves, self-control and purity; towards other people, considerateness,

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charity, gentleness, justice, peace, and goodwill; towards God, love and obedience, and constant intercourse with Him, so that our character may get moulded upon His.*

What do I mean by constant intercourse with God, which I have put among the duties? I mean prayer. Prayer forms a distinctive department of Christian life, apart even from what I touched on first, viz. the sacrament of communion with God, which goes towards our spiritual food. I mean prayer and intercourse with God: prayer in its widest sense, including praise and adoration; and as including both the worship of God in His own house and the worship of God in private devotion, and in the uplifting of our hearts to Him every minute of the day. For just as no child will ever grow up as its parents would like it unless they are much with it, and it is in constant intercourse with them, so in the family of God it is actual personal intercourse between the child of God and God its Parent which alone can mould the character of you and me upon the type and character of our Parent above.

Sacraments feed the soul, the Word teaches the Christian mind, and Prayer and intercourse with God mould our characters upon the character of God. And this is why, all down the Church's history, from the first day when S. Paul gave such strict directions about the public prayers, the Church's public prayers have always been her special care. The Church's public prayers set the standard and tone of *all* prayers; they mould the characters of men's private devotions; and thereby they guide us how we ought to dress our souls and tune our thoughts when we speak with God hour by hour throughout the days that we serve Him. This is why the Church never at any time knew anything of that modern invention of certain separated bodies which they call *extempore* prayer. So far from this, the truth is that perhaps the grandest development of all Christian literature is to be found in the wealth and splendour of the early liturgies, blossoming out into hymns and anthems alike in the Eastern and the Western Church, richest and grandest when the Church was fresh from the hands of her Lord, filled with the Spirit of God, and rejoicing in her early ardour.

I have been asked, as you all know, for some Sundays to come to speak to you upon this subject of the Church of Christ—the Holy Catholic Church of which we (thank God!) have been made members by God, and in which we trust and pray to live and to die, and so to enter into the deathless life of the Church above. It is a good old rule that when you want to understand any instrument or institution, you should ask its object. I was asked the other day, what is the object of religion? or, as my somewhat uneducated questioner put it to me, 'What is the good of

* May we not here point out to our younger readers how this agrees with the petition with which we close our daily Confession—that 'we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life?'—*Godly*, i.e., in intercourse and communion with God, which is the foundation of all; *righteous*, i.e., according to the rule of right or justice towards men; *sober*, i.e., self-controlled as regards ourselves.

religion?' My answer to him was—The object of religion is to make you good, to restore in you the lost image of God; because God loveth even His most wandering children, and He gives you religion to make you good again, since without goodness there can be no happiness, and without goodness there must be everlasting misery. God knows this, however ignorant we may be of it, and He gives you religion to re-unite you to Himself, because without union with Him goodness is impossible.

So now, if you ask what is the object of the Church, I answer that as the Church is the family of God, and as the Church consists of the children of God regenerate through the Spirit by the mercy of our Saviour, so the *object* of the Church is to lead and teach and guide those children until God shall see fit to remove them into His presence above.

In this preliminary lecture I have tried to set before you something of what Scripture suggests as the idea of the Church of Christ, of its idea and purpose as regards us its members. It is the simplest and plainest view, and it is the best for the purpose of a simple preliminary and elementary lecture, introductory to what will follow. I take the simplest view first, that view of God's Church which is turned towards us. But there is another side to it, and to my mind a more awful and more solemn one, though to-day there is no time to dwell on it. To-day I have spoken of the Church as regards us, on the side next man. There is also the side next God; for as surely as on the one hand the Church is the family of God and we are all His children, so on the other hand she is the temple of the Holy Ghost, the organization wherein dwelleth that Almighty Spirit which brooded over chaos in the far-off ages when this planet of ours was as yet no home for the meanest of God's creatures. She is that organization, open to all the influences of eternity and of God, receptive of the Spirit, receptive of God's love, receptive of all Divine graces; and receiving them and holding them in trust for you and me, to convert us once more into saints of God, to transform us from rebels and strangers into dutiful subjects of Christ. She is that organization in which God the Holy Spirit, Who descended at Pentecost, still dwells, and by His power sends out ever widening and widening circles of spiritual influence over the whole earth, gathering all things into that supernatural bond which shall never end, but will go on widening to all eternity. She is the organization into which we are brought by Divine influence, and in which if we live as children of God, we shall have our place for ever. But if we will not put on the garment of that righteousness which Christ brings us, then the day will come when we must be cast out of the Church, and sent back to that society in which we were born by nature, the kingdom of wrath instead of the kingdom of love. All shall rise again; but there is a resurrection unto shame and everlasting contempt, as well as the resurrection unto eternal life.

So, next Sunday, God willing, I shall try to speak thus of the Church, how God has been pleased to provide for her teaching, her life, her sustenance, her government, and her perpetuity. Then I must go on to the

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fact—the practical fact—that this Church of ours, here in this nineteenth century England, the Church into which we have been baptized, is now in true union with Christ, permanent and abiding among us, receiving us into its ark to pass therein across the waves of this troublesome world safe to the haven of God and the home of His family. Let our opponents, whether Roman controversialists or latitudinarian, say what they please, in this Church of ours we are members of the Church of God.

Then, fourthly, as the Church must exist in visible form as well as inward essence, it comes into relation with other bodies, the State and the powers thereof, which, just as much as the Church, are of Divine appointment. 'The powers that be are ordained of God.' 'By Him kings reign.' Therefore the Church and the State must have links and connections, not merely political, but going far beyond that, links and bonds in the very nature of things, and according to the will of God.

So onward and onward, brethren, must I ask to lead your thoughts this coming Lent. May God in His great goodness grant that no word or thought may be inconsistent with His Word and will, and that if aught is uttered contrary to His will, it may be forgiven by His mercy, and overruled by His grace. *Amen.*

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

THE lengthening shadows tempered the heat
Of the sultry Eastern day:
Life began to stir in the street;
It echoed again to passing feet,
To the sound of maidens' laughter sweet,
And the voices of children at play.

When a band of men, a dozen or more,
Drew nigh to the city gate:
Simple men, unburdened with lore;
Soiled and dusty the garments they wore,
And trusty staves in their hands they bore,
As voyaging early and late.

Weary their Leader, and faint His air;
He bade His band pass on
Their common meal and couch to prepare
(Hard their lodging and scant their fare
As the birds' providing and foxes' lair),
And He would follow anon.

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Alone through the streets He glided by,
Alone 'mid the throng of life:
The children smiled when they met His eye,
The maidens glanced at Him curious and shy,
And to words of love as He passed by
Were changed all words of strife.

In the market-place, upon the ground,
A dog's dead carcass lay;
And all the town's wisest stood around,
And their words of hate and scorn abound,
That such vile carrion should be found
In the place where sojourned they.

When He drew nigh, that Stranger lone,
And gazed at the brute beneath:
Will He also cast at the lost His stone?
From His eye a ray of compassion shone
As He breathed the words in musing tone—
'Pearls are not whiter than its teeth.'

He was gone. They look in each other's face,
And every man to his neighbour saith,
'Who is this that hath left the place?
Who is this Stranger Whose eye can trace
In the vilest some remnant of beauty and grace?
It must be Jesus of Nazareth!'

JETTY VOGEL.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXVI.

ROYAL SUPREMACY.

1529—1534.

In the mean time a religious revolution had been taking place in France which had in the end a far greater effect upon English opinions than German Lutheranism.

The first stirrings seem to have begun in the University of Paris, with one of the chief professors, Guillaume Farel, a most devout man, especially attached to the adoration of the Blessed Virgin, whose images he adorned with flowers. He was very learned, and had undertaken to revise the Lives of the Saints, and this led him to a very deep study of the Holy Scriptures, in which he was joined by a much younger man, named Guillaume Farel, a scholar from Gap in Dauphiné, a thoroughly devout man, and together they began upon a translation of the New Testament.

They were much encouraged by the neighbourhood of Guillaume Briçonnet, Count de Montbrunn and Bishop of Meaux, who had been French Ambassador at Rome, and there, like Erasmus and Luther, had been shocked at the corruption. It set him thinking, and on his return he inquired into the state of his diocese, and found that most of the parish priests lived at Paris, amusing themselves and neglecting their flocks, and that at the great festivals there was an influx of monks and friars, whose preaching was often only low buffoonery, tending chiefly to fill their own wallets.

He tried to call the curés to order, and they cited him before his metropolitan, but in vain, as he had only done his duty; and he then called to his aid Lefévre, Farel, Gérard Roussel, and other priests who had felt the influence of the old professor. He himself preached—a new thing for a Bishop; and the people of Meaux stood amazed when they heard of opening their hearts to God, instead of their purses. To hear nothing of St. Fiacre, their Scottish patron, who was supposed to have been the death of Henry V., but in his stead to be told of holiness and mercy, was perfectly astonishing; and when their Bishop distributed the copies of Lefévre's translation of the Gospels, there was all the fervent eagerness with which the Word was then received. Sundays and holidays were spent in reading it, and it was taken into the fields and workshops to be studied in the noontide rest; while a wonderful change in the habits of the people took place, and drunkenness, bad language, and violences seemed to be laid aside by the flock of the good Bishop, which consisted chiefly of cloth-workers and farmers.

A copy of the Gospel was presented by Briçonnet to Marguerite, the King's sister, who praised it greatly; but as it was an unauthorized translation, and Lefévre had moreover put forth some unsanctioned opinions, the university could not but condemn it. 'The Sorbonne,' of which we hear much in all such discussions, was a college founded by Henri de Sorbonne, a chaplain of St. Louis's, for the special study of theology, and the masters and doctors of divinity were all attached to it, so that their decisions were usually called those of the Sorbonne. This condemnation took place just as Marguerite had gone to François in his prison at Madrid, whence he wrote that he should be much displeased if any harm were done to so excellent a scholar as Lefévre; but no attention was paid to his letter. Lefévre was driven from the university and forced to take shelter at Meaux; and Clement Marot, Marguerite's poet, who had written some verses on the evils in the French Church, was imprisoned.

And when François returned, as it was his interest to ally himself with the Pope, and therefore to prohibit all that could tend to the dangerous opinions prevalent in Germany. Briçonnet was summoned before a committee of two clerical and two lay committees of the parliament, and fined 200 livres; and severe punishments were inflicted on those of his diocese who in the ferment of the new opinions had burst forth in open denunciation. One Jean le Clerc was first branded and then burnt for calling

the Pope Antichrist. Louis de Berquin, a man of noble birth, had been long arguing with the Sorbonne, and even Erasmus had entered into controversy with him. The question between them lasted for years, but French minds are so constituted that a doctrine or opinion is no sooner embraced than it is carried to all lengths, and finds vent in action. Those who had newly learnt the second commandment, as it stands in Exodus, could not keep their hands off the images, which, though in the theory of the Church they be only aids to devotion, were in practice worshipped. A stone was thrown at one of the images of the Blessed Virgin under which lamps burnt at the corners of the streets, and that stone was fatal to Berquin. Sacrilege was beginning, and must be stopped at once by conspicuous examples, and Berquin was condemned by the parliament to abjure, and then to have his tongue bored with a red-hot iron, and be imprisoned for life. 'I appeal to the King,' he said. 'If you do not submit, you shall never appeal anywhere,' said the Counsellors. 'I had rather die,' he answered. He was sentenced to be burnt in the Place de Grève, and marched thither as if he had been going into battle. The grand penitentiary Merlin declared that for a hundred years no one had made a more Christian death.

Briçonnet had withdrawn his protection from the reformers at Meaux. It is impossible to guess whether this was from cowardice, or from finding that they outran Catholic truth; and Lefévre had certainly taken up opinions that were universally condemned by the Church. The old man was eighty-five by this time, and Marguerite gave him shelter at Nérac, which belonged to her second husband, Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre, as Count of Béarn, where he died, while Farel went to preach among the hills of Dauphiné.

In 1530, Leonor of Austria, the sister of Charles V., came as the King's bride to France, bringing with her the two sons of François who had been so long hostages in Spain. The Count of Montmorency met them on the frontier, while Clement Marot, Marguerite's poet, wrote poems of congratulation on the marriage and restoration.

The same year died that mischievous person, the king's mother, Louise of Savoy. Marguerite had loved her heartily, and represents her as the wise Lady Oisille, in her *Heptameron*, or Seven Stories, a book in which, in imitation of Boccaccio, Marguerite has collected stories supposed to be told by a party of ladies and gentlemen detained by a flood of the Gave on their way home from the baths of the Cauterets in the Pyrenees. They begin with reading the Gospel; but the stories are utterly unworthy of such a beginning. Marguerite, it is said, meant to show up the vices of the clergy, and alas! she showed how the horrible atmosphere in which she lived could taint the imagination of a really good and religious woman, and one who was striving to bring up her little daughter, Jeanne (born in 1528), to all that was good and pious. Her chaplain, Gérard Roussel, was a pupil of Lefévre's, but a more moderate man; clinging to the Church, and only striving to make people study the Scriptures, feel the Lord

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Christ their One only Mediator, and show forth works of faith. Marguerite was fully of his mind, and assisted in the bringing out of the first complete volume of Lefévre's Bible, which was printed at Antwerp, and worked in many minds like new wine in old bottles.

At this very time, disappointed and baffled on all sides, Henry seemed about to drop the idea of the annulment of his marriage, when one afternoon, when his perplexity and disappointment had been manifest, Thomas Cromwell, the clever layman, who had been merchant, soldier, lawyer, and secretary to Wolsey, begged for a private interview with the king.

He had a plan. Cranmer's had failed, but his was a surer one. Nothing was to be done with the Pope. Why should not Henry be his own pope? England was a monster now with two heads, King and Pope. Cut off one, and let the King be alone. Had not the German Protestants renounced Rome? Henry might do the same, not in faith, but in power.

Henry was delighted. But how was it to be done? All the clergy in England, though to a great extent prepared to resist Papal usurpation, still looked on the Pope as their Patriarch, and viewed him as the last appeal.

Cromwell had a most ingenious expedient for taming them. The statute of *præmunire*, passed in Richard II.'s time for preventing appeals to Rome without the King's consent, which had been used to crush Cardinal Wolsey, would serve the purpose of silencing the whole English clergy. So a bill was filed in the Court of King's Bench declaring all who had acknowledged Wolsey as Legate as guilty of an act of *præmunire!* that is to say, of contempt of the King's authority, his supremacy being thus taken for granted.

However, it was intimated that a handsome vote of money from Convocation would prevent further proceedings, and to this the clergy thankfully agreed. But it was required that the grant should be so worded that the King's supremacy should be acknowledged, not as a new thing, but as always having been part of the constitution. Archbishop Wareham, who had never loved Rome, agreed to this, and adopted the words, "The English Church and Clergy, of which the King alone is the protector and supreme head."

This, however, the clergy would not endure; not for love of the Pope, but because no layman could, without profanity, call himself head of the Church; but on this Henry consented that the clause should stand, "in so far as the law of Christ permits, even the supreme head;" and to this no one objected, all being in fact glad to assert the independence of their Church, and not guessing of what this was the commencement.

The Lord Chancellor, More, was too far-sighted to be happy about it: but he obeyed the King's desire, that he should go down to the House of Commons with twelve Lords Spiritual and Temporal, explain to them the scruple as to the King's marriage, and collect their opinions. The said opinions were written and thrown into a box, and were mostly what the King wished.

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Still he hesitated. At Whitsuntide, 1531, he sent Queen Katharine a deputation at Greenwich, to entreat her to quiet her conscience and his own by submitting their case to four English bishops and four nobles. 'God grant my husband a quiet conscience,' said Katharine; 'but I mean to abide by no decision save that of Rome.'

So far, it would seem, Henry had carried most men's minds with him. 'No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions,' had long been the English sentiment, and even as to the object of this assertion of Henry's, people probably thought that when the King had once had his own way, matters would fall back into their usual state.

But there was one far-seeing man, whose heart failed him as he looked into the future, and that was the Chancellor, Sir Thomas More. He was the same deep-minded, earnest man, with the same geniality about him as in his youth when Erasmus had known him. He still lived in his pleasant house at Chelsea, with trim gardens, divided by turf walks and terraces stretching down to the broad clear Thames, with his second wife, Dame Alice, and his son and daughters. Margaret, his one truly like-minded child, had married William Roper, a young lawyer, worthy to make one of the party he has so lovingly described.

Here all the choicest society in England used to drop in familiarly and walk in the gardens; even the King himself, with an arm round Sir Thomas's neck, laughing his great laughs at the bright play of wit and merry quips and puns which played on the surface of that deep and resolute mind.

When the newly-created Earl of Rutland, whose family name was Manners, made Sir Thomas the doubtful compliment on his Chancellorship of saying, 'Ha, Sir Thomas, is it true that *Honores mutant Mores?*' the ready answer was, 'As true, my lord, as that Honors change Manners.'

To this house at Chelsea came noted foreigners, introduced by letters from Erasmus or other friends. One was Hans Holbein, the great portrait painter, who has left us a beautiful family picture of the Mores, and whom Sir Thomas presented to the King, just in time to record the likeness of Henry ere his comeliness had entirely degenerated under the influence of the passion and sensuality to which he was beginning to abandon himself. It is said that when Henry was asked why he treated the painter with more consideration than his lords, he answered, 'I can make ten lords of ten ploughboys, but only God Almighty can make one Hans Holbein.' The same story is however told of Charles V. and Titian.

More did not change *his* manners at least on his Sundays, when, instead of riding in state to Greenwich to pay court to the King, he walked with his wife and daughters to his parish church at Chelsea, and there put on his surplice and sang with the choristers. The Duke of Norfolk, coming in to dine with him, and finding him thus, took upon him to be very much shocked, and as they walked home exclaimed, 'My Lord Chancellor a parish clerk—a parish clerk! My Lord, you dishonour the King and his office!'

'Nay,' said Sir Thomas, smiling, 'your Grace may not think that the King, your master and mine, will with me, for serving his Master, be offended, or thereby account his office dishonoured.'

On the three Rogation days of going in procession, singing litanies for a blessing on the crops, it was generally he who carried the cross; but when, once, following it, he was counselled to use a horse for greater dignity, he answered, 'It beseemeth not the servant to follow his Master prancing on cock-horse, his Master going on foot.'

His father, old Sir John, though nearly ninety, still sat as senior puisne judge in the Court of King's Bench, and there every morning, before going to his own Court, the Lord Chancellor knelt before the old man to ask his blessing.

Another story is told of him. Dame Alice had a little dog which had been given to her by a friend in exchange for a jewel. A beggar woman came to him in his court, and declared that my Lady was keeping the dog from her. A message was at once sent for my Lady and the dog, and when they appeared the Chancellor took the dog in his arms and sent the lady to one end of the court and the beggar to the other, bidding them both call the dog. It was to the beggar that it ran, whereupon he told my Lady to be contented, for it was none of hers; but as she was vexed, he bought the creature from the beggar for a piece of gold, the cost of three such dogs.

More has sometimes been accused of maltreating persons under suspicion of heresy, but it is certain that all this is founded on his having had a boy whipped—the son of one of his servants—for trying to teach another child in the house some errors he had picked up, and on one other case, that of a lunatic, who had, according to the fashions of the time, been whipped into sanity at Bedlam, and was relapsing again.

Old Sir John died at the age of ninety, while his son was still in the height of his prosperity, and not long after, the sense of danger began to press heavily on the Chancellor. When some one remarked on the King's affection for him, he said he set little store on that, for if his head could gain the King one French castle, it would not be long on his shoulders.

As he was walking in the garden with his son-in-law, he said, 'Would to heaven, son Roper, on condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack and thrown into the Thames.'

Roper asked what things he meant. He said they were 'Peace among Christian princes; the silencing of all heresies and union of the whole Christian Church; and lastly, the safe conclusion of the affair of the King's marriage.'

The inquiry he had taken up so zealously with Colet and Erasmus was in other hands leading to consequences that alarmed him. 'I pray,' said he, 'as high as we sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, we see not the day that we would gladly be at league and

composition with them to let them have their churches, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly.'

He was preparing himself for danger by austerities. His childish daughter-in-law laughed at the discovery that he was wearing a hair shirt under his doublet. His daughter Margaret quietly told him that it was visible, and he prevented it from ever being seen again.

It was clear by this time that the Pope would not separate Henry and Katharine, and this decided More to go no further in the matter. When next the King spoke to him he fell on his knees and reminded Henry of his own words to him when delivering to him the Great Seal—'First look upon God, and after God upon me,' and declared that nothing had ever so pained him as the not being able to do the one without a breach of obedience to the other. He could serve him no further in breaking his marriage, and Henry seemed satisfied, and promised to accept his service in everything else; but as he saw the King grow more and more reckless, he felt it impossible to remain any longer in office, and on the 10th of May 1532, he resigned the seals, Henry promising to remain his good and gracious lord.

His spirits rose at once when the responsibility was over. It was a holiday, and all the family were at church at Chelsea, where he had been singing in the choir. It was the custom at the end of the service for one of his attendants to come and summon Lady More by saying at the door of her pew, 'Madam, my Lord is gone.' He now went to the door himself, and announced thereat, 'Madam, my Lord is gone.' Dame Alice, suspecting some trick, deigned to take no notice. Then he told her he had resigned, and when she began to scold at him, he called his daughters and asked whether they saw anything wrong about her dress; and when they could find nothing amiss, he said, 'Do you not perceive that her nose standeth somewhat awry.'

His means being much diminished, he placed most of his attendants with bishops and nobles, and gave his jester to the Lord Mayor. He told his large family that as he had gone up, step by step, to the highest dignity of the law, so they would now, in their manner of living, come down step by step, until, when the worst came to the worst, they could go about in a body singing ballads. To Erasmus he wrote that he had always longed for a quiet interval to commune with God.

And here we may finally close the better side of Henry's life. Here he broke with his last considerations of duty, and began the reckless course of his latter days. On the 14th of June he left Katharine at Windsor Castle, and sent her orders to leave it before his return.

'Go where I may,' she said, 'I am his wife, and for him will I pray.'

She never saw him or her daughter again. She retired to Ampthill Manor, whence she wrote to the Pope, telling him how she had been expelled from her husband's house.

One more voice was raised for her. Wolsey's two dioceses, York and Winchester, had remained vacant since his death, because the King

intended one of them for his young cousin, Reginald Pole. He was the younger son of Margaret, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, and Countess of Salisbury in her own right, who was the governess of the Lady Mary. He had studied at Padua, and had been a friend of the best and most thoughtful Italians, with whom 'Polus' was a respected name.

The Duke of Norfolk had been employed to give him a hint that the King meant to give him high dignity in the Church, but that his opinion of the marriage must first be known. Pole owned that he thought the separation would be a sin, but the Duke bade him take a month to consider. His brothers argued with him, but he could not see it as they would have him, and at last he consented that the King should be told that he was ready to be convinced.

The King and he met in the gallery at Whitehall, but there Pole showed himself unsubmissive. He trembled, and he shed tears, but he could not say that he thought that Katharine was not Henry's truly married wife, or promise to support the King against what everyone by this time knew to be the honest opinion of the whole Church and all the universities who spoke freely.

Henry parted from his young cousin in hot anger, and Lord Montagu and the other Poles came and soundly rated their brother for setting up his own opinion and offending the King, but 'Raynold,' as he called himself and everybody called him, was not to be moved, and soon after left the court and went to live in Italy.

Yet even then the King did not censure the letter of excuse he wrote, but told Lord Montagu that were he only of his opinion he would love him better than any kinsman he had in the world, and his pension of 500*l.* a year was continued; but the see of York was given to Dr. Lee, and that of Winchester to Stephen Gardiner, no objection being made to their obtaining as usual the sanction of the Pope. Nor did Clement make any difficulties on the matter, but he did send a formal admonition to the King to take back his lawful wife and put away a certain Anne.

On this, at the next meeting of Parliament, Henry asked, and the Three Estates granted, that the Annates, or firstfruits, a portion of the first year's income of a newly-presented benefice, which had always been allotted to the Pope, should be paid to the King.

Henry had long been planning another meeting with François I. at Calais, and when it was fixed for the autumn of 1532, Anne Boleyn, whom he had created Marchioness of Pembroke, desired to be of the party. Might not the Queen of Navarre accompany her brother? This would have been a great triumph for Anne, for François's own toleration of her went for very little considering what sort of ladies he was apt to carry about with him.

But Marguerite would not come, and though Anne went with Henry it was not by any means another Field of the Cloth of Gold. At Boulogne, where François was entertained, she could only keep in the background,

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as there were only French ladies to meet her; and there could be little compensation in receiving François at Calais in a banqueting chamber, hung with tissue of silver and gold, with seams of embroidery of gold and precious stones, where the banquet consisted of three courses of forty dishes. Anne and seven of her ladies came in as masquers in a fanciful dress on the Sunday evening and danced with the King of France and his gentlemen.

Henry's object was to secure François's mediation with Rome, François to try to win allies against the time it should be convenient to break the peace of Cambrai, and he bound himself to meet the Pope at Marseilles and talk him over that very winter. He took his leave, and Henry and Anne, after waiting a fortnight for fair weather, returned to England.

This promise of François was all Henry had to build upon, when, after five years of his blind pursuit of Anne Boleyn, he resolved to wait no longer.

One inducement may have been that at that time the see of Canterbury was vacant. Good old Wareham had died in August, and though Henry had made up his mind to nominate Thomas Cranmer, who was still in Germany, no doubt he preferred that the new Archbishop should find the marriage an accomplished fact.

So very early on St. Paul's Day, 1533, Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, found himself summoned to say mass, and was led for the purpose into a garret chamber in Whitehall Palace; where he found assembled the King, the Lady Anne, one other lady, and two grooms of the chamber, and was ordered then and there to perform the marriage ceremony between Henry and Anne, the King bearing down all his hesitations.

They then separated, and Anne kept much quieter and more out of sight than usual, while her brother, Lord Rochford, was sent to François with information of the marriage, and an assurance that it should not be made known till May, when François's expected interview with the Pope would be over; but the meeting was delayed, and it became impossible to conceal the marriage any longer, so on Easter-eve the ceremony was repeated before all the court, and from that time Anne was called Queen.

In the meantime Cranmer had been much perplexed by his appointment to the see of Canterbury, both on his own private account and on public ones. He kept his marriage a secret, and travelled slowly to England to give the King time to change his mind, but Henry had decided irrevocably, and the Pope gave his sanction to the appointment as a matter of course, probably sharing that liking for Cranmer which everyone felt who had been personally concerned with him.

The Consecration took place at Westminster Abbey, on the 30th of March, 1533, and Cranmer took all the usual oaths of obedience to the Pope.

But the very first act required of him was actual defiance of the Pope. Cromwell had been preparing the way. First he had obtained an Act

of Parliament reaffirming the old one, which forbade appeals from being carried out of the kingdom, thus closing up Katharine's appeal to Rome.

Then Convocation was shown the opinion that Montmorency had elicited from the University of Paris, and called on to say whether the Pope could grant a dispensation to marry a brother's widow. Only three Bishops at first gave answer on the King's side, and thirty-six Abbots. But when the further question came on whether Katharine had been Arthur's wife or not, two more Bishops came over to the King's party, the clergy had as a body declared their assent, and nothing more was left for Cranmer to do but to pronounce sentence.

The Queen was at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire. Cranmer went on the 3rd of May, 1533, to Dunstable, to a priory of black canons, in whose chapel he established his court. A summons was sent to Katharine to appear, but she took no notice of it, so she was declared contumacious, and on the 23rd of May, with all solemnity, the Archbishop pronounced that the marriage between Henry and Katharine had never been a marriage, but that they were separate, and both free to marry again!

The tidings were carried to Katharine by Lord Montjoy, her former page, as she lay on a couch, having hurt her foot. The letters were addressed to the Princess Dowager of Wales. She at once declared she was no such person, and when Montjoy tried by the King's orders to assure her that if she would give up the title of Queen, her income should be augmented, she replied with scorn. Then he threatened her that if she chose to retain the title out of vain glory, the King would withdraw his fatherly love from her daughter. She replied that she kept it not out of vain glory, but as the King's true and lawful wife, and that neither for her daughter, nor her possessions, nor anything else, would she put her soul in danger.

And to this she held fast with quiet resolution, though it led to the loss of almost all her attendants, since Henry would not let them serve her as Queen and she would not accept their services as Princess Dowager.

She removed to her manor of Bugden, where she spent her time in prayer, alms, and church needlework. One of the rooms had a window opening into the chapel, so that she could hear the service said from it. Here she was wont to shut herself in through great part of both night and day, leaning her head against the stones of the window-seat, and these were often found by her ladies wet as though with a heavy shower. It was no doubt owing to those prayers and tears that when one of her women was reviling Anne Boleyn, she silenced her, saying there would soon be far more need to pity that lady.

Anne meanwhile had come to the enjoyment for which she had waited so long. On Whitsunday she went in a state procession of barges along the Thames to Westminster Abbey, and was crowned with great splendour, disregarding the sentence of the Pope, that Henry should separate himself from her before September under pain of excommunication. Sir

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Thomas More was invited, and 20*l.* sent to him to provide himself with a dress for the occasion; but his conscience would not allow him to be present, and from that time he was a marked man. Reginald Pole wrote indignantly, and a friar, one of the Order of Observants, named Peto, preached at Greenwich a sermon denouncing the crime to the King's very face.

Henry endured the sermon patiently, as was his custom, but the next Sunday one Dr. Curwen, preaching in his turn, reviled Peto. Another friar, named Elstow, defended Peto in his absence, and called Curwen a lying prophet. Both friars were brought before the Council, and Cromwell told them they ought to be tied up in a sack and thrown into the Thames. Elstow smiled and said, 'Such threats may move those clad in purple and fine linen. We know the way to heaven by water as well as by land, and care not which way we go.' The two friars were banished, their house broken up, and Curwen shortly after made a Bishop. Other sermons took the same course, and the other Bishops actually forbade all preaching for a time, and Cranmer, issuing new licenses to preach, forbade anything to be said on this question.

In 1526 a translation of the New Testament into English from the Greek was made by William Tyndal, John Firth, and William Bayes, and published in Holland, whence copies were brought into England. Unauthorized translations were always condemned, and Cuthbert Tunstal, Bishop of London, and Sir Thomas More, when Chancellor, had bought up many copies and burnt them.

But Miles Coverdale began to assist Tyndal in translating the Old Testament, in which Luther's Bible must have guided them, as the preface said 'it was translated from the Douche and English.' A more complete New Testament was put forth with prefaces abusive of the clergy, and published at Hamburg, and the Books of the Prophets were published as they were finished, and smuggled into England. Tyndal was imprisoned by the Inquisition in the Netherlands before his work was complete, and was finally burnt at Villefort, near Brussels; but his books spread throughout England, being brought in by merchants, and the readers were called Gospellers, and said to be given to the New Learning. Anne Boleyn had one of these Testaments, and her brother George, Lord Rochford, was also an eager reader of them. Hugh Latimer, a yeoman's son, who had taken Holy Orders, and was distinguished by the wit, force, and quaintness of his preaching, which was full of odd turns and racy anecdotes, was one of those who strongly wished to set forth the pure faith. He was imprisoned by the Bishop of London, but at Anne's intercession was freed, and made one of the royal chaplains, and soon after Bishop of Worcester. He is thought to have had a good effect on her mind, for she showed more serious thought, gave large alms, and educated promising youths, and she protected some of the merchants who were in danger for bringing in copies of the Bible, so that she was looked on as the partizan of the New Learning, as poor Katharine was of old Roman allegiance.

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In France the alliance between Henry and François was giving a little encouragement to the enemies of the papal system.

In 1533 Queen Marguerite of Navarre kept court at the Louvre, and Roussel preached Lenten sermons there, which all Paris crowded to hear. The Sorbonne sent delegates to listen, and Noel Beda, one of their chief doctors, detected error, and complained to the King. François referred him to the Bishop. This was Jean du Bellay, an able man and a statesman, and a friend of Melancthon, inclined to reform, who had placed friends of Marguerite in parishes in Paris, and who found no fault with Roussel, but laughed at the complaints of the Sorbonne.

Violent agitation took place, and the King ordered both Beda and Roussel to confine themselves to their houses; but this was considered as an invasion of the privileges of the Sorbonne, and Beda walked abroad as usual, while a deputation of doctors went to the King and threatened him with the Pope, whereupon he called them asses, and drove them away. A tumult arose in the University, and the movers in it were banished, proceedings in Parliament against Roussel were quashed, and the King informed the doctors that complaints must be brought to himself alone, as head of the Church of France. One old doctor, expecting no doubt such a course as that of the English King, actually died of grief. All Paris was covered with lampoons in verse on the one side or the other, and the indifferent laughed, while the earnest contended, and François balanced between his desire to lay hands on the wealth of the Church, and his wish to regain his footing in Italy; while the far more noble and single-minded Charles was repulsing the Turks in Hungary and preparing to relieve the Mediterranean from the pirates of Tunis.

The Pope, Clement VII., after the Conference of Bologna, saw that the only way to stave off the council, or gain means to unite himself with François, was to form a fresh league with him and seal it by a marriage between Henri, Duke of Orleans, the second son of François, and Catharine, the only legitimate child of the Medici. It was no match for a French prince, and Henry VIII. tried to set François against it, and to persuade him that if they did meet at Marseilles as Clement proposed, he should not abase himself before a Bishop, but should threaten Clement with a French patriarch of his own; and François on his side promised to consent to nothing till the Pope had consented to Henry's divorce.

On the 7th of September, 1533, just as King and Pope were setting off to their Conference, Anne, at Greenwich Palace, gave birth to what had been so fondly anticipated as a son, that circulars with the word prince had been prepared, and the little letter s was lamely added afterwards when the infant proved only a daughter.

All that splendour could do to mark her as the King's heiress was lavished on her when she received the name of Elizabeth, which she was to render so illustrious, and she was forthwith created Princess of Wales.

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It seemed decidedly too late to announce that her father was not disunited

from his first wife, but François had promised Henry not to marry his son to the Pope's niece till his consent to the annulment had been given, and Bishop Gardiner was there to watch how he kept his word, so he proposed that all hostile acts should be forgiven on each side, and the judgment committed to a Consistory of Cardinals, none of whom were to be subjects of the Emperor. But on the day this was proposed arrived Edmund Bonner from England with an appeal to the General Council.

This affronted both Pope and King; but François still held out for the judgment of the Cardinals, and wrote to persuade Henry over to it. Meanwhile his son Henry, aged fifteen, was married to Catharine de Medici, aged fourteen, by the Pope himself—a most fatal marriage for France—and four Frenchmen were made Cardinals, among them Odet de Chatillon, of whom more will be heard.

François's alliances with Clement had encouraged the Sorbonne. A book had been written in verse by Queen Marguerite called *Le Miroir d'une âme Pécheresse*, full of quotations from the Psalms, but without a word of purgatory or the saints, and Beda saw heresy in this, and encouraged the scholars of the College of Navarre to act a play, in which she was caricatured; and a Franciscan declared that she ought to be put into a sack and thrown into the Seine.

This really did make François very angry. He had the authorities of Navarre College fined, and caused the University to disavow the censure of the Sorbonne, even threatening to treat the Franciscan as he had proposed to treat Marguerite, but she interceded for him, and he was spared.

The Consistory of Cardinals sat on the 23rd of March, 1534. Two-and-twenty were present, whose names had previously been shown to Henry as free from all Spanish, Flemish, or Austrian influence. Nineteen, however, at once confirmed the validity of the marriage, and the other three only proposed delay in passing judgment.

Even then Clement withheld the proclamation, in hopes of mollifying the King, but Henry had gone so far that there was no more keeping any measures. At that very time, the March of 1534, the Bill was passing the Houses of Parliament which severed England from Rome, giving the King all the powers of jurisdiction and supremacy which had hitherto belonged to the Pope. There was not much opposition, for the Italian exactions had always been hateful; and there was a charm in making the Church independent, and defying the Pope. But the few well-informed and conscientious looked at the matter in its right light, and saw that provoking and often unjustifiable as the conduct of Rome had sometimes been, the Pope was right now: he had judged and weighed fairly in a most difficult case, and that his refusal to gratify the King's passion was a shameful reason for defying his authority.

Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More were well known to think so, though they gave no open cause of offence, but Cromwell, now created Earl of Essex, and the Boleyn family watched them with

a jealous eye, resolved to find occasion against them. More was actually summoned before the Privy Council to answer for having accepted bribes when Lord Chancellor. The first accusation was a story of a gold cup given by the wife of a man who had had a suit. More said that he had received such a cup as a New Year's gift.

'Lo, my Lords,' exclaimed Lord Wiltshire, 'did I not tell you you would find this matter true?'

'But, my Lords,' said Sir Thomas, 'hear the other part of my tale. After I had drunk to her of the wine wherewith my butler had filled the cup, and when she had pledged me, I returned it to her.'

Another cup proved to have been taken in exchange for a more valuable one, and a pair of gloves with 40*l.* in them had been kept as a lady's present, but the money returned.

So the accusation utterly failed, but More's enemies were not thus satisfied. Eight years before, in 1526, while Wareham was still Archbishop, Elizabeth Barton, a Kentish girl, had fallen into what would be now called a hysterical state, in which she thought she saw visions and had revelations. She had been placed in the convent of St. Sepulchre at Canterbury, and there both Wareham and Wolsey had seen her. Her wild talk and absurd prophecies had been laughed at in those saner times, but her mind had been excited about the divorce, and she had said that if the King parted with the Queen Katharine, he would die in six months, and his kingdom pass to his daughter Mary. More had seen her, and had formed a pretty true judgment of the worth of her predictions, but he had taken care not to let her say a word to him of the King's divorce, supremacy, or any such dangerous subject.

Yet this was not to save him! Men's minds were excited, and the King was restless. The Nun of Kent must be silenced. She was examined, and made to confess that words had been put into her mouth, and then, with two priests of Canterbury, she was made to do penance both there and at St. Paul's Cross, and was finally hanged at Tyburn for treason and heresy.

The poor woman had been a show for all these years, and it was easy to declare that any one who had listened to her had abetted her treason. So this was the plea that was found against Sir Thomas More and the Bishop of Rochester! Fisher was an old man, who had been the friend of the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, and to whom in his younger and better days the King had looked as to a father; but he had steadily withstood the iniquity with regard to the Queen, and the King hoped to give him a lesson, by causing him to be accused of treason for not having mentioned the Nun's prophecy. Fisher answered that in the first place she had told him that she had given the King the same warning to his face, and in the next she evidently intended no malice, nor spoke of any violence. The Lords of the Council, however, cut him short, and he was included in the Bill of Attainder, but allowed to compound for his freedom for 300*l.*

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More was sent for next, and desired to take a seat with the Council, who consisted of Cranmer, Cromwell, the Duke of Norfolk, and the new Chancellor Audley. But instead of examining him on his dealings with the Nun of Kent, the Council talked of the King's love and favour and great desire that he would give his consent to what the King, Parliament, Bishops, and many Universities had declared to be reason and scripture.

To which Sir Thomas answered that his Highness had promised him that he should never hear of that matter any further, and he had seen no reason to change his opinion since.

Then they blamed him hotly—of all things in the world, for having induced the King to write his defence of the Seven Sacraments, wherein the Pope's power was exalted! Sir Thomas said that he had certainly looked over the book after it was written, but that he had advised some of the statements on the Pope's authority to be made more moderate, to which the King had answered that too much honour could not be done to it, 'for,' said he, 'we have obtained from that see our crown imperial, which,' added Sir Thomas, 'till his Grace did with his own mouth so tell me, I never heard before.'

The Council dismissed him in displeasure, but he came down to his boat in such spirits that Roper, who was waiting for him, thought that he was assured of safety, and as they walked up the garden together said, 'I trust, sir, all is well, you are so merry.'

'It is so indeed, son, thank God'——

'Are you then, sir, just out of the Bill?'

'Wouldst thou know, son, why I am so joyful. In good faith, I rejoice that I have given the devil a foul fall, because I have with these lords gone so far that without great shame I can never go back."

He had passed the Rubicon, he had committed himself to the course of truth and conscience, plainly foreseeing the end, and he was thankful that his flesh had not failed him.

The Lords of the Council reported the conversation to Henry, who flew into a rage, and swore that More should be included in the Bill of Attainder, and that he would come down to Parliament himself to secure its passing.

However they fell down on their knees and implored him not to put himself in danger of a personal rebuff from Parliament, saying it would encourage his subjects to condemn him, and likewise be to his discredit among foreign nations. They promised to find a 'more meet occasion to serve his turn, for More was too manifestly innocent in this matter of the Nun.'

Sir Thomas was not deceived, for when Mrs. Roper came running to him with the glad news that Lord Essex himself had told her husband that he was put out of the Bill, he said, 'In faith, Meg, *quod differtur non aufertur*, (what is put off is not put aside.)'

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The Duke of Norfolk came to persuade him to yield, telling him it

was perilous to strive with princes, for '*indignatio principis mors est*,' the anger of a prince is death.

'Is that all?' said More. 'Why then there is no more difference between your Grace and me, but that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow.'

One day, when he had asked for news, and how the world went, and how Queen Anne did, 'In faith, father, never better,' said Mrs. Roper; 'there is nothing in the court but dancing and sporting.'

'Never better,' said her father. 'Alas, Meg, it pitieth me to remember into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. Those dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn off our heads like foot-balls, but it will not be long before her head will dance the same dance.'

The means of serving Henry's purpose was not long in being devised. A new oath of allegiance was drawn up, by which there was a distinct approval of the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, and assurance of the succession to her heirs, and a declaration that it had been unlawful to marry Katharine, and that the Pope had no power to grant a dispensation, and the Pope had no jurisdiction; also, that the King was supreme head of the Church of England.

Many of the clergy had taken it without difficulty, but the Carthusians and Franciscans were holding out against it, and Sir Thomas More was the first layman to whom it had been tendered, nor indeed had it been confirmed by Parliament.

On the 13th of April, 1534, early in the morning, a pursuivant came to Chelsea to summon Sir Thomas to attend the Commissioners who were to administer the oath at Lambeth. There was still time for him to go to church, confess, and communicate, as he had always done before any great action of his life. Then he took leave of his wife and daughters with more affection even than was his wont, but would allow none to follow except Roper, into whose ear he whispered, 'I thank our Lord, the field is won.'

The oath was read to him, and he said he would swear to defend and maintain the succession to the crown as established by Parliament, and that he did not blame others who had taken it as it stood, but that it would be against his conscience to do so. He was sent to walk in the garden while it was being administered to others, and then brought back to be argued with and threatened with the King's displeasure, but in vain; and he was then committed to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster while the King was consulted.

Bishop Fisher had likewise made no objection to the political part of the oath, but declined the theological. So had the Carthusians, three Priors of whom had come to explain.

Apparently Cranmer tried to do something on the side of toleration, and the King was inclined to permit the mitigated oath; but Anne exasperated him with her complaints, and he caused all to be committed to the Tower.

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More had the attendance of his servant, John Wood, and occasional

visits from his wife and daughters. To Margaret he spoke out his heart of deep resignation, to his wife, when she reproached him with the folly of lying there among rats and mice, when he might be enjoying himself at Chelsea, with his books, and garden, and everything handsome about him, if he would only do as so many Bishops and wise men had done, he said, 'I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing! Is not this house as near heaven as my own?'

Dame Alice could only tartly answer, 'Tilly valley! tilly valley.'

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HERBERT'S CHRISTMAS.

By Christmas Day Archie Douglas was in the Bay of Biscay; but even to Joanna, it was not a sorrowful day, for did not Herbert on that day crawl back into his sitting-room, full dressed for the first time, holding tight by her shoulder, and by every piece of furniture on his way to the sofa, Rollo attending in almost pathetic delight, gazing at him from time to time, and thumping the floor with his tail. He had various visitors after his arrival—the first being his Rector, who came on his way back from church, to give his congratulations, mention the number of convalescents who had there appeared, and speak of the wedding he had celebrated that morning, that of Fanny Reynolds and her Drake, who were going forth the next day to try whether they could accomplish a hawker's career, free from what the man, at least, had only of late learnt to be sins. It was a great risk, but there had been a penitence about both that Julius trusted was genuine. A print of the Guardian Angel, which had been her boy's treasure, had been hung by Fanny in her odd little bed-room, and she had protested with tears that it would seem like her boy calling her back if she were tempted again.

'Not that I trust much to that,' said Julius. 'Poor Fanny is soft, and likes to produce an effect; but I believe there is sterling stuff in Drake.'

'And he never had a chance before,' said Herbert.

'No. Which makes a great difference—all indeed between the Publicans, or the Heathens, and the Pharisees. He can't read, and I doubt whether he said the words rightly after me; but I am sure he meant them.'

'I suppose all this has done great good?' said Jenny.

'It will be our fault if it do not do permanent good. It ought,' said Julius, gravely. 'No, no, Herbert, I did not mean to load you with the

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thought. Getting well is your business for the present—not improving the occasion to others.'

To which all that Herbert answered was, 'Harry Hornblower!' as if that name spoke volumes of oppression of mind.

That discussion, however, was hindered by Mrs. Hornblower's own arrival with one of her lodger's numerous meals, and Julius went off to luncheon. The next step on the stairs made Herbert start and exclaim, 'That's the dragoon! Come in, Phil.'

And there did indeed stand the eldest brother, who had obtained a few days' leave, as he told them, and had ridden over from Strawyers after church. He came in with elaborate caution in his great muddy boots, and looked at Herbert like a sort of natural curiosity, exclaiming that he only wanted a black cap and pair of bands to be exactly like Bishop Bowater, a Caroline divine, with a meek, oval, spiritual face, and a great display of delicate attenuated fingers, the length of which had always been a doubt and marvel to his sturdy descendants.

'Hands and all,' quoth Philip; 'and what are you doing with them?' as he spied a Greek Testament in the fingers, and something far too ponderous for them within reach. 'Jenny, how dare you?' he remonstrated, poising the bigger book as if to heave it at her head. 'That's what comes of your encouraging followers, eh?'

'Ah!' said Jenny, pretending to dodge the missile, while Rollo exercised great forbearance in stifling a bark, 'Greek is not quite so severe to some folks as dragoon captains think.'

'Severe or not, he might let it alone,' said Phil, looking much disposed to wrest away the little book, which Herbert thrust under his pillow, saying—

'It was only the Lesson.'

'Why can't you read the Lesson like a sensible man in its native English? Don't laugh, children, you know what I mean. There's no good in this fellow working his brain. He can't go up again before September, and according to the Bishop's letter to my father, he is safe to pass, if he could not construe a line, after what he did at Wilsbro'. The Bishop and Co. found they had made considerable donkeys of themselves. Yes, 'tis the ticket for you to be shocked; but it is just like badgering a fellow for his commission by asking him how many facets go to a dragon-fly's eye, instead of how he can stand up to a battery.'

'So I thought,' said Herbert; 'but I know now what it is to be in the teeth of the battery without having done my best to get my weapons about me.'

'Come now! Would any of those poor creatures have been the better of your knowing

> 'How many notes a sackbut has,
> Or whether shawms have strings,'

the Greek particles, which I believe were what sacked you?

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'They would have been the better if I had ever learnt to think what men's souls are, or my own either,' said Herbert, with a heavy sigh.

'Ah! well, you have had a sharp campaign,' said Phil; 'but you'll soon get the better of it when you are at Nice with the old folks. Jolly place—lots of nice girls—something always going on. I'll try and get leave to take you out; but you'll cut us all out! Ladies won't look at a fellow when there's an interesting young parson to the fore.'

Herbert made an action of negation, and his sister said—

'The doctors say Nice will not do after such an illness as this. Papa asked a doctor there, and he said he could not advise it.'

'Indeed! Then I'll tell you what, Herbs, you shall come into lodgings at York, and I'll look after you there. You shall ride Pimento, and dine at the mess.'

'Thank you, Phil,' said Herbert, to whom a few months ago this proposal would have been most seducing, 'but I am going home, and that's all the change I shall want.'

'Home! Yes, Ellen is getting ready for you. Not your room—oh, no! but the state bed-room! When will you come? My leave is only till Tuesday.'

'Oh! I don't know how to think of the drive,' sighed Herbert wearily.

'We must wait for a fine day, when he feels strong enough,' said Jenny.

'All right,' said Phil; 'but ten days or a fortnight there will be quite enough, and then you'll come. There are some friends of yours, that only looked at me, I can tell you, for the sake of your name—eh, Master Herbs?'

Herbert did not rise to the bait; but Jenny said, 'The Miss Strangeways?'

'Yes. Wouldn't he be flattered to hear of the stunning excitement when they heard of Captain Bowater, and how the old lady, their mother, talked by the yard about him? You'll get a welcome indeed when you come, old fellow. When shall it be?'

'No, thank you, Phil,' said Herbert gravely. 'I shall come back here as soon as I am well enough. But there is one thing I wish you would do for me.'

'Well, what? I'll speak about having any horse you please taken up for you to ride; I came over on Brown Ben, but he would shake you too much.'

'No, no, it's about a young fellow. If you could take him back to York to enlist——'

'My dear Herbert, I ain't a recruiting-serjeant.'

'No, but it might be the saving of him,' said Herbert, raising himself and speaking with more animation. 'It is Harry Hornblower.'

'Why, that's the chap that bagged your athletic prizes! Whew! Rather strong, ain't it, Joan?'

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'He did no such thing,' said Herbert, rather petulantly; 'never dreamt of it. He only was rather a fool in talking of them—vaunting of me, I believe, as not such a bad fellow for a parson; so his friends got out of him where to find them. But they knew better than to take them with them. Tell him, Jenny; he won't believe me.'

'It is quite true, Phil,' said Jenny, 'the poor fellow did get into bad company at the races, but that was all. He did not come home that night, but he was stupefied with drink and the beginning of the fever, and it was proved—perfectly proved—that he was fast asleep at a house at Backsworth when the robbery was committed, and he was as much shocked about it as anyone—more, I am sure, than Herbert, who was so relieved on finding him clear of it that he troubled himself very little about the things. And now he has had the fever—not very badly—and he is quite well now, but he can't get anything to do. Truelove turned him off before the races for hanging about at the Three Pigeons, and nobody will employ him. I do think it is true what they say—his mother, and Julius, and Herbert and all—that he has had a lesson, and wants to turn over a new leaf, but the people here won't let him. Julius and Herbert want him to enlist, and I believe he would, but his mother—as they all do, thinks that the last degradation—but she might listen if Captain Bowater came and told her about his own regiment—cavalry too—and the style of men in it—and it is the only chance for him.'

Philip made a wry face.

'You see I took him up and let him down,' said Herbert, sadly and earnestly.

'I really do believe,' said Jenny, clenching the matter, 'that Herbert would get well much faster if Harry Hornblower were off his mind.'

Phil growled, and his younger brother and sister knew that they would do their cause no good by another word. There was an odd shyness about them all. The elder brother had not yet said anything about Jenny's prospects, and only asked after the party at the Hall.

'All nearly well, except Frank's deafness,' said Jenny. 'In a day or two he is going up to London to consult an aurist, and see whether he can keep his clerkship. Miles is going with him, and Rosamond takes Terry up to see his brother in London, and then, I believe, she is going on to get rooms at Rockpier, while Miles comes home to fetch his mother there.'

'Mrs. Poynsett!' with infinite wonder.

'Oh yes, all this has really brought out much more power of activity in her. You know it was said that there was more damage to the nervous system than anything else, and the shock has done her good. Besides, Miles is so much less timid about her than dear Raymond, who always handled her like a cracked teapot, and never having known much of any other woman, did not understand what was good for her.'

'Miles has more pith in him than ever poor old Raymond had,' said Phil. 'Poor old Poynsett, I used to think he wanted to be spoken on

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you, Joan, if he had only known his own mind. If he had, I suppose he would have been alive now!'

'What a pleasing situation for Jenny!' Herbert could not help muttering.

'Much better than running after ostriches in the wilderness,' quoth Philip. 'You ride them double, don't you?'

'Two little negro boys at a time,' replied Jenny, 'according to the nursery book. Will you come and try, Phil?'

'You don't mean to go out?'

'I don't know,' said Jenny; 'it depends on how mamma is, and how Edith gets on.'

Philip gave a long whistle of dismay. Herbert looked at him wistfully, longing to hear him utter some word of congratulation or sympathy with his sister; but none was forthcoming. Philip had disliked the engagement originally—never had cared for Archie Douglas, and was not melted now that Jenny was more valuable than ever. She knew him too well to expect it of him, and did not want to leave him to vex Herbert by any expression of his opinion on the matter, and on this account, as well as on that of the fatigue she saw on her patient's features, she refused his kind offer of keeping guard while she went in the afternoon to church, adding that Herbert must rest, as Mrs. Duncombe was coming afterwards to take leave of him.

Philip shrugged his shoulders in horror, and declared that he should not return again till *that* was over; but he should look in again before he went home to settle about Herbert's coming to York.

'York!' said Herbert, with a gasp, as Jenny brought his jelly, and arranged his pillows for a rest, while the dragoon's boots resounded on the stairs. 'Please tell him to say no more about it. I want them all to understand that I'm not going in for that sort of thing any more.'

'My dear, I think you had better not say things hotly and rashly; you may feel so very differently by and by.'

'I know that,' said Herbert; 'but after all it is only what my ordination vows mean, though I did not see it then. And this year must be a penance year; I had made up my mind to that before I fell ill.'

'Only you must get well,' said Jenny.

'That takes care of itself when one is sound to begin with,' said Herbert. 'And now that I have been brought back again, and had my eyes opened, and have got another trial given me, it would be double shame to throw it away.'

'I don't think you will do that.'

'I only pray that all that seems burnt out of me by what I have seen, and heard, and felt, may not come back with my strength.'

'I could hardly pray that for you, Herbert,' said Jenny. 'Spirits are wanted to bear a clergyman through his work, and though you are quite right not to *go in* for those things, I should be sorry if you never enjoyed what came in your way.'

'If I never was tempted.'

'It need not be temptation. It would not be if your mind were full of your work—it would only be refreshment. I don't want my boy to turn stern, and dry, and ungenial. That would not be like your rector.'

'My rector did not make such a bad start, and can trust himself better,' said Herbert. 'Come, Jenny, don't look at me in that way. You can't wish me to go to York, and meet those rattling girls again?'

'No, certainly not, though Sister Margaret told Rosamond they had never had such a sobering lesson in their lives as their share in the mischief to you.'

'It was not their fault,' said Herbert. 'It was deeper down than that. And they were good girls after all, if one only had had sense.'

'Oh!——'

'Nonsense, Jenny,' with a little smile, as he read her face, 'I'm not bitten—no—but they, and poor Lady Tyrell, and all are proof enough that it is easy to turn my head, and that I am one who ought to keep out of that style of thing for the future. So do silence Phil, for you know when he gets a thing into his head, how he goes on, and I do not think I can bear it now.'

'I am sure you can't,' said Jenny, emphatically, 'and I'll do my best. Only, Herbie, dear, do one thing for me, don't bind yourself by any regular renunciations of moderate things now your mind is excited, and you are weak. I am sure Julius or Dr. Easterby would say so.'

'I'll think,' said Herbert. 'But if I am forgiven for this year, nothing seems to me too much to give up to the Great Shepherd to show my sorrow. "Feed My sheep" was the way He bade S. Peter prove his love.'

Jenny longed to say it was feeding the sheep rather than self-privation, but she was not sure of her ground, and Herbert's low, quiet, soft voice went to her heart. There were two great tears on his cheeks, he shut his eyes as if to keep back any more, and turned his face inwards on the sofa, his lips still murmuring over 'Feed My sheep.' She looked at him, feeling as if, while her heart had wakened to new glad hopes of earth, her brother, in her fulfilled prayer, had soared beyond her. They were both quite still till Mrs. Duncombe came to the door.

She was at the Rectory, her house being dismantled, and she, having stayed till the last case of fever was convalescent, and the Sisters recalled, was to go the next day to her mother-in-law's. She was almost as much altered as Herbert himself. Her jaunty air had given way to something equally energetic, but she looked wiry and worn, and her gold pheasant's crest had become little more than a sandy wisp, as she came quietly in and took the hand that Herbert held out to her, saying how glad she was to see him on the mend.

He asked after some of the people whom they had attended together, and listened to the details, asking specially after one or two families, where one or both parents had been taken away.

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'Poor Cecil Poynsett is undertaking them,' was the answer in each case. Some had been already sent to orphanages; others were boarded out till places could be found for them; and the Sisters had taken charge of two.

Then one widow was to 'do for' the Vicar, who had taken solitary possession of the Vicarage, but would soon be joined there by one or more curates. He had been inducted into the ruinous chancel of the poor old church, had paid the architect of the Rat-house fifty pounds (a sum just equalling the proceeds of the bazaar) to be rid of his plans; had brought down a first-rate architect; and in the meantime was working the little iron church vigorously.

'Everything seems to be beginning there just as I go into exile!' said Mrs. Duncombe. 'It seems odd that I should have to go from what I have only just learnt to prize! But you have taught me a good deal——'

'Everyone must have learnt a good deal,' said Herbert, wearily. 'If one only has!'

'I meant you, yourself, and that is what I came to thank you for. Yes, I did; even if you don't like to hear it, your sister does, and I must have it out. I shall recollect you again and again standing over all those beds, and shrinking from nothing, and I shall hold up the example to my boys.'

'Do hold up something better!'

'Can you write?' she said, abruptly.

'I have written a few lines to my mother.'

'Do you remember what you said that night, when you had to hold that poor man in his delirium, and his wife was so wild with fright that she could not help?'

'I am not sure what you mean.'

'You said it three or four times. It was only——'

'I remember,' said Herbert, as she paused; 'it was the only thing I could recollect in the turmoil.'

'Would it tire you very much to write it for me in the fly-leaf of this Prayer Book that Mr. Charnock has given me?'

Herbert pulled himself into a sitting posture, and signed to his sister to give him the ink.

'I shall spoil your book,' he said, as his hand shook.

'Never mind,' she said, eagerly, 'the words come back to me whenever I think of the life I have to face, and I want them written; they soothe me, as they soothed that frightened woman and raving man.'

And Herbert wrote. It was only—'The Lord is a very present help in trouble.'

'Yes,' she said; 'thank you. Put your initials, pray. There—thank you. No, you can never tell what it was to me to hear those words, so quietly, and gravely, and strongly, in that deadly struggle. It seemed to me, for the first time in all my life, that God is a real Presence and an

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actual help. There! I see Miss Bowater wants me gone; so I am off. I shall hear of you.'

Herbert was exhausted with the exertion, and only exchanged a close pressure of the hand, and when Jenny came back, after seeing the lady to the door, she thought there were tears on his cheek, and bent down to kiss him.

'That was just the way, Jenny,' his low tired voice said. 'I never could recollect what I wanted to say. Only just those few psalms that you did manage to teach me before I went to school, they came back and back.'

Jenny had no time to answer, for the feet of Philip were on the stairs. He had been visiting Mrs. Hornblower, and persuading her that to make a dragoon of her son was the very best thing for him—great promotion, and quite removed from the ordinary vulgar enlistment in the line—till he had wiled consent out of her. And though Philip declared it was blarney, and was inclined to think it *infra dig.* to have thus exerted his eloquence, it was certain that Mrs. Hornblower would console herself by mentioning to her neighbours that her son was gone in compliment to Captain Bowater, who had taken a fancy to him.

The relief to Herbert was infinite; but he was by this time too much tired to do anything but murmur his thanks, and wish himself safe back in his bed, and Philip's strong-armed aid in reaching that haven was not a little appreciated.

Julius looked in with his mother's entreaty that Philip, and if possible his sister, should come up to eat their Christmas dinner at the Hall; and Herbert, wearily declaring that sleep was all he needed, and that Cranky would be more than sufficient for him, insisted on their accepting the invitation; and Jenny was not sorry, for she did not want a *tête-à-tête* with Philip so close to her patient's room, that whatever he chose to hear, he might.

She had quite enough of it in the walk to the Hall. Phil, with the persistency of a person bent on doing a kind thing, returned to his York plan, viewing it as excellent relaxation for a depressed, overworked man, and certain it would be a great treat to 'little Herb.' He still looked on the tall young man as the small brother to be patronized and protected and dragged out of home petting; so he pooh-poohed all Jenny's gentler hints as to Herbert's need of care and desire to return to his work, until she was obliged to say plainly that he had entreated her to beg it might not be argued with him again, as he was resolved against amusement for the present.

Then Phil grew very angry both with Herbert and Jenny.

'Did they suppose he wanted the boy to do anything unclerical?'

'No; but you know it was by nothing positively unclerical that he was led aside before.'

Phil broke out into a tirade against the folly of Jenny's speech. In his view, Herbert's conduct at Wilsbro' had confuted the Bishop's cen-

sure, and for his own part, he only wished to amuse the boy, and give him rest, and if he did take him to a ball, or even out with the hounds, he would be on leave, and in another diocese, where the Bishop had nothing to do with him.

Jenny tried to make him understand that dread of the Bishop was the last thing in Herbert's mind. It was rather that he did not think it right to dissipate away a serious impression.

That was worse than before. She was threatened with the most serious displeasure of her father and mother if she encouraged Herbert in the morbid, ascetic notions ascribed to Dr. Easterby.

'It was always the way with the women—they never knew where to stop.'

'No,' said Jenny, 'I did not know there was anywhere to stop in the way of Heaven.'

'As if there were no way to Heaven without making a fool of oneself.'

This answer made Jenny sorry for her own, as needlessly vexatious, and yet she recollected St. Paul's Christian paradoxes, and felt that poor Herbert might have laid hold of the true theory of the ministry. At any rate she was glad that they were at that moment hailed and overtaken by the party from the Rectory, and that Phil pounced at once on Julius, to obtain his sanction to giving Herbert a little diversion at York.

Julius answered more warily, 'Does he wish it?'

'No; but he is too weak yet, and is hipped and morbid.'

'Well, Phil, I would not put it into his head. No doubt you would take very good care of him, but I doubt whether your father would like the Bishop to hear of him—under the circumstances—going to disport himself at the dragoon mess. Besides, I don't think he will be well enough before Lent, and then of course he could not.'

This outer argument in a man's voice pacified Phil, as Julius knew it would much better than the deeper one, and he contented himself with muttering that he should write to his father about it, which every one knew he was most likely not to do.

Who could have foretold last Christmas who would be the party at that dinner? Mrs. Poynsett at the head of her own table, and Miles in the master's place, while the three waifs from absent families would have seemed equally unlikely guests; while of last year's party—Charlie was in India, Tom De Lancey with the aunts in Ireland, Cecil at Dunstone. Mrs. Duncombe was perfectly quiet, not only from the subduing influence of all she had undergone, but because she felt herself there like an intruder, and would have refused, but that to leave her at home would have distressed her hostess. Mrs. Poynsett had never seen her before, and after all she had heard about her, was quite amazed at the sight of such an insignificant little person as she was without her dash and sparkle, and in a dress, which when no longer coquettish, verged upon the slovenly.

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Poor thing, she was waiting till the Christmas visit of the elder Mrs.

Duncombe's own daughter was over, so that there might be room for her, and she was thankful for the reprieve, which left her able to spend Christmas among the privileges she had only learnt to value just as she was deprived of them. She looked at Mrs. Poynsett, half in curiosity, half in compunction, as she remembered how she had helped to set Cecil against her.

'But then,' as she said to Rosamond, in going home, 'I had prejudices about the genus *belle-mère*. And mine always knew and said I should ruin her son, in which, alas! she was quite right!'

'She will be pleased now,' said Rosamond.

'No, indeed, I believe she had rather I were rapidity personified than owe the change to anyone of your Rector's sort. I have had a letter or two, warning me against the Sisters, or thinking there is any merit in works of mercy. Ah, well! I'll try to think her a good old woman! But if she had only not strained the cord till it snapped, how much happier Bob and I should have been!'

What a difference there is between straining the cord for oneself and for other people! So Julius could not help feeling, when Herbert, in spite of all that could be said to him, about morbid haste in renunciation, sent for the village captain of the cricket-club, and delivered over to him the bat, which had hitherto been as a knightly sword to him, resigning his place in the Compton Poynsett Eleven, and replying to the dismayed entreaties and assurances of the young farmer that he would reconsider his decision, and that he would soon be quite strong again, that he had spent too much time over cricket, and liked it too well to trust himself at it again.

That was the last thing before on a New Year's day, which was like an April day, Herbert came into church once more, and then was carried off in the Strawyers' carriage, lying back half ashamed, half astonished, at the shower of strange tears which the ecstatic shouts and cheers of the village boys had called forth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ROCKPIER.

ROSAMOND was to have a taste of her old vocation, and go campaigning for lodgings, the searching for which she declared to be her strongest point. Rockpier was to be the destination of the family; Eleonora Vivian, whose letters had been far fewer than had been expected of her, was known to be there with her father, and this was lure sufficient for Frank. Frank's welfare again was the lure to Mrs. Poynsett; and the benefit Rosamond was to derive from sea air, after all she had gone through, made Julius willing to give himself the holiday that everybody insisted on his having until Lent.

First, however, was sent off an advanced guard, consisting of Rosamond and Terry, who went up to London with Frank, that he might there consult

an aurist, and likewise present himself to his chief, and see whether he could keep his clerkship. All this turned out well, his duties did not depend on his ears, and a month's longer leave of absence was granted to him; moreover, his deafness was pronounced to be likely to yield to treatment, and a tube restored him to somewhat easier intercourse with mankind, and he was in high spirits when, after an evening spent with Rosamond's friends, the M'Kinnons, the trio took an early train for Rockpier, where Rosamond could not detain Frank even to come to the hotel with them and have luncheon before hurrying off to Verdure Point, the villa inhabited by Sir Harry. All he had done all the way down was to impress upon her in the fulness of his knowledge of the place, that the only habitable houses in Rockpier were in that direction—the nearer to Verdure Point the more perfect!

Terry listened with smiling eyes, sometimes viewing the lover as a bore, sometimes as a curious study, confirming practical statements. Terry was thoroughly well, only with an insatiable appetite, and he viewed his fellow convalescent's love with double wonder when he found it caused oblivion of hunger, especially as Frank still looked gaunt and sallow, and was avowedly not returned to his usual health.

Rosamond set forth house-hunting, dropping Terry ere long at the Library, where she went to make inquiries, and find the *sine qua non*. When she reached the sitting-room at the hotel, she found Frank cowering over the fire in an arm-chair, the picture of despondency. Of course he did not hear her entrance, and she darted up to him, and put her hand on his shoulder. He looked up to her with an attempt at indifference.

'Well, Frank!'

'Well, Rose! How have you sped?'

'I have got a house; but it is in Marine Terrace. I don't know what you'll say to me.'

'I don't know that it signifies.'

'You are shivering! What's the matter?'

'Only, it is very cold!

(*Aside.* 'Ring the bell, Terry, he is as cold as ice.') Did you see her?'

'Oh yes. Did you have any luncheon? (Some port-wine and hot water directly, please.')

'Yes, I believe so. You are not ordering anything for me? There's nothing amiss—only it is so cold.'

'It is cold, and you are not to be cold; nor are we to be cold, sir. You must go to bed early in the evening, Terry,' said Rosamond, at last. 'I shall make nothing of him while you are by, and an hour's more sleep will not be lost on you.'

'Will you come and tell me then, Rosey? I deserve something.'

'What, for sleeping there instead of here, when you've nothing to do?'

'Indeed, but I have. I want to make out this little Chaucer. I shall go down to the coffee-room and do it.'

'Well, if you like poking out your eyes with the gas in the coffee-room, I have no objection, since you are too proud to go to bed. Wish him good-night first, and do it naturally.'

'Nature would be thrown away on him, poor fellow,' said Terry, as he roused Frank with difficulty to have "Good-night" roared into his ear, and give a listless hand. He was about to deal with Rosamond in the same way, but she said—

'No, I am not going yet,' and settled herself opposite to him, with her half-knitted baby's shoe in her hands, and her feet on the fender, her crape drawn up from the fire, disposed for conversation. Frank, on the other hand, fell back into the old position, looking so wretched that she could bear it no longer, picked up the tube, forced it on him, and said. 'Do tell me, dear Frank. You used to tell me long ago.'

He shook his head. 'That's all over. You are very good, Rosamond, but you should not have forced her to come to me.'

'Not!'

'My life was not worth saving.'

'She has not gone back from you again?—the horrible girl!' (*this last aside*).

'It is not that she has gone back. She has never changed. It is I who have forfeited her.'

'You!—You!—She has not cast you off!'

'You know how it was, and the resolution by which she had bound herself, and how I was maddened.'

'That! I thought it was all forgiven and forgotten!' cried Rosamond

'It is not a matter of forgiveness. She put it to me whether it was possible to begin on a broken word.'

'Worse and worse! Why, when you've spoken a foolish word, it is the foolishest thing in the world to hold to it.'

'If it were a foolish word!' said poor Frank. 'I think I could have atoned for that day, if she could have tried me; but when she left me to judge, and those eyes of sweet sorrowful——'

'Sweet! Sorrowful, indeed! About as sweet and sorrowful as the butcher to the lamb. Left you to judge! A refinement of cruelty! She had better have staid away when I told her it was the only chance to save your life.'

'Would that she had!' sighed Frank. But that was your doing, Rosamond, and what she did in mere humanity can't be cast back again to bind her against her conscience.'

'Plague on her conscience!' was my Lady's imprecation. 'I wonder if it is all coquetry!'

'She deserves no blame,' said Frank, understanding the manner, though the words were under Rosamond's breath. 'Her very troubles in her own family have been the cause of her erecting a standard of what alone she could trust. Once in better days she fancied I came up to it, and when I know how far I have fallen short of it——'

'Nonsense. She had no business to make the condition without warning you.'

'She knows more of me than only that,' muttered poor Frank. 'I was an ass in town last summer. It was the hope of seeing her that drew me; but if I had kept out of that set, all this would never have been.'

'It was all for her sake.' (A substratum of 'Ungrateful, ungenerous girl.')

'For her sake, I thought—not her true sake.' Then there was a silence, broken by his exclaiming. 'Rose, I must get away from here!'

'You can't,' she called back. 'Here's your mother coming. She would be perfectly miserable to find you gone.'

'It is impossible I should stay here.'

'Don't be so chicken-hearted, Frank. If she has a heart worth speaking of, she'll come round, if you only press hard enough. If not you are well quit of her.'

He cried out at this, and Rosamond saw that what she called faintness of heart was really reverence and sense of his own failings; but none the less did she scorn such misplaced adoration, as it seemed to her, and scold him in her own fashion, for not rushing on to conquer irresistibly; or else being cool and easy as to his rejection. He would accept neither alternative, was depressed beyond the power of comfort, bodily weariness adding to his other ills, and went off at last to bed, without retracting his intention of going away.

'Well, Terry, it is a new phase, and a most perplexing one!' said Rosamond, when her brother came back with arch curiosity in his brown eyes. 'The girl has gone and turned him over, and there he lies on his back prostrate, just like Ponto, when he knows he deserves it!'

'Turned him over—you don't mean that she is off? I thought she was a perfect angel of loveliness and goodness.'

'Goodness! It is enough to make one hate goodness, unless this is all mere pretence on her part. But what I am afraid of is his setting off, no one knows where, before anyone is up, and leaving us to confront his mother, while he falls ill in some dog-hole of a place. He is not fit to go about by himself, and I trust to you to watch him, Terry.'

'Shall I lie on the mat outside his door?' said Terry, half meaning it, and somewhat elated by the romantic situation.

'No, we are not come to quite such extremities. You need not even turn his key by mistake; only keep your ears open. He is next to you, is he not?—and go in on pretext of inquiry—if you hear him up to mischief.'

Nothing was heard but the ordinary summons of Boots; and it turned out in the morning that the chill had exasperated his throat, and reduced him to a condition which took away all inclination to move, besides deafening him completely.

Rosamond had to rush about all day, providing plenishing for the lodging. Once she saw Sir Harry and his daughter in the distance, and

dashed into a shop to avoid them, muttering, 'I don't believe she cared for him one bit. I dare say she has taken up with Lorimer Strangeways after all! Rather worse than her sister, I declare, for she never pretended to be too *good* for Raymond,' and then as a curate in a cassock passed—'Ah! some of them have been working on her, and persuading her that he is not good enough for her. Impertinent prig! He looks just capable of it!'

Frank was no better as to cold and deafness, though somewhat less uncomfortable the next day in the lodging, and Rosamond went up without him to the station to meet the rest of the party, and arrange for Mrs. Poynsett's conveyance. They had accomplished the journey much better than had been hoped, but it was late and dark enough to make it expedient that Mrs. Poynsett should be carried to bed at once, after her most unwonted fatigue, and only to have one glimpse and embrace of Frank, so as to stave off the knowledge of his troubles till after her night's rest. He seconded this desire, and indeed Miles and Anne only saw that he had a bad cold; but Rosamond no sooner had her husband to herself, than she raved over his wrongs to her heart's content, and implored Julius to redress them, though how she did not well know, since she by turns declared that Frank was well quit of Lenore, and that he would never get over the loss.

Julius demurred a good deal to her wish of sending him on a mission to Eleonora. All Charnocks naturally swung back to distrust of the Vivians, and he did not like to plead with a girl who seemed only to be making an excuse to reject his brother; while, on the other hand, he knew that Raymond had not been satisfied with Frank's London habits, nor had he himself been at ease as to his religious practices, which certainly had been the minimum required to suit his mother's notions. He had been a communicant on Christmas Day, but he was so entirely out of reach that there was no knowing what difference his illness might have made in him; Eleonora might know more than his own family did, and have good and conscientious reasons for breaking with him; and aware that his own authority had weight with her, Julius felt it almost too much responsibility to interfere, till the next day, when his mother, with tears in her eyes, entreated him to go to Miss Vivian, to find out what was this dreadful misunderstanding, which perhaps might only be from his want of hearing, and implore her, in the name of an old woman, not to break her boy's heart, and darken his life as it had been with his brother.

Mrs. Poynsett was tremulous and agitated, and grief had evidently told on her high spirit, so that Julius could make no objection, but promised to do his best.

By the time it was possible to Julius to call, Sir Harry and Miss Vivian were out riding, and he had no further chance till at the gaslit Friday evening lecture, to which he had hurried after dinner, a lady became faint in the heated atmosphere, two rows of chairs before him, and as she

turned to make her way out, he saw that it was Eleonora, and was appalled by seeing not only the whiteness of the present faintness, but that thinness and general alteration, which had changed the beautiful face so much, that he asked himself for a moment whether she could have escaped the fever.

In that moment he had moved forward to her support; and she, seeming to have no one belonging to her, clung to the friendly arm, and was presently in the porch, where the cool night air revived her at once, and she begged him to return, saying nothing ailed her but gas.

'No, I shall see you home, Lena.'

'Indeed, there is no need,' said the trembling voice, in which he detected a sob very near at hand.

'I shall use my own judgment as to that,' said Julius, kindly.

She made no more resistance, but rose from the seat in the porch, and accepted his arm. He soon felt that her steps were growing firmer, and he ventured to say, 'I had been looking for you to-day.'

'Yes, I saw your card.'

'I had a message to you from my mother.' Lenore trembled again, but did not dare to relax her hold on him. 'I think you can guess what it is. She thinks poor Frank must have mistaken what you said.'

'No—I wrote it,' said Lena, very low.

'And you really meant that the resolution made last year is to stand between you and Frank? I am not blaming you, I do not know whether you may not be acting rightly and wisely, and whether you may not have more reason than I know of to shrink from intrusting yourself to Frank; but my mother cannot understand it, and when she sees him heartbroken, and too unwell to act for himself——'

'Oh! is he ill?'

'He has a very bad cold, and could not get up till the afternoon, and he is deafer than ever.'

Lena moaned.

He proceeded: 'So as he cannot act for himself, my mother begged me to come to an understanding.'

'I told him to judge,' said Lena, faintly, but turning Julius so as to walk back along the parade instead of to her abode.

'Was not that making him his own executioner?' said Julius.

'A promise is binding,' she added.

'Yet, is it quite fair?' said Julius, sure now which way her heart went, and thinking she was really longing to be absolved from a superstitious feeling, 'is it fair to expect another person to be bound by a vow of which you have not told him?'

'I never thought he could,' sighed she.

'And you know he was entrapped!' said Julius, roused to defend his brother.

'And by whom?' she said in accents of deep pain.

'I should have thought it just—both by your poor sister and by him

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—to undo the wrong then wrought,' said Julius, 'unless, indeed, you have some further cause for distrusting him?'

'No! no!' cried she. 'Oh, Julius! I do it for his own good. Your mother knows not what she wishes, in trying to entangle him again with me

'Lenore, will you tell me if anything in him, besides that unhappy slip, makes you distrust him?'

'I must tell the whole truth,' gasped the poor girl, as they walked along in the sound of the sea, the dark path here and there brightened by the gas-lights 'or you will think it is his fault! Julius, I know more about my poor father than ever I did before. I was a child when I lived here before, and then Camilla took all the management. When we came to London, two months ago, I soon saw the kind of people he got round him for his comforters. I knew how he spent his evenings. It is second nature to him—he can't get out of it, I believe! I persuaded him to come down here, thinking it a haven of peace and safety. Alas! I little knew what old habits there were to resume, nor what was the real reason Camilla brought us away after paying our debts. I was a happy child *then*, when I only knew that papa was gone to his club. Now I know that it is a billiard-room—and that it is doing all the more harm because he is there—and I see him with people whom he does not like me to speak to. I don't know whether I could get him away, and it would be as bad anywhere else. I don't think he can help it. And he is often unwell; he can't do without me when he has the gout, and I ought not leave him to himself. And then, if—if we did marry, and he lived with us in London, think what it would be for Frank to have such a set brought about him. I don't see how he could keep them off. Or even an engagement bringing him down here—or anywhere, among papa's friends, would be very bad for him. I saw it in London, even with Camilla to keep things in check.' She was almost choked with suppressed agony.

'I see,' said Julius, gravely and pitifully, 'it would take a man of more age and weight than poor Frank to deal with the habits of a lifetime. The risk is great.'

'And when I saw it,' added Eleonora, 'I felt I must never, never bring him into it. And how could I tell him? Your mother does not know, or she could not wish it!'

'It is plain that in the present state of things you ought not to marry, and so far you are judging nobly,' said Julius; 'but next comes the question—how far it is well to make that day at the races the pretext?'

'Don't call it a pretext,' said Lenore, quickly. 'I meant what I said a year ago, with all my soul. Perhaps it was hasty, when poor Camilla drove me into saying I did not mean only an habitual gambler, but one who had ever betted. And now, well as I know how cruelly she used that presumptuous vow of mine, and how she repented of it at last, still I feel that to fly in its face might be so wrong, that I should have no right to expect not to drag Frank down.'

'Perhaps I am too much interested to judge fairly,' said Julius. 'I should like you to consult some one—say Dr. Easterby—but it seems to me that it is just such a vow as you may well be absolved from.'

'But is it not Frank's protection?'

'Put yourself in that poor fellow's place, Lena, and see what it is to him to be cast off for such a reason. He did the wrong I know. He knew he ought not, apart from your resolution, and he did thus prove his weakness and unfitness——'

'Oh no, no—it was not his fault.'

Julius laughed a little, and added, 'I am not saying he deserves you—hush!—or that it would be well to take him now, only that I think to find himself utterly rejected for so insufficient a reason, and when he was really deceived, would not only half kill him now, but do his whole nature cruel harm.'

'What is to be done then?' sighed Eleonora.

'I should say, and I think my mother would put him on some probation if you like, even before you call it an engagement; but give him hope. Let him know that your attachment is as true and unselfish as ever, and do not let him brood in misery, enhanced by his deafness.'

'I can't marry while poor papa is like what he is,' said she, as if trying to keep hold of her purpose.

'But you can be Frank's light and hope—the prize for which he can work.'

'If—your mother will have it so—then,' said Eleonora, and the sigh that followed was one to relieve, not exhaust.

'May I tell her then?'

'You must, I suppose,' said the poor girl; 'but she can never wish it to go on!'

Julius left her at her own door and went home.

As Mrs. Poynsett said, she could expect nothing better of him. 'It is quite clear,' she said, 'that poor Lena is right, that Frank must not set up housekeeping with him. Even if he were certain to be proof against temptation, it would be as bad a connection as could be. I never thought of his being with them; but I suppose there is nothing else to be done with him.'

'Frank ought not to be exposed to the trial. The old man has a certain influence over him.'

'Though I should have thought such a hoary old wreck was nothing but a warning. It has been a most unhappy affair from first to last, but Lena is a good unselfish girl, and nothing else will give Frank a chance of happiness. Waiting will do them no harm, they are young enough, and have no great sum to marry upon, so if you can bring her to me to-morrow, Julius, I will ask her to grant my poor boy leave to wait till she can see her way to marrying.'

Julius ventured to write down, 'Hope on!'

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To this Frank replied with rather a fiery look, 'Mind, I will not have

her persuaded or worked on. It must be all her own doing. Yes,' answering a look of his brother, 'I see what you are about. You want to tell her it is a superstition about her vow and not using me fairly. So it may be in some points of view; but the fact remains. She thought she might trust to my good sense and principle, and it proved that she was wrong. After that it is not right to force myself on her. I don't dare to do it, Julius. I have not been shut up with myself all these weeks for nothing. I know now how unworthy I ever was to think of her as mine. If I can ever prove my repentance she might in time forgive me; but for her to be driven to take me out of either supposed justice or mercy, I will not stand! A wretched deaf being like me! It is not fitting, and I *will* not have it done!'

Julius wrote—'She is suffering greatly. She nearly fainted at church, and I had to take her out.'

Frank's face worked, and he put his hand over it as he said, 'You are all torturing her; I shall write a letter and settle it myself.'

Frank did write the letter that very night, and when Julius next saw Eleonora her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she said—

'Take me to him! I must comfort him!'

'You have heard from him?'

'Yes. Such a beautiful letter. But he must not think it *that*.'

She did show the letter, reserved though she was. She was right about it; Julius was struck with the humble sweetness, which made him think more highly of poor Frank than ever he had done before. He had decided against himself, feeling how much his fall at the race-ground had been the effect of the manner in which he had allowed himself to be led during the previous season in London, and owning how far his whole aim in life fell short of what it ought to be, asking nothing for himself, not even hope nor patience, though he could not refrain from expressing his own undying love, and his one desire that if she had not attached herself to one more worthy, he might in time be thought to have proved his repentance. In the meantime she would and could be only his beacon star.

Julius could not but take her home, and leave her with Frank, though his mother was a little annoyed not to have first seen her; but when Frank himself brought her to Mrs. Poynsett's arms, it turned out that the two ladies were quite of one mind as to the inexpediency of Sir Harry living with Frank. They said it very covertly, but each understood the other, and Eleonora went home wonderfully happier, and looking as if her fresh beauty would soon return.

There was quite enough to dazzle Miles, whose first opinion was that they were hard on Sir Harry, and that two ladies and a clergyman might be making a great deal too much of an old man's form of loitering, especially in a female paradise of ritualism, as he was pleased to call Rockpier, where all the male population seemed to be invalids.

However, it was not long before he came round to their view. He

found that Sir Harry, in spite of his gentlemanly speech and bearing, was a battered old *roué*, who was never happy but when gambling, and whose air and title were baits to victims of a lower class than himself; young clerks and medical students, who were flattered by his condescension. He did not actually fleece them himself, he had too little worldly wisdom for that; but he was the decoy of a coterie of Nyms, Pistols, and Bardolphs, who gathered up the spoil of these and any unwary youth who came to Rockpier in the wake of an invalid, or to 'see life' at a fashionable watering-place. Miles thought the old man was probably reduced to a worse style of company, by the very fact of the religious atmosphere of the place, where he himself found so little to do that he longed for the opening of the Session; but he was strongly impressed with the impracticability of a *ménage* for Frank, with the baronet as father-in-law.

Not so, Sir Harry. He was rather fond of Frank, and had been glad to be no longer bound to oppose the match, and he had benignantly made up his mind to the great sacrifice of living in his house in London, surrounding himself with all his friends, and making the young couple supply him with pocket-money whenever he had a run of ill-luck. They would grant it more easily than Camilla, and would never presume to keep him under regulation as she had done. They would be too grateful to him.

So, after a day or two, he demanded of Eleonora whether her young man had given her up, or what he meant by his coolness in not calling? Lena answered the last count by explaining how unwell he had been, and how his hearing might be lost by a renewal of his cold. She was however further pressed, and obliged to say how matters stood, namely, that they were engaged, but meant to wait.

Whereupon, Sir Harry, quite sincerely, poor old man, grew compassionate and grandly benignant. The young people were prudent, but he would come to their aid. His pittance added to theirs—even now would set all things straight. He would never stand in the way of their happiness!

Mrs. Poynsett had bidden Lena cast the whole on her shoulders. The girl was too truthful and generous to do this, fond as she still was of her father.

'No, dear papa,' she said, 'it is very kind in you,' for she knew that so he meant it, 'but I am afraid it will not quite do. You see Frank must be very careful in his situation—and I don't think so quiet a way of life would suit you.'

'Nonsense, child, I'm an old man, I want no racketing. Just house-room for myself and Victor. That fellow is worth two women in a house. You'll keep a good cook. I'll never ask for more than a few old friends to dinner, when I don't feel disposed to have them at the club.'

Old friends! Yes, Lenore knew them, and her flesh crept, to think of Frank's chief hearing of them constantly at his house.

'I don't think we should afford it, dear papa,' she said. 'We have agreed that I had better stay with you for the present, and let Frank make his way.'

Then a thought occurred to Sir Harry. 'Is this the Poynsetts' doing?'

'No,' said Eleonora, stoutly. 'It is mine. I know that—oh! papa, forgive me!—the things and people you like would not be good for Frank, and I will not leave you nor bring him into them. Never!'

Sir Harry swore—almost for the first time before her—that this was that old hag, Mrs. Poynsett's doing, and that she would make his child abandon him in his old age. He would not have his daughter dragged into a long engagement. Wait—he knew what waiting meant—wait for his death; but they should have her now or not at all; and he flung away from her and her intreaties to announce his determination to the suitor's family.

He did not find this very easy to accomplish. Frank's ears were quite impervious to all his storming, and if he was to reduce his words to paper, they came less easily. Miles, to whom he tried to speak as a man of the world, would only repeat that his mother would never consent to the marriage, unless the young couple were to live alone; nay, he said, with a grain of justice, he thought that had been Sir Harry's own view in a former case. Would he like to see Mrs. Poynsett? she was quite ready.

Again Sir Harry quailed at the notion of encountering Mrs. Poynsett; but Miles, who had a great idea that his mother could deal with everybody, and was the better for doing so, would not let him off, and ushered him in, then stood behind her chair, and thoroughly enjoyed the grand and yet courteous way in which she reduced to nothing Sir Harry's grand beneficence in eking out the young folk's income with his own. She knew very well that even when the estate was sold, at the highest estimate, Eleonora would have the barest maintenance, and that he could hardly expect what the creditors now allowed him, and she made him understand that she knew this, and that she had a right to make conditions, since Frank, like her other sons, could not enter into possession of his share of his father's fortune unless he married with her consent.

And when he spoke of breaking off the engagement, she was callous, and said that he must do as he pleased, though after young people were grown up, she thought the matter ought to rest with themselves. She did not wish her son to marry till his character was more confirmed.

He went home very angry, and yet crest-fallen, sought out Eleonora, and informed her of his command, that her engagement should be broken off.

'I do not know how that can be done, papa,' said Eleonora. 'We have never exactly made an engagement; we do not want to marry at once, and we could not help loving each other, if we tried.'

'Humph! And if I laid my commands on you never to marry into that family?'

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'I do not think you will do that, papa, after your promise to Camilla.'

She had conquered. No further objection was made to her being as much as she pleased with the Charnocks as long as they remained at Rockpier, nor to her correspondence with Frank when he went away, not to solitary lodgings as before, but to the London house, which Miles and Anne only consented to keep on upon condition of their mother sharing it with them.

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MRS. JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

'It really is Mr. Vaux,' said Colonel Wyndham, 'let me take you to him,' and he gave Cecil his arm and began to cross the room with her.

At first she yielded to his movement, hardly knowing what she did, or taking in the points of the position, but after a moment she dropped his arm in terror, and saying—'O, I must hide from him, he must not see me,' darted away into the crowd, leaving Colonel Wyndham behind very much astonished.

She almost ran up against Captain Feversham, who instantly gave her his arm, which in a perfect tumult of excitement she accepted.

'Take me away,' she cried, 'take me away, my uncle is here.'

'All right,' was the reply, 'I'll see you safe through it; never say die.'

They passed on, Cecil not looking to right or left, or knowing where he was leading her. He, not understanding the position, thought she had discovered that her uncle was at the ball among the other guests, and led her to the portico as the best means of escape from the room where he was. Colonel Wyndham had gone in the same direction when Cecil so abruptly forsook him, anxious, of course, to ascertain what had brought Mr. Vaux to the ball, uninvited, and in his great-coat. Orson had also hastened towards the man whom he said was his uncle. The consequence of this was that they all met on the threshold of the room where Mr. Vaux still stood, Colonel Wyndham, Orson, and Cecil on Captain Feversham's arm, confronting and surrounding him.

Cecil gave a little scream when she found where she had been taken to. Her eyes met her uncle's, and she stared with astonishment at his appearance. She had never seen him look so pale, or so agitated, or so unlike himself before.

'What, you are here!' he cried, when he saw her, and to Cecil's amazed eyes it almost seemed as if he was more relieved than angry at the fact; then he turned upon Captain Feversham and said, in a low, fierce voice, 'You villain, what have you been about?'

This question, with the opprobrious name attached to it, took away the breath of the hearers.

Colonel Wyndham interposed. 'Let us wait a minute and step in here. There is probably some mistake, and the fewer witnesses we have the better,' he said.

The five people who had formed this unexpected little group accordingly moved into the cloak-room, for, to the surprise of the others, Orson went in with them as if he belonged to the party.

'Now, Mr. Vaux,' said Colonel Wyndham, not only politely but kindly, 'is there anything I can do for you? there is something wrong; can I help you to set it right?'

'Yes, sir, you can,' replied Mr. Vaux promptly; 'the rascal who holds a captain's commission in your regiment has had private meetings with my niece both in my house and out of it, and this evening she left her home clandestinely by the garden-gate, and he was waiting in the lane outside with a carriage, in which he carried her off, she being a mere child of sixteen. Their utter folly in coming to this ball before they eloped has been her salvation, and I thank God for it, otherwise they might have been married before I could overtake them.'

Cecil had never seen her uncle like this in her life before. His voice faltered, and his features worked with emotion. It seemed to her that he had difficulty in keeping back his tears.

'But there must be some mistake,' said the Colonel; then he turned to Cecil and addressed her quite paternally. 'Speak, my dear girl, and explain that it was not so. You came with Mrs. Lester, did not you?'

Cecil hung her head, her face covered with blushes, without a word to answer him with. Colonel Wyndham looked a little startled. He then appealed to Captain Feversham.

'Have you nothing to say, Feversham?' he asked, rather sternly.

'It's a deucedly tiresome lie, that looks like truth, that's what it is,' replied the young officer.

'Did you come to this ball with Mrs. Lester, Cecil?' asked her uncle.

'No, sir,' she replied, astonished to find that her lips had strength to form the words.

'Did you leave home through the conservatory and garden, and go out by the Ivy-gate?'

'Yes!'

'Who waited for you in a carriage there?'

Not a word.

'Answer me, Cecil.'

Cecil glanced hopelessly at the Colonel, and still had not a word to say. How could she betray his wife to him?

'Was it Captain Feversham?'

'O no, no!'

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'Who was it then?'

She looked about her like a hunted creature.

'I *cannot* tell you.'

'It is shocking, it is disgraceful. But I will ask you another question. Did you meet Captain Feversham at the back door on Monday?'

'I could not help it; yes—but——'

'What did he come for?'

Again Cecil glanced at Colonel Wyndham, and then again answered, 'I cannot tell you.'

'Mr. Vaux,' said the Colonel, and his voice and manner showed how deeply pained and shocked he was, 'be advised by me. I am afraid it is all too evident. Take her home and do nothing till you get her there, it will be better in all ways, and even one witness of this, is one too many. I am surprised, sir, that curiosity should have led you to be that one,' he added, addressing Orson stiffly.

'Alas, sir,' replied he, 'it is not curiosity; you are an honourable man, and will sympathize with my shame and humiliation, when I tell you that *I* am the young lady's brother!'

There was a little stir among them all at these words. Mr. Vaux turned and looked fixedly at the stranger, screwing up his short-sighted eyes so that he might really see him.

'Jocelyn!' he exclaimed, 'is it indeed you? shake hands.' They shook hands accordingly. 'This is a sad return for you. I am very sorry for you.'

'I had better have remained in New Zealand,' said he bitterly, 'and I would have done so if I had had an idea of this; but how could I expect it!'

Cecil felt stunned; she turned her eyes too on the hairy stranger. She could not understand or believe what she heard. She wondered if she was dreaming. She wondered if she was going mad.

'Jocelyn,' she said faintly, repeating his name, though she hardly knew what she meant by doing so, but her brother had neither word nor sign for her.

'You are Mr. Jocelyn Vaux? you are her brother?' cried Colonel Wyndham. 'O I am very sorry for you indeed.'

'You are *not* my brother?' she cried, a sort of agony in her voice and the words leaping from her mouth before she knew she was going to utter them.

He looked at her now for the first time.

'I am sorry to say that I am,' he answered, very sternly and coldly.

'Sorry! everybody is sorry!' cried Cecil, with a frightful little laugh, which struck herself as the most horrid sound she had ever heard. Then a strange reaction took place within her. For a moment she felt the blood rush over her, tingling and hot, to the ends of her fingers and the top of her head, after which it seemed to recede to her heart; she became deadly cold and shivered pitifully; then the room sank under her feet, and she

sank with it; this was the last sensation of which she was sensible, for she suddenly fainted, and falling backwards would have come heavily on the ground if Colonel Wyndham had not caught her.

'Go,' he cried, to Captain Feversham, 'we want a woman here; find my wife, and then go to your own rooms—you are under arrest.'

'On my honour, Colonel,' cried he, 'I have done nothing, I have not indeed—nor she either; it was with your wife she came here, it was indeed.'

Colonel Wyndham looked as if but for the burthen that engaged his hands he would have knocked his subaltern down without an instant's hesitation.

'Hold your tongue, sir!' he cried fiercely, 'how dare you!'

Captain Feversham retreated rather rapidly. He did not find Mr. Wyndham, but stumbling on Adela Lester near the door of the back-room, through which he had beaten his retreat, he told her that Miss Vaux was taken ill, and couldn't she somehow help a lot of men who didn't know what to do?

Adela hastily went to the rescue, and was very much amazed at the sight she saw.

'I had no idea she was here at all,' she cried. 'I thought she was not coming;' then perceiving Jocelyn she added, 'O, Mr. Vaux, was it seeing you too suddenly? did you make yourself known to her? no wonder she was overcome.'

Then she assisted in placing Cecil on a chair, and did all she could to revive her.

'I must get her home,' said Mr. Vaux gloomily. 'I cannot stay, my daughter is very ill. I sent for Dr. Hughes and then came here myself, to see Colonel Wyndham about this unhappy girl.'

'In my opinion,' said Colonel Wyndham, 'the whole fault—bad enough indeed—has been the coming here. I think there was no intention of anything else.'

'To come here with Captain Feversham,' began Mr. Vaux.

'O, but she did not,' interrupted Adela, with the utmost eagerness; 'what a horrible idea! Captain Feversham, we happen to know, was in London all day; he only came back just in time to dine with some friends of ours; he dressed at their house and came here with them. I know that as a fact.'

'Then whom did she come with?' enquired her uncle.

Adela glanced timidly at Colonel Wyndham, an inquiring glance as some glimmering of the truth occurred to her, but his face was open and frank, and she did not think it possible Mrs. Wyndham could have brought Cecil without her husband's knowledge.

'She is quite incapable of coming with Captain Feversham, and no one should think it of her,' she said, with an appealing look at Jocelyn.

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'You are kinder to her than she deserves,' replied he in a low voice

By this time a fly had been procured among the various vehicles, private and public, that were driving about that night, and Cecil, partially recovered by Adela's tender care, was half lifted into it, the two Mr. Vauxes taking their places there too, and thus—a disgraced captive in the hands of gloomy jailors—she was carried from the scene of festivity that she had longed for so earnestly, that she had committed so many faults to attend, and that she had entered in such happy triumph a few hours before. Not a word was exchanged between the three occupants of the carriage, and as her senses and full consciousness gradually returned to her she was seized with an icy despair, and felt that it would hardly be possible for her to support life at all, under such adverse circumstances.

We will now return for a few minutes to Fernley Manor immediately after Cecil left it, in order that Mr. Vaux's arrival at the ball may be understood.

Helen was very miserable when Cecil forsook her. She was also frightened at being out there at the far end of the conservatory by herself at night, and she began to feel ill. She made her way back, trembling with cold and agitation, and sometimes feeling as if she should fall. As she ran up the stairs a sudden sharp pain at her heart made her pause breathlessly to cough, and putting her handkerchief to her lips she took it away again with blood on it. She was dreadfully alarmed at this, and went at once to her Aunt Flora's room, where she appeared at her bed-side a poor little white trembling spectre, to ask for help and tell her how ill she was. She did not say one word about Cecil, or what had made her ill, and Aunt Flora thought she came straight to her from her bed, when the sight of blood on the handkerchief had alarmed her. She wrapped her up in a fur cloak and took her hastily back, scolding her gently for getting up instead of ringing the bell. Then she roused her own maid and sent her to call Mr. Vaux, and beg him to send without delay for the doctor. Mr. Vaux was greatly frightened, and lost no time in doing so, but unfortunately Dr. Hughes was at the house of a distant patient, to which he had to be followed, and the delay was considerable. Mrs. Vining, Mr. Vaux, and the former's very efficient maid remained in Helen's room applying such remedies as they thought might be useful. Helen was very quiet at first, but presently she became excited, talked a good deal, and rambled in her talk. There was no return of the hæmorrhage, but she frightened her watchers because they could not induce her to keep still. She kept calling on Cecil and imploring her 'not to go,' entreating her in the most piteous terms to love her and not to be angry with her, and using other expressions less coherent and less intelligible, but winding up everything with the wild prayer that she 'would not go.' That was the beginning, the middle and the end of everything. Cecil was 'not to go,' and Helen seemed to have some painful impression that *she* was to prevent her from going, in any way and at any cost. This all became so distressing and was evidently so bad for Helen, that Aunt Flora, after having done everything

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in her power to calm her fears and excitement, after having vainly assured her over and over again that Cecil had not gone, and was not going anywhere, but was all this time quietly asleep in her bed, finding what she said not of the least avail, at last determined that the only plan was to fetch Cecil, hoping that if Helen saw her bodily with her own eyes, and heard her speak with her own ears, she would be contented and believe that she was really there. She accordingly begged her maid not to stir from Helen's side while she was absent, after which she went quickly away to Cecil's room.

Afraid of frightening her she put the candle down on a table near the door so that it could not shine on the bed, towards which she cautiously advanced and softly called her niece.

'Cecil!' she said, very low, then repeated the call a little louder, 'Cecil!'

She had by this time reached the bedside and cried, 'Cecil, wake up, my dear, Helen wants you—get up and come to her room, she is not very well.'

But Cecil did not stir or make any answer at all.

Aunt Flora, it will be perceived, was not as utterly inefficient as it might have been supposed she would be in a time of difficulty and anxiety. She was affectionate and very kind, and these good qualities came to her aid and helped her to act properly, in the stead of the good sense and strength of mind that she lacked.

She now drew aside the curtain, and startled by appearances ran hastily, and fetching the candle, held it inside in the middle of the bed to discover if her eyes had not deceived her; but to her amazement and dismay she found they had not—the bed was empty, and had not been lain in since it was made.

Poor Aunt Flora was a strange-looking figure, standing there appalled, holding a lighted candle inside an empty bed.

'Naughty girl,' cried she as recollections came to her aid, 'she is sitting up and reading by the school-room fire.'

She went into the school-room, but it was dark and empty. And really bewildered she looked about her from side to side, wondering what it could mean, and wondering still more what she could do. She walked back to Helen's apartment much more slowly than she had left it, and as well as she could manage to do so, told Mr. Vaux in a low voice that Cecil was not in her own room, or the school-room; and that she had not been in bed at all that night.

'And pray, then, where is she?' demanded he, instantly and querulously; as if he considered that Aunt Flora not only must know, but that it must be her fault.

'I have not the least idea,' replied she; 'and I am very much frightened.'

And indeed she did look frightened, her fair soft face was pale, and she had a scared expression in her light blue eyes.

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'She must be somewhere,' continued Mr. Vaux oracularly and not yet in the slightest degree awakened to fear. 'She is always in the way when we don't want her, and out of it when we do.'

Helen's piteous wail of entreaty to Cecil 'not to go—not to go,' came to them here from her bed, and abruptly stopped their conversation.

'She has gone somewhere,' cried Aunt Flora; 'and Helen knew that she was going!'

'Gone?' cried he, astonished; 'but where could she go, and why? It is the middle of the night.'

'Look here, ma'am,' said the maid. She had taken up the shawl, a large soft woollen one with thick fringe that Helen had wrapped round her, and she now showed that sundry leaves and a spray or two of flowering clematis were caught in it; 'and here is another bit on the collar of her night-dress, ma'am.'

'Why she must have been in the conservatory before she came to me,' cried Aunt Flora.

'O, yes,' exclaimed Helen; 'in the conservatory and through the Ivy-gate—O Cecil! Cecil! Aunt Flora, Aunt Flora, *don't* let her go!'

As she spoke of the Ivy-gate a great change came over the countenance of Mrs. Vining's maid. She looked at her mistress with a blank look of alarm and gave utterance to two words, 'Captain Feversham.'

'Good gracious, Tytles, what *can* you mean—Captain Feversham!'

'O ma'am I beg you ten thousand pardons—but the fact is—I am afraid—there *might* be something—I *did* see Captain Feversham very early one morning at the Ivy-gate, and Miss Cecil came in soon afterwards.'

'Came in,' ejaculated Mr. Vaux in a voice of thunder. 'Miss Cecil could not come in very early, for she never went out.'

'Well, sir,' replied Tytles respectfully; 'I think if there is anything, Eliza knows more about it than I do. If I might suggest, I should say, search the house, and if Miss Cecil is not to be found, call Eliza up and question her.'

Mr. Vaux appeared like one who has been partially stunned. He was not in the habit of taking advice, even from his equals or superiors, but he now very quietly and without one word, one remark or suggestion of his own, did what a servant told him. Aunt Flora, who was not rapid in her movements, and whose breath soon failed her, signed to Tytles to accompany him and assist in the search while she took her place by Helen's side. As soon as they had both left the room she tried to make Helen tell her what had happened, but the excitement had passed away, Helen regarded her with dull dreamy eyes, said nothing, and very soon fell into a sort of doze.

The house was searched in vain—no trace of Cecil was to be found in it. What was to be done next? Tytles went for Eliza; and Aunt Flora and Mr. Vaux met the girl in the school-room and questioned her, while Tytles watched by the still sleeping Helen. Eliza was at first very

unwilling to speak, but when she found that Miss Cecil was really gone, she admitted that she had had reason to think she had met Captain Feversham sometimes and had exchanged notes with him. She remembered the morning when Captain Feversham had been at the Ivy-gate, and she said Miss Cecil had gone out that day long before sunrise and had not returned till nine o'clock. Mademoiselle de Lys had followed to look for her in a great fright, though it was when she was in bed ill and the doctor attending her, and Eliza had herself heard her threaten Cecil that she would tell of her if she did not behave better. Captain Feversham had come another day to the back-door and sent her for Miss Cecil, who had run down stairs and talked to him there, and she knew Miss Cecil had had notes and answered them too, which she had not said anything about but had concealed from everyone. And she thought she had also had presents from Captain Feversham, for there was a little box had come quite privately to the house, and Miss Cecil had locked it up and made much of it. Here Eliza began to cry and said she hoped she had not done wrong in not telling, but she had not liked to tell and thought perhaps it meant nothing. But this evening she had been very much frightened and feared something was really going wrong, but she was too much alarmed to say anything about it, and thought it best to wait till morning and see if anything had really happened. She would tell the truth now, however, and so, trying to stop her tears, she told it. She had been wakened out of her sleep by some noise, she was not sure what, but it may have been the shutting of a door, so she got up and looked out of her window which overlooked the back premises, and she saw the figure of a woman glide along from the conservatory door across the bit of garden to the Ivy-gate and pass out through it. She was very much astonished and thought it must be a ghost, as she did not know of anything else it could be. But directly afterwards she heard a great rumbling of carriage wheels, and up dashed a carriage and a man put the woman into it and off they dashed again, and then she felt sure it was not a ghost and she went back to her bed, and had been there trembling ever since, till Miss Tytles came and called her up.

For which story Mr. Vaux immediately gave her warning on the spot, and then told her to wake the coachman and order out the carriage without a moment's delay.

Eliza dried her tears, and muttered that if she was to have warning for knowing hardly anything, there were others who knew a great deal might get it too, and upon its being sternly demanded of her what she meant, she said almost impertinently, 'You just talk to Mademoiselle.'

Then Aunt Flora faintly asked her brother what he was going to do with the carriage. He told her he was going first to Colonel Wyndham's to see what he could learn about Captain Feversham, and after that wherever seemed his best chance of finding Cecil.

'You think they have eloped, then?' cried poor Aunt Flora in floods of tears; 'you think they have gone off to be married?'

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'What else *can* I think? It is a fearful blow, and the shame and disgrace will break my heart.'

Mr. Vaux spoke with a simplicity and natural feeling which his sister had not witnessed in him for ages. One of those mysterious chords was touched in her mind that sent her back forty years and more, and he seemed to her a boy again—the boy brother whom the little sister had loved, and not been afraid of, and who it had never crossed her mind for a moment would one day become the most tiresome of men. She went straight up to him and kissed him, leaving his cheek wet with her hot tears. He did not repulse her; and she murmured to herself, 'Dear Jem.' If she had been told that morning that she would have kissed him and called him 'Jem' within the next four-and-twenty hours, how astonished she would have been; and how more than astonished if she had also been told of the meekness with which he would bear such behaviour.

It took a long time to get the coachman and the carriage ready, and Mr. Vaux lost all patience and set off to walk to Colonel Wyndham's desiring that the carriage might overtake him. From the door-steps Aunt Flora called him back to say she had just remembered that there was to be a ball at the barracks that night, and she supposed he had better go there instead of to 'The Grove,' as Colonel Wyndham would not be at home; but Mr. Vaux told her she was mistaken, the ball was not till the next night, and when she persisted he reminded her with some severity, that he was not likely to be wrong when he knew he was right, and that he had no hesitation in saying that he *did* know that the ball at the Barracks was on the 23rd and not on the 22nd.

This caused a still further delay in his reaching the ball-room, and accounts, with all the other delays, for Cecil having had so much dancing before he came. He drove at once to 'The Grove,' and was surprised to find a light in the hall and a servant up at that hour of the night. He apologised for his late visit, and begged the man to call his master and give him his card, and ask if he could see him for a minute in his dressing room on the most urgent business. The servant civilly informed him that his master and mistress were both at a ball at the barracks. Mr. Vaux stared in the man's face and replied that *that* was to-morrow night, but the man laughed and assured him that *this* was the 22nd and the night of the ball.

So Mr. Vaux had to get into his carriage again and drive back to Byfield and the barracks. The subsequent events we are acquainted with, and may now return to poor Cecil as she retraced her way over the road she had so happily driven along a few hours before with her Juliet, to seek the ball from which she was now being dragged in disgrace. Not one word did either of the three occupants of the carriage utter during that dreadful drive—a drive which Cecil remembered to the last days of her life. Indeed, all the events of that evening from the moment Mr. Vaux appeared in the doorway between the portico and the ball-room were burnt

in on her mind and remained among the never-to-be-forgotten things of life.

When they reached the house they were told that Dr. Hughes was in Helen's room, and thither her father and Cecil repaired, but on the stairs they met him coming away. What a figure Cecil was for his kind fatherly eyes to rest on! Her dress crushed and spoiled from her fainting, her face white and haggard, and black lines round her eyes that stared forward in an unnatural manner.

'Well?' cried Mr. Vaux, in too much anxiety about his little daughter to say more.

Dr. Hughes looked extremely grave.

'She was doing as well as possible,' he said; 'but the remedies actually required her to keep warm in bed as I told you all. I find she has been running about the house. She has got a chill and I think she has had a shock. I can't answer for the consequences. We must hope for the best, but there is inflammation of the right lung and a great deal of fever. The hæmorrhage is not of so much consequence, as it proceeds from the throat, but it is a serious case—requires the utmost care, and I wish she was stronger.'

The misery in Cecil's heart at these words was something that she had never felt in all her life before, and that she did not know she could feel, and it seemed to her that it must break her heart altogether if it was not soon relieved by Helen's recovery. She had often declared herself to be miserable from the tyranny of her uncle and the laws of society, but she felt now the differences between real sorrow and a sorrow of the imagination—between a grief that had come upon her, and griefs she had made for herself. Helen was very ill—really ill—seriously ill—that was enough to crush her, but that was not all—Helen might die! All that she had been saying about death a few days before rushed back into Cecil's mind and filled it with an intolerable terror. She ran on into her room fearful that her uncle might deny her that privilege, she stood by her bedside with clasped hands and beating heart, and looked down upon her.

'Helen!' she cried.

But Helen did not know her. There was no meaning in her eyes and Cecil was unrecognised by their vague blank stare. Her lips began to move, and they moved for some time in what seemed to Cecil a fearful way without uttering a sound; but at last she spoke. Why the words she spoke came from them one cannot say. At some time they must have made an impression on her mind, even though she had not known it herself, and they had lain there to be reproduced now, when that mind had ceased to be under her own control. They sounded very awful as she spoke them now from her sick-bed. 'Ye have plowed wickedness: ye have reaped iniquity: ye have eaten the fruit of lies.' 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.'

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Cecil sank down on her knees by the bedside, impressed by these

words spoken by Helen, yet not in Helen's voice or with Helen's manner, more than she had ever been by any words she had heard in her life. She trembled from head to foot, and felt an aching pain at her heart. Had she, indeed, ploughed wickedness, and reaped iniquity? and was the fruit she had eaten that of lies? And then how strangely came the next words, not belonging to the first, yet spoken immediately after them as if they did belong to them—'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' Could she indeed repent? was repentance possible for her? and *if* she repented would Helen live? For in these moments of terrible excitement the untaught Cecil regarded Helen's illness not only as the result of her fault, but as the punishment for it; and she was inclined to measure the extent of her fault by the enormity of its punishment. She began to pray, almost to her own surprise, and without an instant's previous thought that told her she was going to do so—and she prayed with an earnestness that she did not know was in her—that she might repent, that she might see the truth, and that Helen might live.

She rose from her knees, feeling not quite so miserable as when she fell down on them, and stood by Helen's bedside till a stern whisper from her uncle bade her go to her own room, he having followed her into Helen's. In the humblest manner—a manner which he had never seen in her before—she implored for his permission to remain for the night and watch by her cousin, but he instantly refused her.

'I cannot trust you,' he said. 'I cannot trust you in anything. Go to your own room, spend the night there, and in the morning your conduct shall be inquired into, and you shall be judged; but go now.'

And Cecil obeyed without a word.

Aunt Flora and Tytles remained with Helen, and Mr. Vaux joined his nephew in the dining-room, and ordered something to eat, and took out the wine, and then shook hands with Jocelyn and welcomed him home; 'though,' he said, 'you have come to a house of mourning.'

'You must require some explanation of my behaviour,' Jocelyn replied, 'in coming with such apparent suddenness, without explanation, and then going to that ball.'

Mr. Vaux admitted that he should be glad to understand it all, as he felt puzzled, now he had time to think of such things.

Jocelyn Vaux then told him that he and Frank Lester—the Lesters' eldest son—were, and had been for a long time, very intimate. This friendship had been cemented and made all the closer by a quarrel which had taken place between them some time back, 'in which,' said he, 'I was entirely wrong, and Frank entirely right.' As soon as he saw that was the case he had at once admitted the fact, and the warmest possible reconciliation had taken place. They had resolved that they would come home together, Frank having got leave of absence, and Jocelyn thinking that *his* absence from England had been quite long enough. Of his anxiety to see and make acquaintance with his sister, he now said not a word; but that had

in reality been one of his strongest motives for returning home. They both wrote to England by the ship that had been wrecked, to announce their intentions, and both their letters were lost in the missing mail-bag. When they found this was the case, which was not till their arrival in London, they determined to go to Byfield together and sleep at the hotel, Frank writing to his people, whom he believed to be in Yorkshire, and Jocelyn sending to his uncle to announce his arrival and his intention of waiting on him next day, as he was well aware that Mr. Vaux would not like to be taken by surprise, but must be treated with ceremony and formality. Frank Lester was afraid of the suddenness for his mother, and thought it best she should receive a letter from him first, announcing that he was in England; but when they arrived at the hotel in Byfield, and he learned that his family were actually residing close by, he could not wait, and Jocelyn agreed to go and break to them that he was in the place, which he accordingly did, and was followed by Frank in person as quickly as he dared come. A most happy meeting took place, and Jocelyn, a sympathising witness, considered his friend's family as the most delightful he had ever met, and his friend's sister Adela as the sweetest and most attractive girl in the world. After some time, when the charming agitation had cooled down, it was agreed that they should all go to the ball together, Frank being quite delighted to be with Adela at her first ball, and Jocelyn consenting to accompany them, though he admitted that when he found himself in the ball-room he saw that he looked like a wild man of the woods, and not in the least fit to be a member of a civilised community. He had written his note to his uncle, which was to be taken early in the following morning, and went to the ball, little expecting what befel him there. The whole story was told without any allusions to Cecil. No one who heard him would have supposed he had had a sister at all—still less that his sister had been his chief thought, and leading hope on his return home. Jocelyn Vaux was no ordinary character. He had immense power in him of all kinds, bodily and mental; and though a man who could be sufficient for himself when circumstances demanded it of him, his affections were deep and strong; and when he allowed himself to indulge them, a source of great delight to him. In all respects he was very much what his friend Frank Lester had depicted him in those letters, some extracts from which had been read by Adela to Cecil, and had made the latter so angry. Through Frank his mind had been first led to serious religious thought, and he never forgot the obligation he owed him on that account, now that he had become, as Frank had prophesied he would, a true and ardent Christian. A thorough reconciliation had taken place, and the two friends were knit together by bonds of the warmest and most sincere affection. Frank talked much to Jocelyn of his family, and how delightful it would be to introduce him to them; and the latter had promised to pay him a visit in Yorkshire before very long, but it was on Cecil that all his thoughts and all his hopes were centred; it was towards

her image he turned, whenever the idea of home and happiness presented itself to his mind, and it was for her that his prayers were offered eagerly up, that he might find her all that he desired her to be. Naturally a proud and sensitive man, the wound he had now received was terrible; nor did he suffer from it the less that he hid his sufferings from Mr. Vaux, and from every one else, and appeared cold and indifferent.

We must now return for a little while to the ball at the barracks. When Cecil had been conveyed from the place, Colonel Wyndham and Adela remained alone in the cloak-room, and he, offering her his arm, took her back to the dancers.

'This is a terrible business,' he said, as he did so.

'I do not understand it in the least, but I am quite sure that it is not what they think—I am quite sure that she didn't—that it isn't—in fact'—Adela was blushing and stammering, for the painfulness of the subject she hardly knew how to approach—'that Captain Feversham has nothing to do with it.'

'I am glad to hear you say so,' replied he gravely; 'but will you mind telling me your reasons?'

Adela reflected for a moment—what were her reasons? Then she spoke.

'I know her a little,' she said, with a mixture of timidity and eagerness, 'and I know her cousin better. I am quite sure it is impossible—that she is not the sort of girl—that she couldn't. She only put up with Captain Feversham because it enabled her to see more of Mrs. Wyndham; and she was extremely annoyed with Mademoiselle de Lys for liking him at all.'

Colonel Wyndham stood stock-still.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, with ominous calmness; 'you mentioned Mrs. Wyndham's name. I do not quite understand what she has to do with it; and *who* is Mademoiselle de Lys?'

Adela coloured deeply, and looked about her, not certain what she ought to say. Did Colonel Wyndham then not know of his wife's friendship for Cecil; and had she better have held her tongue? In defending Cecil had she only done mischief? She longed for her mother to be there, to tell her what she ought to do and say, or rather to act and speak for her.

'Mademoiselle de Lys is their governess,' was all she did say, and she felt that the reply was wholly inadequate to the occasion.

At this moment Mrs. Wyndham, all smiles, beauty, and grace, approached them. She shook her fan saucily at her husband.

'What a host!' she cried, with her usual joyous sweetness. 'Where have you been hiding for ever so long? No one has known where you are, and then you suddenly appear with a charming young lady on your arm. O fie!'

'Juliet,' said Colonel Wyndham, without taking any notice of her words, 'whom did Miss Cecil Vaux come here with?'

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Juliet blushed up to her eyes, and was at first absolutely silent. However, she recovered herself quickly.

'Whom did she come with? My dear Leo, how can I tell who all the young ladies here came with? She didn't come with you, did she, Miss Lester?'

'No, Mrs. Wyndham, she did not.'

'Shall we go about and ask everybody?' cried she, laughing lightly. 'Where is Cecil herself?'

'She has gone home,' replied her husband.

'Gone home? How very extraordinary! Not really. What can you mean? Why, who in the world has she gone home with?'

'With her uncle and her brother.'

'With her uncle? Gracious heavens! How did her uncle find her out? But it can't be true; you are only saying it to frighten me.'

'What do you mean by her uncle finding her out?' cried Colonel Wyndham quickly. 'Are you aware then that he did not know she had come?'

Juliet saw in a moment the false step she had made, and her fear for Cecil turned into terror for herself.

'She said something like it just now,' she faltered. 'Dear Leo, don't look so angry. It was very silly of her, if it is so; but it is only a school-girl frolic.'

'Only a school-girl frolic to come here without her uncle's knowledge!' said Colonel Wyndham, astonished. 'My dear Juliet, what are you thinking of? It would be shocking—disgraceful; and it is not only the thing in itself by itself—think of all the deceit she must have practised beforehand to bring it about, and that she must have contemplated practising afterwards, in order to conceal it effectually, if she had not been found out. You confuse your sense of right and wrong by trying to palliate her fault. You have been very kind to her I know, and liked her, but I cannot suffer you to associate with her any longer. She is not a fit companion for you.'

'O, my dear Leo, she is only sixteen. What does it matter about fit companions? I am fond of her, and I am not going to give her up.'

'Don't talk wildly, Juliet, and don't say anything more about it. We must attend to other matters now, and we can talk this over at home afterwards.'

'But do tell me—just tell me—only one word more, please Leo—how did her uncle find out she was here?'

'He did not find out she was here. He thought she had eloped with Captain Feversham, and came here merely to see me.'

Mrs. Wyndham burst out laughing. Frightened and sorry as she was, both for Cecil and for herself, she could not help it.

'The old idiot!' she cried; 'how like him. My poor Cecil, why she hates and despises Captain Feversham, and has nothing whatever to do with him. Mr. Vaux had better look after his paragon of perfection,

Mademoiselle de Lys; she is much more likely to elope with Captain Feversham.'

'He has every reason to believe that she came to this ball with him to-night—that he brought a carriage for her to a gate in the garden, and escorted her here.'

'O, he didn't—she didn't; she never would have thought of such a thing. She is as proud and as modest as a girl can be. She would have given up fifty thousand balls rather than do it. She would indeed, Leo; you *must* believe me. I will swear to you that she did not come with him. I *know* he had nothing to do with it whatever.'

'You swear and you know, Juliet? These are very strong expressions; who did bring her here then?'

'I did!' cried his wife, desperately. 'O, I am very sorry, Leo. I can't think how I could have been so silly, and not have seen that there was any harm in it; but I really thought it was only a good joke, and no mischief at all could come of it; and you were away you know, and so I couldn't ask you or tell you anything about it.'

Colonel Wyndham had never probably been so astonished or so shocked in his life, and Juliet felt, with a keen pang at her heart, that she never could forget his face as he listened to this announcement.

Just then the major of the regiment joined them to say that supper was ready, and Lady Ellen Mortimer, the guest of highest rank in the room, was waiting for him to take her in. Without a glance or a word to his wife he turned on his heel and walked rapidly away.

'O, Adela Lester, is it not dreadful?' cried Juliet, 'what are we to do?'

'I don't know I am sure,' replied she, greatly distressed, 'but I am very glad you have told—that must be right, and clears poor Cecil of what she has not really done. Helen will break her heart about it as it is.'

'And my Colonel will break mine I fear,' groaned Juliet. 'O what will my Colonel do? and will he ever, ever forgive me? and ever, ever love me just the same as he did before?'

Adela was silent. She did not know what reply to make, and deeply as she condemned Juliet's conduct she could not help feeling compassion for her when she saw her in such terror and grief—her beautiful face pale and her large lovely eyes brimming over with tears.

'What did he say about her brother?' she suddenly asked.

'Don't you know?' replied Adela gently, 'she has a brother; he came home unexpectedly from New Zealand; he was here to-night and very much shocked to meet his sister under such circumstances. He came with us—you may have seen him——'

'He wasn't Orson?' interrupted Juliet vehemently.

'I beg your pardon?' said Adela.

'The hairy man—the man all hair—he wasn't he?'

'Yes, probably it is the same; he said at first he could not go to a ball till he had paid a visit to a hair-dresser, because his hair

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wanted cutting so much and his beard was so long, but Frank over-persuaded him.'

'And *he* was her brother?'

'Yes, her only brother.'

'Then the world is coming to an end,' said Juliet, very solemnly.

But though Orson was her brother, though she did not know what thoughts were filling her Colonel's heart about his sinning wife, yes, even though the world was coming to an end, the etiquettes of society were not, and had to be attended to. Mrs. Wyndham must go into supper among the first and most honoured of the company, Sir Frederick Lee must offer her his arm and she must accept it. Juliet pinched her fingers to see if she was awake or asleep. 'Talk about novels, even the sensational,' said she to herself, 'they are nothing to real life. What heaps and heaps of things really happen that nobody who writes novels would ever dream of! O yes, Sir Frederick, I dare say it is a very successful ball, but it never seems to occur to you that I am going out of my mind.' Then she was obliged to really attend to Sir Frederick and to answer his remarks, while all of them appeared to her particularly inane and inappropriate.

The next morning Jocelyn Vaux got himself shaved and had his hair cut. He returned to Fernley Manor after these operations an extremely handsome man, though looking older than his twenty-four years. Helen was worse, and Cecil in such distress of mind that it seemed cruel to press on her as yet, the sense of her bad conduct. Still she was summoned before her uncle and brother soon after breakfast, and some questions were asked of her. She had slept but little during that dreadful night, and looked like the wreck of the brilliant Cecil, whom her uncle was accustomed to see.

If she had not slept she had thought, humbler and less egotistical thoughts than had perhaps ever occupied her mind before. She began to see that she had been wrong, and by the consequences of her faults to look back, and in some slight measure trace what the faults themselves must have been. With the impetuosity of youth and of her own special character, she at once resigned all idea of happiness for herself on earth, but she would endeavour to do what, she was faintly and dimly beginning to see, might be right. If Helen might live—if only Helen might live—and the fact that by the relinquishment of her own theories and the submission of herself to the will of others she felt, however unreasonably, that she might best purchase back Helen's life, was the first thing that made her feel that perhaps this relinquishment and submission was after all her duty. Juliet's lovely friendship, even all her romantic hopes in her brother, paled before the fear of losing Helen, and she knew now that this real affection, this love, founded on companionship and on the sweet unselfish love given her in return was in very truth more to her than all the world beside, and that without it all the world beside would be unable to make her happy. The misery of knowing that she was nothing to Jocelyn,

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that this adored brother condemned and despised her, and considered Adela Lester as the pattern of what he wished his sister to be, was intense, but even that, dreadful as it was, she believed she could bear if Helen might live. It never occurred to her that if Helen did live, if this intolerable burthen of grief and remorse was removed from her, the other sorrow, after the first hours of thankful joy were past, would assume a larger, not a less proportion, and might in itself become almost intolerable.

In answer to the questions put to her by her uncle in her brother's presence, she denied all knowledge of Captain Feversham's movements, or of her having had any clandestine intercourse with him, and put aside with contempt the idea that he had been her escort to the ball. Mr. Vaux again asked her if he had come to see her, and had she met him at the back-door, and she at first was indignantly denying that too, but then suddenly remembered, and said she had gone out to him not knowing who it was, and he had only brought her a note from some one else, but when asked who that some one else was, she said she had much rather not tell. Then Mr. Vaux produced a scrap of paper from his pocket and showing it to Cecil desired to know if she had written it. She glanced at it hastily, and found to her extreme surprise that it was the note she had written by Mademoiselle's request acknowledging that she had lent her thirty shillings to pay for the flowers.

'Thank you very much for lending me thirty shillings and paying with it for the flowers I bought at Mrs. Mulready's.

'CECIL VAUX.'

'Yes, I wrote that,' she said. 'I did buy those flowers that were charged in your bill, and Mademoiselle lent me the money to pay for them.'

'Mademoiselle!'

'She did not give me the money, but she said she would get it and have the bill paid before you went to the shop, and so she did.'

Mr. Vaux turned the paper in his hand, and holding the other side towards Cecil showed her that two words were written there, and that the two words were 'Captain Feversham.'

'Captain Feversham!' exclaimed she, with unmistakable sincerity, 'what in the world had he to do with it? O, if you will only ask Mademoiselle she will explain; she understands it and I don't; she made me write this and give it to her.'

But where was Mademoiselle? For the first time, in the confusion of all that had passed, it occurred to any of them that Mademoiselle was not in the house, and had not returned there that day.

'It was she got the bill paid for me,' persisted Cecil, 'and I can't imagine for a moment that she borrowed the money from him, that would have been too mean and horrible, but she knows him very well and likes him very much—at least Helen thinks she does. I thought it was only that she will talk with any one.'

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'How did she know him and where did she talk with him?' demanded Mr. Vaux.

But Cecil was silent. She would confess all that she could, but her one object was not to introduce Juliet's name into her confessions. She felt that she would die rather than tell that it was Mrs. Wyndham who took her to the ball, and she trusted that this fact might not be forced from her. She did not see how it could be, for though she would not tell a falsehood she could always take refuge in absolute silence.

'You deny then that Captain Feversham lent you this money or escorted you to the ball?' continued Mr. Vaux.

'Yes, indeed,' she said, indignantly, 'I deny both.'

'I think Miss Lester proved that the latter was impossible, and I believe she is telling the truth about the former,' said Jocelyn.

It was the first time that her brother had spoken. He had been a silent but most attentive witness of the scene, and now when she heard his voice, Cecil wished that the earth would open and swallow her up. He believed that she was speaking the truth! To what a position had she degraded herself by her conduct; and this was her Jocelyn, this was her brother, and this was his return home!

'Who then did take you to the ball?' asked her Uncle, sternly.

Cecil was silent.

'I insist upon your answering the question. What carriage came for you? with whom did you go?'

Cecil burst into tears.

'Do not ask me,' she said, 'I will confess all my own faults—but—I *cannot* tell you this.'

'If you do not,' said Mr. Vaux, very sternly, 'you shall not remain in this house. I shall send you away unless you confess everything, that is your only chance of being allowed to remain a member of this household.'

'I cannot tell you,' repeated Cecil.

At that moment there was a little tap at the door and Aunt Flora entered.

'May I come in?' she said, 'I am anxious to say a word; do not be too angry with Cecil. Mrs. Wyndham has been here explaining everything.'

'Mrs. Wyndham!' cried Mr. Vaux.

'Yes, dear James, and a sweeter, prettier creature I never saw, and really I hardly wonder at Cecil. Of course, dear James, it has all been very bad and very shocking, but girls will be girls, and when people do wrong I really do think they ought always to be forgiven.'

'Perhaps, Flora, you will explain to me what Mrs. Wyndham has told you, and if you can do so without any additional remarks of your own I should be glad.'

'Certainly, dear James, that is just why I have come here. Mrs. Wyndham

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says in the sweetest manner that it was all her fault, and that she is more sorry for it than for anything she ever did. Cecil had a proper invitation from her to the ball, and she took her in her own carriage with her in the most proper manner possible, Cecil escaping in the middle of the night through the Ivy-gate. She said Cecil was quite good till she knew *her*, and had never disobeyed you in anything, and that she put her up to it all, and that it has only been going on for ten days or a fortnight. They have met out of doors, and it was all just to plan about this ball, and till then Cecil had never done anything wrong, and she never would have done anything wrong as long as she lived but for her; and it was all a joke at first, but they talked and talked about it till they began to see they could do it, and I do think Mrs. Wyndham is as sweet a creature as I ever met in my life, and I couldn't help saying I would call on her, could I, dear James? after she had called on me you know.'

Mr. Vaux ignored the last part of the speech, and without taking the slightest notice of his sister addressed himself to his niece.

'Is this all true, Cecil?' he asked.

'Yes,' she said, 'it is true, except that of course the fault was mine, it was I who disobeyed, not Juliet. She only wanted to give me pleasure.'

'There is not one word of truth about Captain Feversham,' continued Aunt Flora, 'that is all Mademoiselle—Cecil had nothing whatever to do with him.'

'I am at a loss to understand,' said Mr. Vaux very crossly, 'why Mademoiselle's name is introduced when Captain Feversham is spoken of. Captain Feversham—I have no hesitation in saying—that Captain Feversham is *not* the stamp of man who could have any attractions for Mademoiselle de Lys.'

'We shall have Cecil ill as well as dear Helen,' said Aunt Flora wisely. 'I never saw a girl look so wretched, and unlike herself, have not you scolded her enough, dear James? She is very sorry, I know, and so unhappy about dear Helen. And you have kept her standing here such a time, and she hardly slept at all last night, and Jocelyn has not said a kind word to her. She'll have a fever, and be as ill as ever she can be if she doesn't go and lie down and get a little rest and peace. I know what girls are, and you may take my word for it. I've been a girl myself which neither of you ever have, whatever else you may have been, and I *know* they can't stand this sort of thing.'

'Cecil must bear the consequences of her faults,' said her uncle coldly. 'It was necessary to ascertain what she has and what she has not done. The suspicions that have been raised against her arose out of the errors she really did commit, and it was necessary to sift the matter to the bottom. As far as she is acquitted I am glad, but much, very much, remains behind of which she has been really guilty. Her sin has been one of disobedience which has led to deceit. The latter quality I know is foreign to her nature, but the former she is only too familiar with.'

Whether it was the result of all he had gone through and the deep anxiety he was in about his little daughter, or whether it was the presence of the nephew whom he unconsciously recognized as a sensible superior man, may be doubtful, but certainly Mr. Vaux expressed himself with much more simplicity and power than was usual to him.

'It seems to me,' said Jocelyn, 'that a bad governess has had a great deal to do with this, and that her influence has been chiefly instrumental in leading Cecil astray.'

Mr. Vaux winced perceptibly.

'I cannot think it, I cannot believe it,' he cried pettishly, 'why Mademoiselle has been dragged into the matter at all I am unable to understand, and as to Captain Feversham—the idea is preposterous—preposterous—Mademoiselle appreciates the conversation of a sensible man. I hope she will soon return, Jocelyn, and then you will be able to judge for yourself, and see that she is the best companion, pattern, and guide that any young lady can have.'

Cecil gave a wan sickly smile at this, wondering at her uncle's infatuation.

Then Aunt Flora spoke out again.

'Cecil will be ill,' she said, 'Cecil will really be ill; do let her go upstairs with me.'

'You can go, Cecil,' said Mr. Vaux coldly, and she went, without a word from Jocelyn.

On the stairs she reeled and almost fell, Aunt Flora catching her and holding her up till she recovered herself.

'Did not I say so?' said that gentle lady almost triumphantly; 'I do think that men are the very stupidest creatures I know—they have not got a notion—not a notion—there are those two downstairs, the two nearest relations you have in the world—male relations I mean—and they would have kept you there till you dropped down before their eyes, without the slightest compunction—they would indeed—and that, not from cruelty you know, but from sheer stupidity.'

Then she took Cecil into the schoolroom, and covered her up on the sofa with cloaks, and made a bright fire, and gave her a glass of wine and a bit of bread, and stroked her cheek with her soft hands, and kissed her forehead lightly, and bade her lie quiet and be a good girl and not fret, for though she might have been very foolish and naughty, she was not wicked, and everything would seem brighter soon, and this trouble would pass away as other troubles did, and when it was looked back on would not seem half so bad as it did now.

Cecil caught the gentle hands and kissed them warmly, and then lay back motionless where her aunt had placed her with closed eyes, and lips through which breath scarcely seemed to pass. Presently tears forced themselves from under the shut eyelids and poured down her cheeks, more and more of them, faster and faster, till she was crying as she had never cried in all her life before. After that—she was tired, O, so tired

—and she was young, and nature's remedy came to her aid. She fell asleep and slept soundly for hours, though she would have been astonished and indignant if anyone had told her she could do anything so heartless. But with all her faults Cecil was not heartless and her slumber was more the result of her having felt too much than too little.

She awoke after many hours in a room dusk with the early winter twilight, to believe herself in bed and morning just breaking. Very slowly she came to herself and remembered where she was and what had happened; and even then, the events came back to her reluctantly, one by one, and not with any sudden overwhelming rush. When she recollected that Helen was ill, and *how* ill she was, she sat up on the couch in a sort of terror. Might she not be worse, much worse? it was hours upon hours since she had known anything of her—might she not be *dead?* Cecil almost screamed aloud with the dreadful intolerable fear, but all that Helen had said about death and dying, the very words of the sacred verses she had quoted, and to which Cecil had contemptuously refused to attend, rang in her ears, filled her mind, and haunted her like avenging ghosts. She had felt an uncomfortable shivering sensation at the time as she well remembered. And it was forcibly borne in upon her now, how often she had read and heard of such thoughts and conversations as Helen had then held, being in some mysterious way, prophetic of the early death of those who so thought and spoke.

She sprang to her feet and was amazed to find herself hardly fit to stand. Her limbs felt cold and too heavy for her, her head was giddy, her heart seemed scarcely able to beat. Poor Cecil, exhausted in mind and body as she had been, she had eaten nothing for a very long time, but she had not an idea that she was suffering from want of food, and she had certainly never felt less consciously hungry in her life.

She staggered rather than walked to Helen's room, but Aunt Flora met her on the threshold and signed to her not to enter, softly drawing her out again. She looked so pale and sorrowful, and her eyes so evidently betrayed that she too had been crying, that a horrible fear caught Cecil's heart in its grasp, inflicting on her a sharp bodily pain.

'How is she?' she said in a hoarse whisper, steadying herself against the wall, and almost feeling that if she had strength she would run away before the answer could be spoken.

'I don't *think* she is worse,' said Aunt Flora; 'but she is very ill.'

And then she kissed Cecil and began to cry and Cecil kissed her and cried too. Often when in after life she looked back to this time, she thought she could not have lived through it at all, if it had not been for Aunt Flora.

Without a word more her aunt drew her arm through hers, and taking her back into the schoolroom made her sit down, and ringing the bell, ordered Miss Cecil's dinner, and when the soup and cold chicken came she actually forced her to eat some, and after taking a few mouthfuls, Cecil was surprised to find that she was able to do so, she was also

surprised to find how much better she was when she had finished her meal.

'Where is Mademoiselle?' she asked idly, when her dinner was over. It was a relief to her that Mademoiselle was not there, but it was a relief which she felt could not last long, and fully expected that the reply to her question would be that Mademoiselle was in her own apartment.

'O my dear,' replied Aunt Flora, 'wonders will never cease—the most extraordinary things do happen—it is *such* a business—Mademoiselle has run away to be married to Captain Feversham!'

(*To be continued.*)

A YORK AND A LANCASTER ROSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JANET'S HOME.'

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTERNOON TEA AND TALK.

'I AM dreadfully ashamed of myself, but I must tell you that the day after Rose Marshall sent that letter to you, a very few hours before your sister set forth on her expedition to rescue her from unjust suspicions, I found the little butterfly brooch that had caused all the commotion in one of the divisions of my own paint-box. It must have dropped from my neck-ribbon while I was painting without my seeing it, and of course one's paint-box is the last place one thinks of looking in for a lost brooch, so as it was a valuable brooch that had belonged to Mamma a great search was made; the servants chose to be angry and to bully my poor little waiting-maid, and in consequence—an undeserved reward for my carelessness—I have got two new friends, and full liberty to like an old one I was beginning to be doubtful about, as much as ever I please.'

The speaker was Jessie Daubeny, and as she finished her sentence she raised herself from the inclined-plane, where for the last two months she had been obliged to pass the greater part of each day, and held out her hand to Rose Ingram, who was seated near her.

A day and a half had passed since Rose's arrival, but this was the first moment when she had had leisure and inclination for making acquaintance with her young hostess, or even felt equal to the task of entering upon the subject of Rose Marshall's justification.

Now late in the afternoon of the second day she had had a visit from her father, who had brought the longed-for news, that the dreaded operation had been successfully performed, that her mother had since slept well, and that the doctors on seeing her that morning had found her stronger and better than they had dared to expect. After her father had left her, for he could not long be absent from home, she had taken the joyful intelligence to the bed-room where Florence lay still suffering great pain, and had had the satisfaction of seeing the set-frown of suffering on

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her forehead relax and a shade of colour come into her white face, and of hearing her say she thought that now if Rose would make her bed comfortable she could sleep a little. This had been done, and after watching till Florence was fast asleep Rose stood at the open door of the room, which chanced to be just opposite Jessie's sitting-room. So when Rose Marshall came up with her little mistress's afternoon cup of tea Jessie caught sight of her visitor, and sent the white Rose to bring her across the passage to sit with her. Tea was over, and they were now alone, and had even got so far during one hour's talk in making acquaintance that it did not seem at all odd to be shaking hands or that Jessie should congratulate herself on having a new friend. Not odd but very nice, for Rose had at the moment been thinking that Jessie Daubeny's face, though it was very different from anything she had pictured, was a very pleasant surprise after all. She had expected to see a gentle, interesting-looking invalid, with a lovely pale face, a little like her mother's, and a soft voice and patient meek ways, and instead she had before her a bright-eyed, eager, talkative little personage, whose thin brown face, though it could not be called anything but very plain, had so many changes of expression, and so much drollery of glance and gesture that Rose thought she should never be tired of looking at it. Lucy Fanshawe's laughing blue eyes did not express so much mirth as those brown ones could every now and then, ringed as they were with dark hollows and shadows of suffering, but Rose saw at once that it was a different sort of gaiety from Lucy's. Not the kind that springs from overflowing animal spirits and freedom from care, but something that while it went deeper into the character, could exist side by side with grave and even melancholy thought. Her companion spoke again before she had done looking at her.

'I have something else to tell you, to bring you to a perfect understanding of the rights of the case. I could not mention it yesterday for fear it should make you think Florence's expedition too provoking, but now that you are happier about your mother I don't believe you will grudge me what has been the greatest excitement I have known for a year. Well, when Florence arrived I had just been hearing a full confession from little Mary Anne Sims of the part she had acted in this affair of the gold thimble, and we were on the point of sending for Mrs. Marshall to let her know how triumphantly her little daughter's character was cleared. Mary Anne brought up my tea yesterday afternoon instead of Rose, whose eyes were in no state to be looked at. I made some cheerful remark to her about having found my brooch, blaming my own carelessness for its loss, and saying how sorry I was to have caused such a disturbance down stairs. To my great surprise she made a rush at me, spilling the hot tea all over my dress, and burst out with the whole history of her theft and the wicked way in which she had thrust the suspicion of it on poor Rose. I had some difficulty in getting at the facts of the case, for as you may imagine they were not very coherently put together, and poor little Mary

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Anne had had no previous practice in confessing her faults, her powers of speech having hitherto been solely given to excusing and concealing them. It seems, however, that she has been gradually softening all through the spring under the influence of Rose Marshall's patience in bearing undeserved suspicion, and friendliness towards her in spite of the wrong she had done her. The sight of Rose's grief when the second accusation was brought against her broke Mary Anne down altogether, and forced her to tell the truth and clear her friend. A little late, perhaps, for she held her tongue while the terror of being held responsible for the lost brooch was hanging over the household, but she says she had quite made up her mind not to let Rose suffer, and since she has taken this great step of confessing the old fault, one believes in her sincerity.'

'So you all knew all that happened on our charade night before Florence told you.'

'All but the small circumstance that a member of your family had known who was the guilty person all along.'

'Your father knows that now, I suppose, as well as our poor Florence! I wonder how she will feel when she knows that Rose Marshall's character had been cleared without her interference, and that her share need never have been known to anyone out of our house, if she had not been so hasty.'

'She does know it, for I told her this morning, when you had gone to fetch Nurse Lewes to look at her throat, and I went in to keep her company and talk for an hour. She knows, and, as I should have expected, it does not trouble her at all. She is almost glad of all the pain and shame she can get just now, it makes her more able to bear herself. I understand that.'

'I am so glad you do, and that you said just now—*two* new friends—it has not turned you against Florence; you will like her all the same.'

'We shall be friends all the same, closer, perhaps, than we ever should have been if all this had not happened. You don't know what an event this has been in my quiet life. You see Florence was brought to my sitting-room, for Papa was out and Miss Scott is away for a week, so there was no one but me at hand to decide what was to be done at the first moment. It was to me that Florence told her story straight out, and I could not help admiring her for having so much resolution and for insisting on my listening to all she had to say in favour of Rose Marshall, before she would let us examine her foot, or do anything to relieve the pain she was suffering.'

'Poor Florence; but how dreadful for her to have to confess to a stranger, things that she had been keeping from us all at home. I can't think how she could bring herself to do it.'

'I can. Ah, yes, I see that I have more in common with Florence that you have. I can quite understand that it was easier for her to come off here in a great fuss and excitement, and accuse and humble herself before all the world, with the object, as she thought, of saving

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an innocent person from punishment, than it would have been just to have gone to your father or your governess and owned she had been a disobedient child. Mind, I don't say that was not the right thing to do. I am only saying that it seems to me the hardest thing, and that I can quite imagine myself acting in the same way in her circumstances.'

'It seems so much more natural to go to one's own people when one has got into a mess.'

'Yes, to you, because you are one of the straightforward happy people, who never see things awry because you are never squinting back at yourself, but I am one of the nasty squinting sort, and I have a sly fellow-feeling for sufferers like myself, whose cranky tempers get rubbed into sores by contact with the people about them, and who sometimes have to fly out of doors for relief. You must not think that I let Florence hurt her throat by talking to me, for I really did nearly all the talking myself, but by just the few little things she told me in explanation of her confession I feel as if I know the whole of her life, and to have got inside her as I hardly ever did with anyone before. I know just how she has felt about being the ugly sickly one among you all, whom strangers always overlook, and who had to stay in the nursery and be petted long after she had grown tired of nursery ways and was longing for something beyond them. Then her determination to be the clever one among you and shine in that way if she could not be pretty or nice, and her disappointment and vexation when you seemed without any trouble to win the first place there too, and the reaction from over-work to self-indulgence and giving way altogether. It is like a little bit out of my own life.'

'I can't fancy you like that living alone with your father.'

'I am thinking of the time while my father was in India, when I lived with some cousins and was sickly and suffering without having any acknowledged ailment.'

'But it is all different with you now?'

'I don't feel so nasty, but I am afraid it is not because I am altered in the way you are thinking. I hope there is a little of that, it would be odd if living with Papa had not done something for me, but I believe the chief change is that it really is easier to me to have it settled. I know now that I am a cripple and humpbacked for life, and that there is no use in my comparing myself grudgingly with this person or that, or building castles in the air about growing up strong and beautiful. I am just put in a certain place and I have got to make the best of it, and do you know the certainty and the being excused from planning and wondering about myself is such a rest, that I look back upon the old times when there was hope and I did not suffer half so much, with horror. I am so much happier now! you look surprised, but Florence understood it quite when I told her.'

'But Florence is not going always to be ill. You will not put it into her head to wish for that!'

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'Oh no, she has got to get out of herself in some other way, and perhaps I shall be able to help her just a little. There must be plenty of other and better roads by which to reach contentment with one's own share of gifts, or rather with the lack of those one has taken it into one's head to court. It would be quite ridiculous, would it not, to say there was *no* way of carrying the little bundle of wants when the big bundle had been made light.'

'It would be like saying God could not help one about a little thing.'

'Ah, I know what I will do while Florence is kept prisoner in that room, I will get Papa to bring up his microscope and show her some wonders. It will be a great deal better than my talking to her. He will make her see how beautifully the little things are cared for, and she will get out of herself in admiring them. What can it matter whether one's own nose is thick or fine, while there are more beautiful and strange things in a single drop of water than one can count in a week. It was such a happy day for me when I first acknowledged that to myself.'

'What a great many different ways there are by which one may be helped, and I do believe you have found out the right one for Florence. Do you know I have always had a hope you would turn out a friend since I heard the children at the hospital speak of you, and found out from your father at our house one evening that you were the same person.'

Jessie laughed. 'You have not put it very clearly but I understand, and I will acknowledge something to you that you may see I am not pretending when I call myself nasty. My father came home that evening and told me he had found such a charming friend for me. I won't tell you all he said about you, but his praise took me the wrong way, for it was given to the very qualities (simplicity and all that) which I am always hating myself for being utterly without. So I took a perverse fit, made up my mind that you were a simpering "Lucy Fairchild" sort of girl, the kind I detest, and I found some excuse for putting off our meeting whenever Papa proposed to bring us together. Will you forgive me, when I confess how mistaken I was?'

'Indeed I will. I don't think I should like having a friend found for me myself.'

'And since by rights we ought to have been acquaintances of long standing, and it has taken an accident to bring us together, we will make up our minds to begin at the point we should have reached in all these months and be close friends at once.'

'And we won't forget that Rose Marshall and Mary Anne Sims were the standing-point of our friendship. When I look back to the day when I first went to the hospital, I can hardly believe how many good things have come of it.'

'Good things as you say—for even this sad story of the gold thimble has now a bright side to it. Rose Marshall's character has come out so well during the trial she has been exposed to, that she has now won every one in the house to befriend her, even our old cook who was at first a

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good deal scandalized by her dreamy, untidy way. They will all be ready now to lend a helping hand to brush her up into a perfect servant; and I shall look forward to keeping her near me, my friend as much as my attendant, till something very much better turns up for her. It is a grand thing for poor little Mary Anne Sims too, that she has confessed her fault of her own accord. If she had waited till we had heard your sister's story, I don't know what would have happened. Miss Scott was getting into despair about her constant prevarications, and beginning to fear she was gaining no good with us and must go. This will change her opinion and show her there is good in the poor thing after all. You will hardly believe how the expression of her face has changed since yesterday. There is actually a dawning of openness upon it, and Rose's rejoicing over her and gratitude to her is delightful. This is all excellent news for Miss Scott. You see those two girls are our first attempts, and if they had proved failures we could hardly have asked Papa to let us increase our little flock till the training school we have in our minds is fairly on foot.'

'*We* means you and Miss Scott. She is your governess, is she not? What is she like?'

'I need only tell you that it was she who took me to the hospital and taught me to love the sisters, and showed me that way of getting rid of myself and my crooked back. When she comes home and your sister Florence can be moved into my pleasant sitting-room, we will show you how little of a misfortune it is to lie on one's back all day and seldom get out of doors.'

'But you do get out sometimes?'

'Oh, yes, on very good days; and as I have had few such this summer, perhaps I may hope for more in autumn, when the heat is over.'

'Oh, then I may look forward to your coming to our house one day, and showing Mamma to you. That is what I should call a happy day, when she is well, as we may now hope she will soon be, and we are all together again. You must bring Rose Marshall and Mary Ann Sims to see Mamma too—and Oh, how pleasant it will be to meet and talk over this time, when all anxiety is over. I suppose I must not expect it soon for Papa warns me that it will take time for Mamma to grow strong, and that we must be very patient; and, besides, to make the meeting perfect, Florence and Lionel must be at home and all right with them. That happy evening can hardly come this summer, but let us look to the autumn for it, when the days are beginning to be a little short and we first light the lamp for tea. In old times, before the Fräulein came, and Mamma began to be so often unwell, we used to send down for her to drink tea with us on the first lamplight evening and make a feast of it, and a regular settling into winter ways. I hope we shall do it again this year, and that you will be there to see.'

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CHAPTER XXIII.

'HEARTS UNFEIGNEDLY THANKFUL.'

Rose had her wish, and the occasion she had planned so long beforehand proved to be even more of a family festival than she had designed, for it celebrated the return home of several members of the family, after long absence.

Mrs. Ingram and Florence who, through part of August and September, had been growing strong together at the sea-side, were indeed settled at home some time before, and had proved themselves, even to the anxious eyes of the Professor and Rose, equal to all the exertions for others and active ways that they fell into from the moment of their entering into the house.

Mrs. Ingram resumed habits of long ago which had the effect of bringing an almost forgotten sweetness and brightness into every part of the house, and Florence acted the part of a quick-sighted eager little handmaid to Mamma in all her household occupations. A part she had assumed, never, as it seemed, to be again laid down, when the great honour of being Mamma's sole companion in lodgings at the sea-side, had, at Jessie's instigation, been resigned to her by Rose to whom it had been first offered, and who consoled herself by taking good care of Papa at home instead.

The household had grown accustomed to the two new sources of happiness that had come into it before the time for settling into winter ways arrived.

The visitors whose coming fell in with Rose's lamp festival, were Maggie, who had been spending a pleasant time at Worthing, where Grandmamma and Aunt Rachel were settled for the winter, and Lionel, from Ipswich, where he had passed five months' reading with a tutor, and whence he was now recalled in time to keep the last half of the autumn term at the college.

It was a matter of great rejoicing to both the schoolroom and the nursery children that the Professor, on receiving a good report of Lionel's industry and conduct from his tutor, had determined on allowing him to resume his school and home life. Claude had missed his constant companion more than he would have believed beforehand, Florence had felt his banishment a constant reminder of her own faults, and Willie and the little ones had faithfully mourned his absence whenever anything particularly pleasant was on foot. All were prepared to give him an enthusiastic welcome, and Rose felt glad that she had succeeded in persuading the Fräulein (much more persuadable now than in old times) to take her tea in the dusk for a week, in order that the day of the two arrivals might be signalised by the winter inauguration festival which seemed so appropriate to an autumn home-coming. Everything was propitious to the full carrying out of her views. Nurse, who had made Mrs. Marshall's

acquaintance during Florence's illness, entered warmly into the project of a second tea-party in the servant's hall at which all the Marshalls and Mary Anne Sims were to be entertained. Jessie had a good day, and bore the long drive from one end of London to the other, with so little fatigue, that an hour's rest on the schoolroom sofa before other guests arrived, enabled her to take an active part in all the fun, eclipsing even Lucy in fertility of conversation, in crying forfeits, and acting charades. What was best of all the Professor had, or made, a vacant evening, and was able not only to come upstairs to tea and see the lamp lighted, but to remain afterwards and join in the games, adding to the mirth so wonderfully that Lionel's eyes were opened to quite a new view of his father's intellect, and he confided to Florence in the course of the evening that he began to think 'being learned did not make a fellow *so* stupid after all.'

For two or three of the party there were a few moments of thoughtfulness in the midst of the mirth. It was brought about by Lucy Fanshawe's drawing out the gold thimble from her pocket and paying it away as a forfeit to be cried by Mary Anne Sims. Florence, who was standing near, slipped out of the circle of players a minute afterwards, and Rose, fearing she felt ill or tired, followed her to the school-room door.

'Let us go and sit on the stairs and cool ourselves for a minute or two,' she said, affectionately, putting her arm round Flo's waist. 'You have been standing such a long time, and I know, though you never say anything about it, that your foot does hurt you still when you use it too much.'

They had not been long alone when the White Rose came to look for them, and Rose Ingram pointed her to a seat by her side on the third step. The schoolroom door stood open just opposite, and the three little girls seated in the dark had a very pretty view of the gay scene within. In the corner near the door they had just a glimpse of Professor Ingram's head as it was turned sideways to speak to Mr. Marshall, who, with his youngest child in his arms, was standing just outside the doorway looking on at the games. On the old sofa at the far end of the room sat Mrs. Ingram, looking like a queen, Rose thought, in her black velvet gown, her face as gentle and fair as ever, but with soft hues of returning health on the delicate round cheeks instead of the flushes of pain that had burned on them so long. Teddy had deserted his mother to sit on the folds of the black velvet at Mrs. Ingram's feet and to gaze admiringly into her face, cautiously putting up a rough but clean little hand now and then to stroke the soft warm dress whose texture awoke his delighted curiosity, but to make up for this, Tiny and Trotty had stationed themselves at the other end of the sofa by Mrs. Marshall and were lost in admiration of the scarlet and green bows in her cap, and the rainbow tints of the scarf that Rose had manufactured out of old antimacassars half a year ago. Mrs. Marshall was holding forth energetically, apparently on the

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relative plumpness of Trotty's and Teddy's legs, and Mrs. Ingram was listening with a look of great interest on her face. After a long loving gaze at this scene the two Roses turned and looked at each other.

'I wonder,' said the Red Rose, 'whether in all London there are girls as happy as we two to-night, in seeing our mothers seated there side by side looking so well.'

'And Oh, so lovely! ain't they Miss, both on 'em. To be sure my mother has not all the pretty red and white in her face that yours has, but then they are both alike in this, they have faces that it does one's heart good to look at, and that make the house *home*. And then to see father standing there in a black coat! I never wish for the happy valley now, Miss; but as you say, I wonder whether there are any other girls anywhere as well off as we are for fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and homes.'

'There must be hundreds all about London and everywhere,' said Florence, 'who are just as well off, only a great many of them don't know it, and I suppose as they don't think about it, it does not make them very happy. They are just like what we were a year ago.'

'Blind,' said Rose. 'Is not it odd to have all sorts of good things, really to have them, and not enjoy them from not knowing they are there.'

'For want of "Hearts unfeignedly thankful,"' murmured Florence. 'Once I thought it strange to pray for *that*, for I fancied if one *was* happy one must know it, and that was enough. But one day I had a long talk with Jessie and Miss Scott about my discontent and my old way of always wanting something special for myself to make me happy, and Miss Scott read the General Thanksgiving with me. I can't remember all she said about it, but she made me see that I could not be really thankful for all the "blessings of this life," till I had put the other things that are in the prayer "above all." You know what I mean? "the means of grace and the hope of glory." She says, and I believe it now, that *that* is the only way of really *having* all the "good things of this life" that are given to us, and of being as happy as our Heavenly Father means us His children to be.'

(*Concluded.*)

WOMANKIND.

CHAPTER XXVII.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN.

'Does she go in for being strong-minded? Pray don't be a strong-minded woman.' What do we mean by these expressions? Generally, it may be feared that a strong-minded woman is a term for one who is either gentle, or unwilling to be bound by the restrictions of her sex. It

is a piece of modern slang, and it is unfortunate in its effect in two ways; first as disturbing respect for true feminine strength of mind, and secondly as being as a compliment to those who 'go in' for bravado of mind, not strength of mind.

The real article, if we may so call it, is essentially feminine. Every woman ought to be strong-minded enough not to flinch from her immediate duty, whether it be to rule a family, to rebuke a dependent, to assist at a painful operation, to announce heart-breaking tidings, even to penetrate into scenes of sin and coarseness, if she have a call to seek and save some one there, nay, to refuse to transgress the commands of conscience under the compulsion of love or fear, and to utter her testimony in season, without fear of man. Without a strong mind, a woman is nothing better than an intelligent bit of drift weed, driven hither and thither by force of circumstances, and totally dependant on her surroundings.

She will worry her husband, be over-crowed by her children and dependents, or if single, she will hang prone upon some friend and probably end by becoming a prey to her servants. Instead of raising the tone of those about her, she will sink to whatever is the level around her, and will continually realize the comparison of the broken reed to anyone who leans on her.

Happily there are many whose love gives them strong hearts to bear and to do, and who, though frivolous in ordinary times, seem to change their whole nature in the time of distress or danger. The modern idea of strength of mind, however, includes something intellectual as well as something resolute.

The ideal strong-minded woman—for, like other ideals, she has probably never been found with all points of perfection at once—is supposed to have an aptitude for *all* kinds of severe studies, and to insist on pursuing them on equal terms with men. She will go anywhere and do anything with perfect coolness, trusting to an invisible armour of proof to protect her. She will also say anything to anybody, and never spare her censure or interference for the trifling consideration that it is no business of hers. Her chief dread is of prejudice, and of ancient conclusions, and she therefore thinks it weak not to read all kinds of books, especially the sceptical and the sensational, and the line she admires most in Tennyson is that in praise of 'honest doubt.' The popular idea of her appearance is that she is tall, grim, gaunt, and harshly strange in attire, but she is much more apt to be in the height of the fashion, and young and pretty, though sometimes she tries dressing artistically and individually, and thus manages to be most conspicuous and generally most expensive.

To men these strong-minded women, or those approaching to them, are a laughing-stock and a terror. When the strong-minded woman has the graces of freshness and beauty, they are led away by her, vote her 'capital fun,' and try how far she will go, but they do not respect her, they only see in her a bad imitation of themselves, and make game of her little affectations. When she has no beauty or charm, her pretensions make her

merely obnoxious to them, and deprive her of that tender halo of sweet kindness and sympathy that attracts friendship and esteem.

But to please men we are told is one of the most unworthy motives imaginable to hold up to woman.

So in a degree it is, but approbation is a standard by which to judge. That which a man would not tolerate in his sister or daughter is not becoming, and is unsexing.

But this is what the strong-minded woman wants. N.B.—She does not want to cease to be a woman, but she wants to make out that the woman is physically as well as mentally the superior creature, and that she should therefore be on an equality and perhaps take the lead.

To argue the case as to the physical conformation is impossible, but I would just observe that one fact which seems to me to overthrow this theory entirely is that though courtesy, fine clothes, and clearness of skin may perhaps give the woman the advantage in early youth, she is beginning to lose it when the man has only just attained his prime. The man improves as he grows older, provided he leads a good and healthy life; the woman's bloom is a much more fleeting thing.

And mentally, where has the woman ever been found who produced any great and permanent work. What woman has written an oratorio, or an epic, or built a cathedral? It is not lack of education. Women have at times been highly educated, many great men have been self-taught. The difference can only be in the mental texture.

And here comes in that which is said with some speciousness; namely, that women are capable of greater spirituality than men. It is a fine eminence that women claim, and men are ready to grant them in a semi-contemptuous, yet half-sentimental save-trouble way, which views the spiritual virtues as essentially feminine.

Shame on those who have lowered the idea of religion by such teaching. Nay, they have even so read the Gospels as to fancy that the holiness of Him Who was Perfect God as well as Perfect Man, were of feminine type. They do not see the might of Him Who stood alone, sometimes confronting, sometimes leading a whole populace, winning them so that they were ready to take Him by force and make Him a King, and then stopping their manifestation at its height and sending them away, just when an ordinary leader would have been coerced by their enthusiasm. They do not see the courage that twice cleared the temple of the profane, in the teeth of all the authorities, that defied and denounced the Scribes and Pharisees on their own ground, and that went stedfastly on with Face set as a flint to the end foreseen from the beginning. The intense calmness and absence of all violence has perhaps been some excuse for those who have missed the impression of undaunted, unflinching resolution, and stern indignation against evil; but it is a miserable error, a sin in itself because it is derogatory to the honour of the Lord Who bought us, and false when it alienates from His example as if not meant for men as much as for women.

Struggle hotly and resolutely against the notion, half mawkish, half flattering, that men are not meant to be as good as women, either religiously, morally, or in the way of self-sacrifice. Both are meant to aim at perfection, and to help one another to attain it, and the man, if he chooses and seeks for grace, will attain the higher, nobler type. Woman will not do her part by him unless she really believes this and does her utmost to help him to make the most of himself, not accepting his shortcomings as masculine weakness which give occasion to show her strength and superiority.

But we are told that if we acknowledge our inferiority, and make no struggle for our rights, we induce men to despise us, and thus assist in the weight of oppression under which women groan.

Let us see what this oppression amounts to. An unmarried woman is only oppressed, I suppose, by not having the franchise, and on the whole, I doubt if the lack weighs as heavily on her as the responsibility of a vote would do. In all other matters her sense of propriety is really her only restraint.

It is the wife who is the injured creature. She vows to obey; her property, unless put under special restrictions, is her husband's, he can oblige her to live with him unless she can show strong cause to the contrary, and in case of separation, the children after seven years old, are given to him unless he have done something of which the law can take cognizance. To him also belongs the right of appointing their guardians.

No doubt here and there the law presses hardly on individuals. No law can be framed so that some one will not suffer under it, and till recently there were reasons of complaint, when a worthless man could absorb his wife's earnings. Now, however, she can secure them from him, and it is her own fault if she do not. No law can make a woman strong against the man she loves. And thus the marriage settlements which put a woman's capital entirely out of her own reach or her husband's are probably much better for families than if she retained full command over her share. Hundreds of families have thus been saved from utter ruin where a loving wife would have given and lost all that she had.

In the charge of children in case of a separation, the utmost is generally done to come to a just decision as to which parent is the safest for them to be entrusted with. When the decision is committed to the law the grievance-making books assume that it is the father who is always in the wrong and who makes his wife's life intolerable, and then that she has to part with her little ones at seven years old to undergo his bad example. But there *really* are women whose violent tempers and other evil ways have made life unbearable to the husband, who remains looking and longing for the time when he may resume his children.

As to the father's prior power of appointing guardians, this has sometimes been spoken of as a grievance, enabling him to indulge spite or prejudice against the mother, but this must be so exceptional a case that provision need hardly be made for it, and it is surely reasonable to suppose that most men would have a wish for their children's welfare, and be

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able to judge what was best for them when their own selfishness no longer clashed with the children's interests.

As to the wives who are beaten, no law of equality would make much difference to them. The way to prevent their miseries would be, if possible, to raise the notions of the servant and factory-classes about marriage, and prevent their drifting into it in the reckless godless way which may well prevent them from being respected.

In truth our position entirely depends on what we are in ourselves, not what we claim.

As to paths in life and education, womanhood is no obstacle to our being as highly educated as our brains will allow.

That this should be done in close *juxtaposition* with a number of male pupils does not, however, seem desirable, because there is a tendency in large masses to rub off the tender home-bloom of maidenliness, which, is a more precious thing than any proficiency in knowledge.

So too with medical education for women, for which so hard a struggle has been made. An exceptional woman here and there may be so absorbed in science, so devoted to humanity, as not to be hurt by it, but promiscuous teaching could not be possible to the majority without harm to both parties. Nor have I much faith in the effects of creating a race of lady doctors. Nurses medically instructed would be most valuable, and do much that now falls to the hands of the doctor, but in a really very serious case I doubt the capability of most women to endure the responsibility, especially where it is a matter of resolute abstinence from action. Nurses do indeed often show nerve and decision, but then they have the doctor to fall back upon, and are within prescribed limits.

The watching of a nursery of ailing children, or the daily visit to an invalid old lady might be as usefully done by a well-instructed lady doctor as by the pet apothecary—but would the old lady think so?

No, except for certain kinds of practice, and for superior nursing, it does not seem as if enough would be gained to make it desirable to outrage feminine instincts, ay, and those of men, by the full course of scientific training.

A person engaged in hospital nursing has told us that the hardening effect of witnessing constant suffering can hardly be counteracted without special religious discipline and training; and how much greater must be the danger of mischief to mind and soul alike in the technical display of the wonderful secrets of the temple of the human body without any special safeguard. We know that medical students often do not come out unscathed from the ordeal, and can it be well to let women be exposed to it?

Such scientific instruction as can be had from books or special lectures would of course raise the character of nursing, and I believe there are ladies trained to watch some special class of illness requiring minute and skilled attention, who are sent to take charge of patients in the country.

This, and hospital nursing, or the charge of workhouse infirmaries, are real professions, as well as outlets for zeal and beneficence.

To become an upper nurse would often be an excellent plan for a lady no longer young, who has perhaps brought up her own brothers and sisters, or nephews and nieces, or has launched her children into the world. Servants are so scarce that she would be taking no one's place, and would be much happier and more valuable than moping and half starving in a wretched little lodging.

And for the younger who need support, it would be well, if they have no special talent, to try to learn to be telegraph clerks or even dressmaking, or whatever is possible in their station.

"The Year Book of Woman's Work" will point to the means of getting instruction and employment, and there is much less every year of the fear of losing caste by absolute labour.

Teaching, of course, stands higher, but nobody ought to teach who has not the power of learning or teaching. If governessing is to be a profession worth having, a certificate ought to be worked for and gained. It will open a sure command of situations either in schools or families; and if greater freedom be preferred, a course in a diocesan college for schoolmistresses will give the complete training required. The Otter College at Chichester, especially for ladies, may enable many to have happy village homes, in which perhaps to receive a widowed mother, while raising the tone of the children.

To these professions may be added those which require a special talent and training—music, art, and literature.

If a woman have musical gifts of a high order, it is plain that they are meant for the glory of God and the joy of mankind. She is bound to use them to the best advantage in these ways, not to win admiration, but to devote them, with God before all, or they become a snare.

Even choir practice and singing of hymns is often a snare, both in irreverence, conceit, and levity of demeanour. Amateur and village concerts are in like manner great delights, and often innocent ones, but needing great circumspection and instinctive modesty on the lady performers' part to keep all as it should be; and when the talent needs to be used as a means of support, the same quiet soberness and refinement must be the preservative, as in fact they are with many a professional singer and music-mistress. In fact all depends not on what we *do* but what we *are*.

Of art and literature I spoke in a former chapter. Neither become professions without a good deal of experience and excellence, indeed, except in the case of editors of journals, literature is generally only an addition implanted on some other means of livelihood.

The strong-minded literary woman generally writes up woman's perfections and superiority. Her world is a sort of bee-hive, all the males drones and the single sisters doing all the work. She speaks on platforms, gives lectures, and endeavours to persuade us of the wrongs we have suffered since man had the upper hand through brute force.

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It is not of much use to fight the battle and contradict her. If she *does* accept the original account of the matter, she will only tell us that it was because Eve was more intellectual than Adam that she wanted to be 'as gods knowing good and evil.' Alas, in this at least she resembles Eve, and let us remember who it was that whispered to our first mother, and 'stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free.'

We have liberty to say or do anything that it is right or reasonable to say. If we do understand a matter, we are listened to on our own merits as much as men are. As Christian women of education, each one of us can take exactly the place she deserves, so long as by a foolish struggle for we know not what, we do not bring opposition and ridicule on ourselves.

To a certain degree the world will always be somewhat cruel to distinguished women. They are flattered up, told it is an honour to see them, their autographs and photographs are sought after, and they are complimented, and then the moment they are persuaded to believe themselves something remarkable, and comport themselves accordingly, they become a laughing stock. Women are as guilty in this way as men, and it is really an additional reason for keeping in the back-ground, though after all, the discomfort and danger must have been much greater when fewer women wrote, open compliments were the fashion, and there were not such hosts of reviews to give a judgment, not in all cases fair or unbiased, but enough so to give a fair estimate of success.

Nothing but that really strong mind, which is in fact either true humility or freedom from self-consciousness, can bear a woman through these dangers of vanity.

Be strong-minded, then. With all my might I say it. Be strong-minded enough to stand up for the right, to bear pain and danger in a good cause, to aid others in time of suffering, to venture on what is called mean or degrading, to withstand a foolish fashion, to use your own judgment, to weigh the value of compliments. In all these things be strong. Be, the valiant woman, but do not be strong-minded in a bad sense in discarding all the graces of humility, meekness, and submission, which are the true strength and beauty of womanhood.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

ARIOSTO.

After having parted from Orlando, Zerbino and Isabella, strangely oppressed and anxious, followed slowly on the tracks of their benefactor. In the meanwhile a piece of poetical justice is done which ought to be recorded. Some of Zerbino's followers having captured Odorico—the false friend who had betrayed Isabella—brought him hither to the prince. The traitor's defence of himself is most ingenious. 'Every one sins,' says

he: 'there is no difference between the good and the wicked except in the degree of (moral) strength. Each is tempted: he that has most strength resists: he that has least succumbs to the temptation. A man who has done his best to guard a fortress is not to blame if the enemy is too strong for him. Neither, then, can a man, who has done his best to guard his virtue, be to blame if the temptation is too strong to be resisted!'

Whilst Zerbino hesitated what punishment to award to this plausible sinner, it so chanced that Gabrina's palfrey, hearing the sound of other horses, chose to bring its powerless rider to the spot; and the prince conceived the happy idea of putting her under the protection of Odorico, whom he bound to obey and defend her! Of course Odorico found unanswerable reasons for hanging her within a few days.

Zerbino and Isabella, before long, came upon most alarming traces of him whom they sought; for they beheld Durlindana and the rest of Orlando's armour lying strewn about upon the ground, whilst Brigliadoro, with loose rein, fed near by. At first they feared the count must have been killed; but finally they gathered the truth from the terrified shepherds, who dared scarcely even yet venture from their hiding-places.

Mournfully then they gathered up the pieces of the scattered armour, and forming them into a trophy, wrote above them the inscription—sufficient safeguard for all loyal minds—

'THE ARMOUR OF THE PALADIN ORLANDO.'

Whilst they were engaged in this pious duty, our long-absent friend Fiordiligi arrived upon the spot. She did not know that her husband, in following Orlando, had fallen into the snares of Atlante, and been held captive till Astolfo destroyed the spell; nor that he was now within the walls of Paris. Doubly did she sigh for her absent hero when she learned the fate of the noble count!

Mandricardo with Doralice now also appeared, and curiously regarded the newly-erected trophy. But on reading the inscription and recognizing Durlindana, the unscrupulous Tartar was enchanted at so favourable an opportunity of obtaining the dearest object of his wishes; without a moment's hesitation, therefore, he possessed himself of the coveted sword!

Of course, Zerbino's loyal nature takes fire at this desecration, and he challenges Mandricardo. Zerbino is a brave warrior and a faithful knight, and the right is on his side; but Mandricardo has greater strength and weight of body, and is besides now armed not only with impenetrable harness, but with the terrible Durlindana. The Scottish knight's less finely tempered armour, despite his agility and skill in parrying the heavy blows of his adversary, is at last penetrated, and his blood, 'like a narrow purple ribbon on a silver cloth,' flows down the shining armour.* At last, wounded in many places, his armour and shield cut to pieces,

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* Ariosto is said to have taken this simile from seeing a lady, with whom he was in love, thus embroider a garment for her son.

breathless and faint with loss of blood, Zerbino becomes every moment less capable of eluding the thick-coming blows of his untouched adversary, and Isabella, therefore, in mortal terror, seeing that her lover must be slain, entreats Doralice to beg a truce, and each lady dissuades her lord from the prosecution of this unequal fight.

Zerbino, broken-hearted at being unable better to defend the cause of his unhappy friend, passively allowed Isabella to lead him away from the scene of conflict. But the unfortunate Scottish prince was too sore wounded in body and spirit to go far. Soon he sank, fainting from loss of blood, at the road-side, and there, far from any human succour, Isabella powerless to aid, beheld her lord dying in her arms.

Roused by her bitter weeping, he turned his languid eyes upon her beloved face, more grieved for her fate than for his own death—

> 'And wilt thou love me thus, my heart?' he said,
> 'Still love me thus when I am dead and gone?
> It is but leaving thee that grieves me thus;
> Leaving thee lone, and not because I die.'*

Isabella, beside herself with grief, declared that she would not survive him, but he entreated, and, 'if he might command, commanded her,' to live out her appointed time.

After his death a hermit, who forms an honourable exception to the general rule of hypocrisy in such personages, comes to the assistance of Isabella, and hastens to forward her, with her beloved dead, to the care of a sisterhood of nuns near Marseilles.

And now after so much of the terrible and pathetic, the poet, like the weighted steel-rod he describes, springs back with all the greater recoil to dwell on lighter fancies. He involves his characters in all kinds of whimsical and absurd complications, as if he found it a relief to his sportive muse after these unwontedly plaintive strains, to entangle them in the most labyrinthine confusion of misunderstandings!

After the fierce vengeance she had taken upon Pinabello, Bradamante repossessed herself of the horse he had stolen from her at Merlin's tomb, and set off with the intention of rejoining Ruggiero. But she lost her way in the forest, and wandered deviously all night. The next morning she fell in with her cousin Astolfo. After dissolving the spell of Atlante's Castle, the duke had found, amongst the various steeds stabled there during the enchantment of their masters, not only Rabican, but the winged horse itself. The idea of seeing the world from the back of this wonderful steed had so taken the young man's fancy that he only delayed putting it into execution because he had no place of safety in which to leave Rabican. When, therefore, he beheld his martial cousin, Bradamante, his difficulty was solved at once; and though the lady already had two horses on her hands, he entreated her to take charge of Rabican, his

* A very beautiful English rendering of the whole of this most pathetic passage may be found in Roscoe's translation of Sismondi's *Literature of Europe*.

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armour, and the golden lance. He then, after an affectionate farewell, gaily mounted the hippogriff and soared into the air.

Bradamante now continued her journey. Finding herself near Montalbano, she thought to leave there her two spare steeds without presenting herself amongst her relations; but she by chance met her brother Alardo, and having no reasonable excuse to advance for not visiting her home, she was obliged to enter and pay her respects to her mother.

But she was sorely distressed at being thus prevented from keeping her tryst with Ruggiero. In order to explain to him her position she therefore resolved to send to him her trusty handmaiden and foster-sister Ippalca, with Frontino, the horse she had kept for her lover ever since he was carried off by the hippogriff.

Equally skilful with her needle as with her sword, she now diligently employed herself and her maidens in embroidering magnificent trappings for this much-caressed and pampered steed; and having caparisoned him thus richly, she gave his rein into the hand of Ippalca, and with many tender and confidential messages, bade her seek the young knight and deliver them and the horse.

But unfortunately on her road Ippalca was met by Rodomonte, who was by this time quite tired of pursuing Mandricardo on foot! This magnificent steed with its gay trappings, guarded, too, only by a girl, was all too tempting for the foot-sore pagan's virtue, and he used very small ceremony in appropriating it, despite Ippalca's indignant outcries.

Ruggiero himself, meanwhile, was also unable to keep this unfortunate tryst. He put a very unintentional end to his combat with the four knights at Pinabello's castle, for a chance blow from a lance rent the cover from the magic shield, and everyone round fell stupefied by the sudden blaze. Ruggiero was so overcome with shame by this catastrophe, that at the first pool he came to he filled the buckler with stones, and sank it, that neither he nor any other less scrupulous knight might again benefit by such unworthy means of victory!

He supposed Bradamante to have left him in order to hasten on to the rescue of Fiordespina's unfortunate lover, and he therefore hastened to follow her. On the road to Marsiglio's castle he met with one of those messengers whom Agramant was sending all over France to recall his wandering knights. Ruggiero, after a struggle with his own inclinations, promised to obey the call so soon as he should have fulfilled his present mission. He trusted to be able to explain all to his lady when he should rejoin her, as he believed himself to be upon the point of doing.

At first, indeed, he imagined he had found her, on reaching Marsiglio's castle, and that under very frightful circumstances; for the condemned youth, whom he beheld actually bound to the stake, bore such an extraordinary resemblance to Bradamante that even Ruggiero's lover's eyes were deceived! It turned out, however, to be not Bradamante, but her twin brother Ricciardetto, the likeness between the two being so striking

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that, when both were clad in armour, their own mother could not distinguish them apart.*

And now Ruggiero, not finding Bradamante, feels a renewal of the struggle between love and duty—and, in his case, it is duty which again conquers!

He feels that, if he forsakes the cause of Agramant now, when the Moorish king has suffered a severe reverse of fortune, the world will say that he became a Christian, not because he was convinced, but because he was a coward. Agramant once victorious, he would not hesitate an instant; but he is too loyal to forsake a falling cause. Therefore, instead of taking the road towards Vallombrosa, he goes with Ricciardetto towards Paris.

On the road they stop at the Castle of Aldigieri, Ricciardetto's cousin. He asks their aid to deliver Vivian and Malagigi from the hands of the Saracens, who had sold them to their hereditary and bloodthirsty foes, the Maganzese.

Whilst the three knights await the arrival of these two parties, a gallant-looking warrior rides up and offers to joust. This is Marfisa, who, hearing the purpose of their presence in that spot, joins her arms to theirs. The treacherous Bertolagio with his clan, and the Saracens with the prisoners, each believing themselves betrayed by the other side, when thus attacked at unawares, were easily either slain or put to flight.

After their successful skirmish, the party, with their rescued friends, refresh themselves with the provisions taken from the enemy; they found a delightful spot to make merry beside one of those 'four' wonderful sculptured fountains of 'Merlin' to be found in France, the description of which one perfectly understands, having once seen the beautiful fragments of storied tomb and fountain so commonly to be found in Ariosto's native land.

Marfisa, who had been greatly struck by the beauty and bravery of Ruggiero, here showed such extraordinary complaisance as to doff her armour, and array her grand form in some of the rich feminine garments, destined, with other valuables, by the Maganzese for Lanfusa, in exchange for the prisoners.

Whilst the party were listening with interest to Malagigi's explanation of the sculptures on the fountain, Ippalca, loud with anger at Rodomonte's unmanly theft of Frontino, presents herself; but, with feminine tact, she directed her complaint to Bradamante's kinsmen rather than to her unknown lover. He, with equal care not to betray his lady's secrets to her relations, begs to be allowed to undertake the recovery of Frontino. He accordingly accompanies Ippalca, and gladly takes that opportunity of sending a letter he has written to explain his apparently strange course of action to his beloved.

He has no sooner left the spot than Mandricardo, Doralice, and Rodo-

* The episodical romance of Fiordespina is here taken up at considerable length from Boiardo.

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monte himself ride up! This is a most singular juxtaposition, seeing that Rodomonte has been in search of Mandricardo in order to avenge upon him his appropriation of Doralice; but the fact is, that their battle on this question has been interrupted by one of Agramant's messengers, and they have agreed to a truce in order to hasten to the assistance of their leader. Indeed, throughout this whole episode we miss in Rodomonte that magnificent irrationality which has made him hitherto a very 'Abbot of Unreason.' He becomes suddenly the most reasonable of the knightly party! There is no indication given that we are to attribute this to the power of Doralice's presence. On the contrary, a kind of apology is made for his unwonted rationality. 'It is the first, last, and only time he was ever known so to act!'

A most curious series of complications now begins. Mandricardo, seeing a very beautiful lady sitting with these luxurious knights who banquet in the shade, conceives the brilliant idea that, if he defeats her knights, he can give her to Rodomonte in exchange for Doralice! Accordingly Malagigi, Viviano, Aldigier and Ricciardetto all go down before him in turn. Then says he to Marfisa, who, in her feminine attire, has looked on very calmly the while—

'Damsel, you are ours if there be none other to mount into saddle for you. It is of no use refusing or making excuses, for this is the custom of war!'

We may fancy the answer of the fierce Marfisa to such an address!

'If I belonged to any of these you would have reason,' cries she, 'but I belong to myself! Let him that wants me, take me!'

With this she quickly arms, and the splintered lances give a test of evenly-matched strength. However, Rodomonte interposes to stop the battle; and also engages Marfisa to join the standard of Agramant. But here Ruggiero arrives and angrily challenges Rodomonte for the theft of Frontino. Whilst he is endeavouring in vain to provoke the unwontedly cool son of Nimrod, Mandricardo falls foul of him because he bears on his shield the same device as himself, the white eagle, for which they had fought once before.

'Nay,' cries Rodomonte to Mandricardo, 'if you must fight, finish your battle with me instead of provoking a new quarrel! Twice already have you broken your agreement to go to the aid of your leader!'

And now, also, Marfisa—most unwonted peace-maker—tries her hand at pacific offices. But it is in vain. Ruggiero insists on the surrender of the horse. And, indeed, it was enough to irritate a man's temper—even had it not been his own gallant and long-lost Frontino that was in question—to see a steed, so sent and so caparisoned, coolly appropriated by another man, who would neither give it up nor fight for it! Finding Rodomonte imperturbable by words, Ruggiero began to try what blows would do; when Mandricardo, who could not see a quarrel without an irresistible tendency to appropriate it to himself, as he had done Durlindana and Brigliador, rushed in, and contrary to all rules of chivalry, struck Ruggiero such a blow on the head from behind, that he dropped

his sword. Thereupon Marfisa, in a rage at this felon-blow, dashed at Mandricardo; and a very pretty 'round game' of promiscuous sword-cuts began amongst the whole assembled party.

'The first thoughts of women are best,' says the poet; 'but not so those of men.' That unlucky Malagigi seeing his cousin Ricciardetto in danger, on the impulse of the moment sent an imp into Doralice's steed, which leaping 'twenty feet into the air' (without unseating its rider), rushed straight off towards Paris; and Rodomonte and Mandricardo both followed at the top of their speed!

Now this took place just at the moment when Discord, in high spirits at such a goodly *mêlée*, had taken the opportunity of flying off to her favourite monastery! So that Malagigi's inopportune interference sent all Agramant's best knights to his camp; for Marfisa followed in such a sudden access of eagerness to fulfil her vow to take Charlemagne prisoner, that she quite forgot to take leave of her friends! whilst Ruggiero, after waiting to make his adieux, traversed the same route.

Such a reinforcement as this turned the scale in Agramant's favour, and Charlemagne was driven back within the walls of Paris. The Archangel, surprised at this result, and finding that Discord had, unlicensed, forsaken her post, sought her, where, seated in chapter, she was delighted at seeing breviaries and missals fly at the heads of the contending brethren. With kicks and cuffs he despatched the deserter back to the Saracen camp. Of course her presence inflamed all the quarrels anew. Each referred his claim to Agramant, who, much perplexed at the arrangement of priority in the various causes of dissension, bade the contending parties draw lots.

The lots fall first on Rodomonte and Mandricardo for Doralice; secondly on Ruggiero and Mandricardo for the shield of Hector; thirdly, on Ruggiero and Rodomonte for Frontino; and fourthly, on Mandricardo and Marfisa for herself.

The lists were arranged, and Rodomonte and Mandricardo severally retired to arm. But soon sounds of strife were heard from the tent where Gradasso aided Ruggiero to arm Mandricardo. The king of Serican, reading the inscription on the sword he was about to buckle on the champion, found that this was the very Durlindana to obtain which he had fruitlessly brought a great army from the East! Mandricardo explains his possession of the weapon by saying, that, to avoid the continuation of the battle with himself, Orlando had feigned madness and thrown away his sword. Gradasso, however, maintains that, in what way soever Mandricardo may have obtained it, Durlindana is his, and have it he will!

The contending parties soon come to blows upon the question. The tumult brings Agramant and Marsiglio to the spot in haste. Whilst they vainly endeavour to compose this new quarrel the clash of arms is heard from the tent of Rodomonte. Ferrau and Sacripant arm this warrior; but Sacripant has recognised Frontino as the very Frontalatte which Brunello had stolen from him! From words, these two warriors

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also come to blows, and Agramant is hastily summoned from the still raging broil of the other tent. But the story of Brunello's theft of the horse brings to Marfisa's mind the loss of her sword, and her long chase of the thief. In her usual decisive manner of settling a difficulty, she walks coolly up to the unfortunate little thief-king, clutches him, as a hawk clutches a chicken, and carries him off, crying for help, to the presence of the king. 'I am going to hang this thief-vassal of yours with my own hands,' says she, 'but I will wait three days first. If any man says I am wrong, let him come and prove it on me!' With this announcement she lays her prey across her saddle-bow and rides off.

Agramant certainly might be excused for finding himself somewhat *intrigué* with this fresh entanglement of quarrels. Nevertheless he proceeded systematically and patiently to arrange them into what may be called 'working order.' The original difficulty, that between Rodomonte and Mandricardo for Doralice, he solved with great acumen, though its solution cost him in the end the loss of a powerful champion; for he appointed that the cause of difference, Doralice herself, should decide the matter by selecting the partner she preferred. The lady chose Mandricardo; whereupon Rodomonte, furious at his rejection, rode off upon Frontino, and thus lessened the number of disputes by three.

Rodomonte's proceedings, after his rejection by Doralice, were of an exceedingly eccentric character. He was as thoroughly in the sulks—though not so silent—as Achilles after the loss of Briseis. He gave vent to his anger with Doralice in a sweeping condemnation of the whole female sex. 'I believe,' cried he, 'that thou wast produced, accursed sex, as serpents, wolves and bears; gnats, wasps, and gadflies; black-oats and darnel were brought forth to be a burden and tax upon man! Be not presumptuous because man is born of thee, for roses are brought forth of thorns, and a fetid herb gives birth to the lily!' After many compliments of a similarly flattering character, he thus puts a climax to his tirade: 'Importunate art thou, proud, spiteful; without love, faith, or counsel; rash, cruel, wicked, ungrateful; born for an eternal plague upon the world!'

Having thus relieved his feelings, he took a boat to return to his own country, but before he reached the sea another whim took him. A little deserted church near Montpellier struck him as a peculiarly suitable retreat for a man in his circumstances, and he accordingly took up his abode there, and made the roads exceedingly unpleasant for travellers who possessed anything which he or his suite required.

It is strange that Ariosto should here have reverted in a grotesque, almost a comic strain, to the sad story of Isabella. Yet so it is. It gives a sort of jar to the mind, as if a discord had been suddenly struck in the midst of a plaintive melody, to read the end of this episode. Rodomonte beholds the mourner, as, accompanied by her venerable escort, she follows the coffin of her betrothed towards Marseilles.

Fierce and angry as he was with her sex, the pagan was struck by her sorrowful beauty; and, in the gentlest manner he could assume, he wooed

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her to remain with him. But angered by her refusal, and irritated more still by the remonstrances and exhortations of the hermit, he seized upon the unfortunate old man, and whirling him round his head, flung him to such a distance that his remains were never found, but he was said to have fallen into the sea at a distance of three miles from the spot!

Isabella, finding herself in the power of this ferocious being, had recourse to subterfuge. She persuaded him that she knew a recipe by the use of which a man might become invulnerable. In order to prove this to him, after making a decoction of certain herbs, she bathed her neck in it, and then offered it to his sword; and he being intoxicated struck off her head.*

Rodomonte was so struck with remorse at the result of his act that he resolved to build a magnificent monument to the memory of his victim; near it he also constructed a narrow bridge without parapets, across the ford which travellers were obliged to traverse in order to reach the sea. Upon this bridge he compelled all passing knights to tilt with him in order to make a trophy of their armour upon the tomb.

When the bridge was finished, Orlando, mad and unheeding, was the first to set foot upon it. Rodomonte not knowing who it was, after menacing him in vain, advanced to thrust this mad peasant from the bridge. But Orlando, not being in a dangerous mood at the moment, simply opposed his vast strength to this violence; and as Rodomonte strove to hurl him into the river, suffered himself to fall, but dragged his enemy with him. The shock of the immersion unloosed the clasp of the wrestlers, and Orlando swam quietly to land, leaving Rodomonte, in his heavy armour, to get to the shore as he could.

Fiordiligi, still seeking her husband, had arrived at the moment, and been a deeply interested witness of the struggle, for she had recognised Orlando. She took advantage of Rodomonte's being fully occupied in getting himself out of the river to hasten across the bridge and continue her route to find, if it might not be Brandimarte, at least some other friend of Orlando; and this she succeeded before long in doing.

But to return to the perplexities of the umpire of the intricate embroilments of the pagan knights. After Rodomonte's three disputes had been settled as above, Agramant appointed that Ruggiero should enter the lists with Mandricardo for the possession of the shield of Hector; and that Gradasso's claim to Durlindana should be settled at the same time. If Mandricardo proved victorious, he was to retain possession of both shield and sword; but if Ruggiero, Gradasso was to be gratified by the possession of Durlindana.

It may be supposed that the combat between two such warriors as these was no child's play. Indeed, there was one circumstance which distin-

* The poet says that this act of Isabella's was so approved in heaven, that all who thenceforth were baptized by the name of Isabella, received with it a special blessing. This was, of course, a compliment to the various ladies of high rank, contemporary with the poet, who bore that name: as, for instance, Isabella Gonzaga, sister of Alfonso and Ippolito of Este; Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand of Naples, also an Este; Isabella of Castile, and several other Isabellas.

guished it from all which had preceded it, for 'Turpin says,' that 'the splinters of the lances flew up to the "sphere of fire,"' and he certainly speaks the truth in this place, for two or three of them returned to earth in a state of ignition!' After this first shock the knights took to their swords. Both warriors were at length desperately wounded, for though Mandricardo wore the vulcan-forged arms of Hector, yet Balisarda was expressly tempered to cut through all enchantment; and on Ruggiero's part, his armour was but ill-calculated to resist the edge of Durlindana.

Ruggiero was the first to fall: but he struggled to his feet again; whilst Mandricardo fell to rise no more. Ruggiero was long confined to his bed by his wounds, so that he was utterly unable to keep his promise to Bradamante, made in the letter he sent her by Ippalca, to seek her at Montalbano within twenty days: the fact of his having won from Mandricardo the whole armour of Hector was therefore of very little service to him, Brigliador (for Mandricardo had possessed himself of Orlando's cherished steed at the same time with Durlindana) he presented to Agramant.

Whilst the Moorish leader, though victorious in the field, was thus harassed by the private feuds of his captains, the Christian commanders were not idle. Rinaldo, fortunately in this instance, had left the army before it was shut up the second time, on a private cause of his own; for his jealousy of Orlando led him constantly to traverse the environs of Brava, whither he expected his cousin would convey Angelica. He now therefore was in the position to attempt to succour his master.

Having first secured the assistance of his brothers and such a following as he could muster, he marched towards Paris with the bold design of attempting with this handful of men to relieve Charlemagne.

On his road he met with Guido Selvaggio. After satisfactorily testing each other's strength by some exceedingly hard blows, the two knights were mutually delighted at discovering that they were half-brothers! Next Rinaldo fell in with Aquilant and Grifone, who joined his party. Talking with these two knights, and engaging them to go in search of Orlando, was Fiordiligi. She was therefore greatly rejoiced to meet with so large a party of Orlando's kindred, and also to learn that her long lost Brandimarte was safe within the walls of Paris.

Rinaldo prudently awaited till nightfall should conceal the weakness of his party, which only amounted to seven hundred men. He then suddenly fell upon the Saracen camp.

So unexpected was this movement of the daring leader, and so great was the panic spread among the Moors by the onset-shouts of the Christians, 'Rinaldo!' 'Montalbano!' that Agramant had barely time to save himself by a hasty flight. Charlemagne, on his side, making a vigorous sally in support of Rinaldo, the Moorish army was utterly routed.

Agramant, however, amidst the hurry of the flight, caused his much prized champion, the still helpless Ruggiero, to be placed on a litter and transported to a barge which should bear him towards the south. *

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* The facilities for water-carriage in France were, according to Ariosto, exceedingly

Gradasso was the only Saracen warrior who made head against the Christian onslaught; and he hearing the battle-cry 'Rinaldo!' and being desirous of securing Baiardo as well as Durlindana, sought a single combat with his rider. Rinaldo, on his side, on receiving the defiance of Gradasso, was eager to wipe off the disgrace which he conceived always to have clung to him since the day when Malagigi's arts had fooled him away from the trysting-place of his intended combat with the king of Serican. The battle, however, was deferred by mutual consent until the next day.

At the appointed hour the two knights met, and commenced their long deferred encounter, the subject of contest, Baiardo, being tied to a tree by the generous Christian, in order that he might have no unfair advantage over his adversary. But that most maladroit of enchanters, Malagigi, must needs again employ his arts to separate the combatants, this time costing his cousin the loss, not of his honour, but of his beloved Baiardo. A flying dragon was sent by him to terrify the horse, which, in rearing, broke its bridle, and dashed away into the forest.

Gradasso and Rinaldo immediately agreed to defer their combat and follow the frightened steed, with the understanding that whichever of them found him should bring him to the place of combat. Gradasso soon succeeded in discovering the cavern in which Baiardo had taken refuge, but, with the bad faith we are accustomed to expect in the pagan knights, immediately resolved to appropriate the much-coveted steed. 'Let who will fight for a thing when he can have it without, but that is not my plan!' says he, 'I came over from the east once to obtain Baiardo, and he is mistaken who thinks I will let him go now I have him in hand!' Accordingly he mounts and rides off chuckling, leaving Rinaldo to wait in vain at the appointed place.

Fiordiligi, meanwhile, having at length succeeded in finding her Brandimarte, lost little time in informing him of the condition of his beloved friend Orlando, and he as little in hastening towards the spot where he had last been seen, the perilous bridge of Rodomonte.

But Batoldo, Brandimarte's steed, was timid on that narrow jousting-place, with the swollen river roaring beneath, and he rolled with his rider into the stream: the turbid current hurried them away with Brandimarte underneath the horse, and he must have been drowned had not the terrified Fiordiligi so pleaded his cause that Rodomonte dragged him out of the river; he, however, held him prisoner, whilst Fiordiligi, in greater distress than before, hastened off to seek assistance, this time for her husband as well as for his friend.

Orlando, however, was quite safe in body, though a hopeless wreck as to mind. Having passed the dangers of Rodomonte's bridge, he continued his purposeless course southward; attracted, like a child, or an animal, by whatever chanced to strike his fancy at the moment; enraged by what caused him inconvenience: ruthless and cruel, like a wild beast, if anything opposed itself to his wayward will.

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Thus wildly wandering, he crossed the mountains into Spain, and made his way along the sea-coast. But here finding the heat of the sun

pressive, he employed a sort of animal-instinct in scooping out a den in the sand in which he might lie.

Two travellers came at unawares upon the fierce wild man as he lay there grovelling. They were no other than Angelica and Medoro upon their homeward journey. Their horses were almost upon the madman before they saw him. He started up as they passed, and the 'delicate face' of Angelica pleased him. He did not remember that she was Angelica, nor did the sight of her recall the wild passion with which he had loved her; but her beauty attracted him as bright colours attract a child. She, on her side, was terrified at the wild figure which thus started up out of the earth at her feet—fierce, gaunt, hollow-eyed, and black with the sun, with long matted locks and beard. Screaming for help, she turned to fly, with the madman in close pursuit. Medoro urged his horse against him and struck him repeated blows without his appearing to feel them; but, at length, irritated by this molestation, Orlando turned, and careless where his blow might fall, killed the horse on which Medoro rode, with his fist, and then continued his pursuit of Angelica. He was so fleet of foot that he fast gained upon her; but she in her terror remembered her ring, and slipped it into her mouth; and, at the same moment that Orlando seized her horse, she either sprang or fell from it, and thus avoided the clutch of the maniac, who would have crushed her to death in the unconscious violence of his clasp. This was the last meeting between Orlando and the cause of all his woes—the Helen of this comic Iliad; though, indeed, our sturdy Orlando is a very different lover from the effeminate Paris; and the only Troy that fell for Angelica was the poor paladin's honest wits.

Quite as content with the steed as he would have been with the rider, the madman mounted, and rode it wildly till it fell exhausted: then with a kind of pity he took it upon his back, and carried it in his turn: but finding the burthen too great, he tied the bridle to its leg and dragged it, telling it, it would now go quite comfortably. Still dragging the poor dead brute along, he met a countryman on horseback, and insisted on changing horses with him. On the man's refusing this bargain, Orlando killed him, took his horse, and rode it to death as he had done Angelica's mare. Thus he went on, leaving death and ruin wherever he passed, till he reached the sea at Gibraltar. Here he saw a boat with a pleasure-party just setting sail. It looked so gay and bright that the fancy seized him to go in it also, and he shouted to the boatmen to stop and take him in. Enraged that they paid no heed, he swam his horse into the sea in pursuit, till the poor brute sank; then he swam himself until even his unnatural strength was exhausted. But his hour had not yet come, and the waves threw him upon the shore of Africa!

(To be continued.)

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BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

Oh, what a change in the sunlight
  Since we looked upon it last!
Winter and storm were round us,
  Winter and storm are past:
And the mountains that rose so grimly
  To hem our onward way
Are cleft as by enchantment,—
  We have passed through to the day.

And now they stand behind us,
  Each in his robe of white,
With the dawn upon their summits
  All crowned with rosy light.
And the fertile plains stretch onward
  As far as the eye can see,
With the olive sheen, and the vine between,
  Types of peace and victory.

And methought of another country
  That is very far away.
We are travelling ever onward,
  We are nearing it day by day.
A gloomy passage divides us
  From that Land of joy and light,
But One has been before us,
  And He will guide us right.

Though weary be the journey,
  Let us think upon the goal:
One breath of that enchanting air
  Will make our spirits whole.
And with our dear ones round us,
  With the Saviour's presence blest,
We shall look back on the darksome track
  And know that it was best.

Jetty Vogel.

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THE

MONTHLY PACKET

OF

EVENING READINGS

For Members of the English Church.

JUNE, 1876.

THE DAY OF PENTECOST; THE END OF THE CREATION OF MAN.

Deep in the darkness of their secret birth
Lay the discordant elements of earth,
As yet unmoulded by the Parent Hand
Which ages past their dreary breadth had spanned.
Formless and void they lay; in wild unrest
Struggled and heaved, as by some burden pressed,
Yet seemed they in a death-like slumber bound;
And waste was all within, and waste around,
Till bidden by the Everlasting Word
Sped forth from Heaven the Spirit of the Lord.

Down from the inmost height of sky He flew,
Each clogging shadow-cloud aside He threw,
Upon the wilderness of gloom and strife
He breathed, the Giver of the Breath of Life,—
Sounded through all the deep His Voice of might,
'Let there be Light,' He said, and there was Light.

Forth from the mass uprose the buoyant air,
Its freight of humid mists on high to bear;
The floods of denser waters left below
Through paths that God has fingered duly flow,
That next the dry land, undisturbed and free,
May yield her plenteous store of herb and tree.
Then Sun and Moon, with their resistless force,
Earth's fabric rule, and guide her seasons' course;
And creatures quick with life, a diverse band,
Teem in the sea and air and fill the land.

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One being then, ere yet He takes His rest,
The Spirit forms,—His latest work and best,—
Man, with the Image of his God endued,
And fashioned after His Similitude,
Quickened with higher powers of mind and soul
That o'er his heart and will may bear control,—
Man, who may claim, by right that God has given,
Service of every creature under heaven,
Yet who, of all that universe abroad,
Alone can render service to his God.

So the Life-giver forms His mighty plan:
For man He made the world; for His Own glory man.

But say ye such a miracle of might
Were all unworthy of the Infinite?
Say ye creative power were meanly shown
In working wonders to increase its own,—
He were no God who should from nothing raise
Beings and worlds to magnify his praise,—
Such fabling were to veil in godlike dress
Earthly ambition, human selfishness?
Yet know ye not Creation's utmost end
Who reason thus, nor see how wide extend
The boundless limits of that work of power
Which erst began in earth's remotest hour.

Answer, ye Angels, who with fervent love
Have dwelt long ages round the Throne above,
And ne'er with one defiling thought of sin
Have marred the pureness of your souls within,
But aye with stedfast eye God's Face have viewed,
And served with one unchanging servitude;—
Answer, ye Angels, how when years have flown,
The Spirit's perfect work at length is shown;
For man, made lower than yourselves awhile,
Sunk lower yet by self and Satan's guile,
Was made that God's great Love for him might burn,
That his own breast might e'en that Love return,—
Was made that God should yet on him bestow
Closeness of union Angels ne'er may know,
And ere the world its trivial course has run
He with his Maker should be joined in one.

Him shall the Pentecostal Breath inspire,
On him shall gleam the Pentecostal Fire,
Cleanse out the dross and purge the stains away,
And perfect into life that mortal clay;

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A human Church at her Creator's side
Shall dwell for evermore His chosen Bride,
Shall rest with Him in realms of light above,
The sharer of His Own eternal Love.

Then bid the earthborn soul to bring the scheme
Down to the level of a human theme,
Try it as man the acts of man may try
In balances of cold expediency;
And bid him say if Power that knows no bound,
A purer plan than this could e'er have found,
Deeds worthier of Itself could e'er have shown,
Than when our God made man to be His Own.
By Deity alone that man must live.
The source which first the stream of life could give,
The same must feed it. Through each little soul
Must that unspanned, unfathomed Ocean roll.
So wills the Triune Godhead to enshrine
In Human Form the Majesty Divine,
That One may make those diverse natures nigh,
Standing on earth yet reaching to the sky.
The Father, by the Spirit's quickening Breath
O'ershadowing the Maid of Nazareth,
Gives from her nature pure the Flesh of Man
To Him who, ere these lower worlds began,
Had dwelt for ever with Himself on high
Distinct, yet in mysterious Unity.

God of the Substance of the Father's Might
Begotten from the ages infinite,
Man of the substance of His Mother born
In Human Body one short Christmas morn,—
Christ Jesus, God and Perfect Man in One,
The labour of His earthly burden done,
Has risen from Death, and to His Throne again
Ascended up for evermore to reign.

There is the Flesh of Man in highest Heaven;
There is the Gift of God to mortals given,
There, in Incarnate Deity, the chain
To bind for aye in one the sundered twain.
Through Him into the souls of men below
Shall all the fulness of the Godhead flow,
With life that cannot end: and when the day
Of this world's speeding flight has passed away,

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When all beside is wrapt in gloom and death,
Then he whose Soul is quickened with the Breath
Of God the Holy Ghost, he ne'er shall die,
But live the life divine eternally.

As when of old on Horeb's sacred sod
The Prophet lay beneath the Mount of God,
He heard with fear the wind-blast great and strong
Through the deep stony ridges peal along;
He felt the mighty hill-tops rent and riven,
The shivered rocks before the tempest driven,
Till quaked the earth her tottering load to bear,
And echoed back the tumult of the air;
He saw the fire that from the broken sky
Flashed forth upon that awful scenery,
The melting cliffs of each red mountain height
All mingled in the glow of mirrored light;
Till when the flame was quenched and hushed the sound,
With rugged mantle wrapped his face around,
He hasted forth and heard in accents still
A gentle voice proclaim the Almighty Will:
E'en so it was when all with one accord
The followers of the late-ascended Lord
Were met to greet with prayer and sacred lay
His eighth returning Resurrection Day;
Then suddenly was heard a sound from heaven
As 'twere a wind with rushing fury driven:
Deep through each wondering heart its utterance thrills,
And all the house its mighty breathing fills;
Then bright and clear, as oft their eyes had met
The burst of morn o'er gardened Olivet,
A stream of radiant light is round them shed,
And tongues of flame rest on each bending head.
That fire and rushing wind were but the sign
To herald in a still small Voice divine.
The Spirit of the Lord from Heaven came;
His was the Breath, and His the enlightening Flame;
For once again the Everlasting Word
Had shed forth this which men now saw and heard:
The Spirit came to end what erst began
In olden ages when He quickened man.

Oh first and fullest of God's Sacraments,
And sum of all! Whate'er unknown intents
Of perfect Love have moved the Sacred Heart
To fallen man Its graces to impart,

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Here in one fulness are they all combined,
In the loud blast of Pentecostal Wind.
The food to feed man's hunger-stricken soul,
The balm to make his wounded spirit whole,
Strength for the fight when sin attacks his walls,
And pardon when by sin's assault he falls,
Life of his soul in stream unending poured,
Eternal Union with his God and Lord,—
All mercies blended in one Gift divine
Are now bestowed by outward means and sign,
The Wind, that man may feel the Spirit's Might,
The tongues of flame that man may see His Light.

Once was the sign for all; and evermore
Unseen, unheard, descends that hidden store
Of heavenly bounty with unceasing flow,
To fill the house where man must wait below:
Unseen, unheard; but Faith's attentive ear
That mighty rushing even yet may hear;
Faith's piercing eye may even yet discern
The tongues of flame that ne'er shall cease to burn;
And even yet the soul that will believe
Shall the full measure of the Gift receive,
Shall follow at the guiding Spirit's Voice,
And in His Holy Comfort shall rejoice.
He Who can light the gloom and quell the strife,
The Lord and Giver of the Breath of Life,
Into each lowly soul for evermore
The boundless torrent of His Gift shall pour,
To fill it with the Life that from above
Springs in the Fountain of the Father's Love,
Flows through the Body of the Incarnate Son,
Wrought by the Holy Ghost, with Them for ever One.

J. E. F.

LENT LECTURES ON THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY CANON ASHWELL.

(Delivered at S. Peter's Church, Eaton Square, during Lent, 1876.) *

LECTURE II.

Towards the end of last Sunday's lecture I had to speak of a plain question, namely, 'What is religion for?' And I tried to put the answer with equal plainness, 'For making people good again.' You are

* These lectures were taken down in short-hand, and are now printed, with only the very slightest verbal corrections, exactly from the short-hand writer's report.

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of course aware that I stand before you now, not so much to preach as to lecture, not so much to address your hearts and consciences as to try and explain what I may perhaps without offence be allowed to call the *theory* of Christian faith and Christian practice.

For this reason, then, I do not now stop to speak of our need of a Saviour, but take it for granted that everyone here present admits and feels sadly that he or she *does* want making better, and that nothing but goodness can bring real and lasting happiness. For this reason I will take for granted that we all sorrowfully know that we ourselves are totally unequal to the task of mending ourselves, and yet that unless through life we are steadily on the mend, growing better as we grow older, we are only hardening in our badness, and becoming year by year more and more incapable either of goodness or of happiness. Very young people may imagine that with self-control, and the steadiness which they imagine is somehow going to come with maturer years, they will grow good some time. We, their seniors, are both sadder and wiser. We have not found it so. Streams do not purify themselves as they get farther from their source. The stream of our lives has not purified itself, and we know it.

So I take for granted that in a general way all here present are upon a level with me in assuming these three things—(1) that goodness is the only happiness; (2) that however much we wish to be good we don't succeed; (3) that in fact we *cannot* make ourselves good. Now the end and aim of God's religion is—(1) to put us in the way of mending, (2) to set us in the way of being happy with the happiness for which God created us, and so (3) to prevent our creating for ourselves that hell of being wicked which is what we are in danger of.

These words are very soon said; but look how many things they contain, and how long it must take to go through the meanings of them. Let us take a few of the things which they teach us about Religion.

1. They involve this, that religion is something which has to act upon our whole character, and not merely upon isolated actions, or on isolated thoughts, or particular opinions, but upon *character;* because it is the mending of character that is the whole matter of which we speak.

2. To do this religion must be something which is stronger than we are: it must bring forces to bear upon character altogether more powerful than anything we can invent, because our character is ourself, and if we could mend ourselves we could mend our characters.

3. From this it follows that a real religion must be something brought to us—brought from outside to act upon us. A tainted atmosphere cannot purify itself; you must introduce some fresh vital air from somewhere else if you want to overcome the taint.

Let us look how far we have got. We have got to this, that a real religion—a religion which is to control a man, to lift a man above himself, religion which is to do for a man what the experience of universal

humanity has proved that man cannot do for himself—this must be something brought to him from outside of him, stronger than any force in his own character or his own motives; and God's religion answers to all this.

Having said thus much let us now go a step farther. The next thought is this, that although it is to come from outside of us, yet on the other hand it must be something precisely adapted to the spiritual mechanism of a man's being. We know what we mean by human nature; and we can see clearly that if religion is to *mend* human nature it must be *adapted* to work on and in and through our nature according to the way in which our nature has been fashioned, otherwise it would not really tell upon our characters, that is, upon ourselves.

Thus you see that any religion which is worth calling a religion must involve these two elements, namely, of being something *super*natural and brought to us from outside of us; and yet on the other hand most truly *natural* in being something perfectly adapted to work upon our nature; infinitely better adapted so to do than anything we could have invented for ourselves.

All who have studied anything of what is called moral philosophy or mental science, know that there are as many differences among moral philosophers as to the nature of man, his moral being, and the interplay of motive and of mind, as there are among natural philosophers upon any matter of external science. If, therefore, man had had to invent a religion for himself, it must not only have been deficient in the supernatural element (because who of us can go up to heaven and bring God down to act upon us?), but it also would have been full of the various mistakes men have made about the constitution of our nature, and so would not have been truly adapted to our actual nature. A *true* religion can only come from One who made us and knows how to make it suit us.

So I say religion must be supernatural and natural. It must come from some higher source than ourselves; it must be brought to us by our God; it must be supernatural in its powers; and it must also be divinely adapted to our being by Him who made our nature. This last is the same thing as saying that it must be natural in its adaptation to what we are, as well as supernatural in bringing forces to bear upon our spiritual being which will lift us above what we are falling down to.

A real religion then, a religion that is to be effectual both to subdue the evil in men's hearts, and to infuse substantial goodness into them, must have both *supernatural* power, and yet a *natural* way of working. It must take men as they are, but not leave them as they are. It must take them as they are, and be able to accompany them all through life—childhood, youth, and age; because men exist in all these. It must be suited to work on them all through life, moulding character all along, as every year and stage of life give fresh scope and opportunity for the Spirit of God to discipline our souls according to His will.

And here I may stop for a moment to observe that it is the Christian who finds out the reason why length of days is a real blessing from God.

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It is the Christian who finds out the reality of that Old Testament blessing of length of days, although sometimes in our haste and petulance we think it no blessing at all, but cry out as though we longed to fly away at once to the other world and be at rest in Paradise. It is the Christian who finds out that after all it *is* a blessing, inasmuch as each stage of life lived through brings its own lessons and its own experience, and gives more opportunity to the Divine Spirit to develope the powers and graces of our regenerate life, more opportunity for us to grow in the love and obedience of our God before we see Him face to face.

Let me go back then to the immediate subject. I was saying that a real religion, that is, one which is competent to master our nature, must bring supernatural powers to bear, and that it must be adapted to the course of human life in its various stages as it actually is. And this leads us up to the great fact that, though religion has to mend individuals, still religion must not be narrowed to a mere INDIVIDUALISM. A religion which addresses itself to you or me only as we stand isolated in our individuality, as we may be in our own closet, or by ourselves apart from men, does not deal with us as we are. Men are *not* merely individuals, and a real religion must take men as they really are. As a matter of fact, men are placed in societies and families; in all our duties and occupations we are placed among others; and the strongest influences which come upon men are those which come upon them through societies and families.

Let me repeat it. Man is essentially a social being, as well as an individual. Either for good or for evil, social influences and the influence of those around us, and of the society in which we live and act, are amongst the most powerful influences which work upon character. They are amongst the strongest forces which man can be subject to. Hence, therefore, a religion which is adapted to counterwork evil *must* be concerned with human society as well as human individuals. And therefore God, as a matter of fact, adapts His religious forces, the spiritual energies by which He seeks to act upon our characters, not merely to men as hermits or individuals, but to men as members of a society and to the institutions of society. In a word, God sets up in this froward crossing world the society which He calls the Church, instinct with powers which shall act upon the characters of men and counterwork the evil influences which come upon us through the world which lieth in wickedness. Therefore, then, God not only provides spiritual motives which bear upon our individual souls, but He provides also a society which is to receive us and work upon us and train us up for God—a society devised by God, and founded by God and filled with powers from God, which shall work upon us more powerfully than the evil influences of bad example, or the ungodly world, or the spirit of an evil age, or the demoralization of people round us. It is in this way that THE CHURCH comes in as part and parcel of what we may call the necessary instruments or agencies of religion. We may go further. We may say that *any* religion coming from the Author of our Nature and Father of our Being would be *sure* to have some such instrument and agency.

I have described religion, then, as bringing supernatural force to bear upon human character. I have spoken of a Church as being almost of necessity a part and parcel of the *media* of that force. As a matter of fact, the Church of Christ exhibits this in its highest form. As a matter of fact we (as I explained last Sunday) profess our faith in the Church as something divine, and therefore to be believed in. We profess our faith in the Church as amongst the divine realities external to ourselves upon which our faith rests, and by means of which we are enabled to hope for amendment. And this is why we profess our faith in the Church before we venture to pass from our belief in God to the hope of immortality.

Let us now proceed to consider the nature of the Church which God has given us. And first, inasmuch as the Church had a beginning, what was its birthday? Not Good Friday, when He made atonement for sin; not Easter Day, when He vanquished the arch-enemy who had enslaved us, and overcame death and Satan; not even Ascension Day, when Christ went back in triumph to that Heaven which was His home. No, not one even of these. The Lord had had followers, pupils, disciples, servants, Apostles, friends, but he had not a Church. There was as yet, even up to the day when He resumed His place at the Right Hand of God, no such body of men, no organization, no living society with self-propagating powers belonging to it. The Day of Pentecost was the birthday of Christ's Church. For on that day, our Whitsun Day, God the Holy Ghost descended from the Heaven to which Christ had ascended, and took possession of the spiritual nature of certain men, who by that fact became the Church. They were thereby united to God, and likewise, by a totally new bond, to one another. They were made thereby a spiritual corporation, a living body, with self-acting powers of growth, of expansion, of development. God the Holy Ghost did this, and the Church's life began. That was the gift of life to the Church; and you observe that it is not the work of the Second Person of the Trinity, but of the Third. For God the Holy Ghost is God the Life-giver. In that mighty and mysterious division of operations which teaches us that the doctrine of the Trinity is no mere formal expression of words, but is the real expression of some mighty truth in the Divine nature—in that mysterious division of operations which we trace throughout the works of the Triune God, the Holy Ghost is Life-giver. Not *Creator*, but *Life-giver*. It is precisely so in the first chapter of Genesis, where, after God the Word had set in order the chaos there described, God the Life-giver follows with the gift of life. So precisely is it with the genesis of the Church. That moral chaos to which sin had reduced our moral nature is set in order again by Christ the new Creator; and then, when Christ has vanquished Satan and destroyed the power of death, then comes the Spirit who giveth life to the Church, and the new being which issues from the second Adam starts into living action on the earth.

Observe here that I am not saying that no man had been taught, or guided, or inspired by the Holy Spirit before the day of Pentecost.

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Far, far from that. The Spirit worketh ever, and we see His work and His teaching all down the Old Testament dispensation; and I for one would gladly believe that the Spirit had also worked in many a heathen sage and moralist before the coming of the Lord. But what I would say is this: that with Pentecost a *new* work of the Spirit began, a new society was set going, and that from and after that day—from and after that divine event—God the Life-giver has been working invisibly in the world after a mode which did not exist before;—doing a particular thing not enterprised before; that is, not merely animating, guiding, stimulating, and sanctifying individual souls, but also organizing a society of men; not merely working in men as individuals—though he does that indeed, blessed be God!—but, over and above that, animating a society, through the influences of which society the good which He worketh in individuals is brought out into a higher perfection than without social influences it could be. After the day of Pentecost, the Spirit worketh in the Church as a living organization adapted to foster the renovation of human souls, in the way I tried to hint at in my last Sunday's lecture. And the Holy Spirit has never left the Church, and will never leave it until Christ comes again to reign in glory.

So individualism in religion, the separating yourself and isolating yourself as if the Spirit of God worked only in and through your individual being without your putting yourself under the influences of the body—the Church—without putting yourself under all these sympathetic influences which arise from the *common* worship and the *common* sacraments and the life which God orders for us in the social being of His body—the man who does *that*, appears to be rejecting Pentecost and choosing rather some imperfect dispensation, and forgetting that Heaven lies around us in our daily walk, and that the Church of Christ is a divine organization which fosters and stimulates into a diviner life all the good that is in us by the operation of the Spirit.

Observe how I am obliged to keep repeating this idea—how the very nature of my subject obliges me to keep repeating these two things; the dwelling of the Holy Ghost in the individual on the one hand, and in the body of Christ as an organization on the other.

For this double assertion is S. Paul's great doctrine, whose teaching I am following with the utmost closeness. It is S. Paul's great doctrine. No writer inspired by God has ever drawn out with such marvellous skill, and—if I may be allowed the word—with such fearfully dramatic power, the inward struggles of the individual soul and the power of the Spirit upon that soul as an individual. You may read certain chapters of S. Paul's Epistle to the Romans and almost think each single soul which he describes dwelt alone in that terrible struggle between good and evil, brooded over by the Spirit of God in its lonely agony. Turn the page and go on to another passage, and then you will find the contrasted thought running all through his great description of the dispensation of the Spirit; how that no man ever *does* live to himself or die to

himself; how that whenever the Spirit worketh this or that, it is for the body and not only for the individual. It is as if S. Paul were incapable of looking upon man as an individual, and as if the Spirit could not deal out grace to any man for his own salvation only, but for the edification of the body. So powerfully are S. Paul's two great doctrines put: and as I may say they are clearly the two wings upon which the soul of man may rise to Heaven. The Spirit dwelleth in you and me for our renovation and improvement, that we may grow good and happy. God loves us, Christ gave Himself for us. To that end the Spirit dwells in us, to make us over again, that the soul purchased by Christ's blood may not perish. But more is given. Man becomes what he is not merely by birth, by instruction, by private study, but by *life*. We know this in secular life: we feel it in educational life. We say a youth will not grow up what we would have him, a thoroughly educated man, fit to take his place in this England of ours, merely by being born a gentleman, or by being taught in head knowledge. We say it is the life which really educates, and so we plant him in some great school of life, less anxious for mere head cultivation than for the training of character through a society which acts insensibly. So in religion. We say a man becomes what he becomes as a Christian, not merely by spiritual new birth, not merely even by studying divine things, but by the influences of life. What sort of man you turn out depends on how you are reared—on your fellows, on your training, on your surroundings, and on the social influences generally of your life. There is such a thing as national spirit, that namely which is caught by living as a member of a nation; and God is the author of this, for God made society as well as man. And so in the same way God not only regenerates individual souls, but He also organizes a Christian society—a Christian society external to us, one that we did not make, one that we could not devise, one laden with divine influences; a Christian society into which every new Christian is received as soon as he is born again, so that his first breath of intelligence and the first stirrings of the spiritual perception may be under the powers and influences of a Christian body, so that he is being educated even before he has a consciousness of being acted upon; a spiritual society filled with spiritual forces, suited to stimulate and develop the spiritual life and health of each Christian soul.

Thus the two things answer each to each; (1), the gift of the Spirit to the Christian soul for its renewal unto holiness; (2), the indwelling of the Spirit in a Christian society, framed and adapted by God for the nourishment of the spiritual life, which else might languish or grow up into an unwholesome individualism, which I may call without offence a merely selfish and individual religion.

Read 1 Corinthians xii., and you will see that I am only drawing out the teaching of S. Paul. Read also, or look again at that which you all so well know, namely, our Baptismal Office. The idea of which I speak

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is the root of the Baptismal Service. That office consists of two parts: first, the baptism itself; then, as a separate act, the reception into the Church. You know also, that where there is, humanly speaking, little hope or expectation that a child will survive to grow up, there the minister of God is authorized to baptize the individual without reception into the Church. But if the child lives, this baptism must be followed up by reception into the Church to complete the action. That is to say, you first have baptism in which the individual spiritual life is *commenced*, and then reception into the Church in which it is *nurtured*;—reception not into any mere human society, but into that body which is charged to the full with spiritual forces, to keep up the spiritual life then commenced.

This again is the rationale of sponsorship, or at least one of its points. The Church itself declines to receive into her body the baptized child until certain of her adult members whom she can trust will guarantee that all the influences of that spiritual society, the Church, shall be brought to bear upon the spiritual life commenced in the newly-baptized.

The idea then of the Church, looked at on the side next God as I have been trying to look at it, is that of a society, organized and living, of which the Holy Ghost is the life, and which began to exist on the day of Pentecost. It is an organized society charged with all spiritual activities, forces, movements, all that conduces to enable you and me who are its members to stir up the gift that is in us, and so to grow in goodness as we grow in years, and at last become inheritors of the kingdom of glory.

Once more. You cannot help observing how constantly I have been compelled by the nature of the case to use the words, organized, living, with powers of self-adaptation to existing needs, and so on, in speaking of the society the Church; and also how I have spoken of her as charged with living forces for moulding her members' characters: and the like. It is time that I should go on to say a little of the meaning which these words have involved.

I have said that the Day of Pentecost was the birth-day of the Church. The question next comes—Did the Church spring into existence full-grown on the day of Pentecost? Did she exist complete in all her ramifications, organizations, methods, appliances, and the like?

Certainly not. The parables of our Lord in S. Matthew xiii. will prevent your expecting that. The Church had to grow. God seldom or never works by sudden strokes, almost always by gradual growth. It seems to be a law of the Divine working; first the seed, then the tree. So the Church had to grow. On that day of Pentecost her life began. She was alive, and therefore she proceeded to grow. She grew up aright, developing first this and then another power or organ, because the Spirit of God was her vital force. Every living thing that God creates begins as a germ. First life stirs, because the germ is alive. Then the organs necessary for the functions which the new being is intended to fulfil in life—the organs necessary for its office—are thrown out one by one as life advances. And so growth continues. That law we observe in the

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development of the Church. It is a society which has a work to do for God and for man—a work *for* God and *upon* man—a living body which has to do its work by certain organs, just as a living body breathes by means of lungs and acts by means of limbs. As limbs and lungs are the organs of a body's usefulness and life, so a society acts by means of certain organs which convey its influence and exercise its force. The difference between a machine and a living body is a familiar one which I can take as an illustration. In a machine, all the parts are made once for all by some one else. A machine does not throw out a new lever, or a new pipe or crank, by its own force. The machine may *need* such a new organ, but the machine cannot produce it: there must be a new part *made*. It does not throw it out by its own vital force. But a living organization grows and develops itself because of the vitality that is in it. The moment that an organization begins to lose the power of vitalising or restoring a decaying member, or of producing what is necessary to make up for a wound or hurt, that moment the organization begins to show declining vitality as a living body.

Every living being which God creates begins then as a germ, and in that germ you can discern the rudimentary forms of those organs—limbs or what you please—by which it is going to do its work when it shall have grown up. A whole oak lies wrapped up in an acorn. Now you must apply this idea to the Church of Christ. It is absolutely necessary that you should, if you are to understand the way in which Christ's Church is to be traced in its growth through that history of its formation and development which is given us in the New Testament Scriptures. You must apply this thought, if you are to understand either the description of the germ, or the way in which the development of the organs infolded in that germ is to be traced throughout S. Paul's epistles. The New Testament is the exhibition of this expanding process, from the first germ on the day of Pentecost, up through the period of completed organization, of growth and adolescence, until all the essential organs of the Church were brought out into complete visibility and action under the teaching of the Apostles. During their career we believe that the Church was completely fitted for its work on earth. The *germ* was complete on the day of Pentecost, its *unfolding* was completed with the closing of the apostolic age.

Again, what is the book which tells you of the Church's birth? It is the Acts of the Apostles. Does it describe the marks or notes, the rudimentary organs I may call them, of the nascent Church completely? Yes. Here is a short, but (I will venture to add) scientific description of the Church-germ as it stood in the early days close following her birth. The words are these :—'And they continued steadfastly in the doctrine of the Apostles, and in the fellowship, and in the breaking of bread, and in the prayers.' Every Churchman observes these words in Acts ii. 42, as distinctive and important. They contain for all time the scientific summation of the germ-rudiments which the Church on earth was to expand as she grew—to expand, not so much by the personal action or intervention

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of the Apostles, as with a vital force of the Holy Spirit which was planted in her. 'He shall guide you into the complete truth.' 'He shall take of mine and show it unto you.' The Apostles were the agents, but the Spirit was the controlling power; the Apostles went hither and thither doing that which the Spirit would have them do. If there is one lesson more than another which that book, the Acts of the Apostles, seems to me to carry, it is this:—that they were borne onwards by the impulse of the Spirit, inspired by the Spirit, and with single-hearted devotion followed where the Spirit led. The foundation of the Church is as little like any human enterprise conceived in human brain and carried out by human wit, or energy, or ambition, as anything possible to conceive. The growth of a tree, and the mechanical manufacture of an engine, self-acting, made by man, do not differ more than the growth of the Church at the instigation of the Spirit, and the planting of a kingdom by a company of ambitious or able men.

You will have noticed that in reading that verse of the Acts, as I read it, I varied a little from the Bible version. The variation consisted in my putting in at every turn the word '*the*;' '*the* doctrine,' '*the* breaking of bread,' and so on. This word *the* is expressed in every case emphatically by S. Luke, who wrote the book. It is dropped unfortunately by those who translated our Bible. But it is most important. Why? Consider a moment. By the time that S. Luke wrote this history the Church had grown up. I suppose we may say that by that time it had had some five-and-thirty years of life. It was a fully-formed body, with its regular constitution, sacraments, spiritual gifts, and modes of action. Outsiders knew it by these ordinances: its members knew it by long experience of them. So S. Luke does not say that the first members of the Church continued steadfast in prayer, and fellowship, and doctrine, and breaking of bread; but 'in *the* prayers,' that is, the now well-known prayers which everybody who was going to read his book would know about; 'in *the* breaking of bread,' which they knew by that name, and did not want to hear further explained; 'in *the* fellowship,' that is, that connection with the heads of the society and one another which everybody was accustomed to see; and so on. S. Luke is writing to people who were accustomed to these things by years of Church life; who had grown up in it, and were no longer young. He tells them that all those cardinal and leading features of the Church about which they all knew had been stamped upon it from the very first; that they were no subsequent invention of men within the Church, but that they were included in its very germ when first the Spirit of God was breathed into its being and the Church of Christ became a living thing.

Oh, infant Church of Christ, with the fire of that Pentecostal baptism warm upon thy brow, with the force of that divine indwelling fresh within thy heart, how from the serene heights of the world to come will the redeemed look back upon that cradle of the upper room where first thy members broke the eucharistic Bread, and exclaim, 'What hath

God done!' How from those tiny small beginnings in that upper room hath the Bride of Christ grown up into her beauty; and yet there is not one single grace or charm about her but was present in its germ in those days of her infancy, in the upper chamber at Jerusalem, when none but God and good angels knew of her existence! Poets and painters have celebrated the manger cradle at Bethlehem, where in lowliness and poverty the Lord of all was laid—the Second Person of the Trinity commencing His work of the new creation of mankind. Not less does the Christian look back to the upper room in Jerusalem where in humility and obscurity the Holy Spirit of God, the Third Person of the Trinity, was quickening the new-born Church, and preparing for the ascended Christ a people called by His name.

We must now touch briefly on what S. Luke tells us in this passage, which I have presumed to call a scientific definite account of the marks or notes of the infant Church.

On the day of Pentecost then there was set going in this world a new society:—its entrance, baptism; its constitution, adherence to an apostolic *régime;* its rules, the apostolic doctrine; its food, the bread of God; its voice, prayer. It was not an earthly society, though *in* earth and *on* earth, but spiritual and divine. Therefore every one of these items depends for all its vitality upon its spiritual nature and its spiritual force. The baptism was into* spiritual union with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

The *bread*, the divine food of souls, is explained again and again in books of the New Testament—some of them written before and some after S. Luke's book of the Acts. The *doctrine*, not of human invention, but of divine creation, is explained and enforced again and again by S. Paul. The *fellowship* is community with those whom God had sent, and a breach of that fellowship is described in the strongest terms of reprobation. And lastly, the common *prayers* of the society complete its marks or notes. Follow out these ideas through S. Paul's epistles and S. John's gospel, and you will see how in the planting of the Church they are constantly explained, enforced, and acted on. You will see that all her essential features and operations are summed up in these particulars. Take a concordance to the New Testament, and pick out all the passages about baptism, and you will find how full and spiritual is S. Paul's teaching about it. Read 1 Corinthians, x. and xi., and you will see how he develops the doctrine of Holy Communion. And remember that S. Luke did not write his book of the Acts until years after this letter of S. Paul was sent to Corinth. S. Luke ascribes the Church's life in its first hours to the primary action of God the Holy Ghost; he describes it in its germ as exhibiting all the

* I almost must apologize for such a note, but it may be worth while to mention that I have known some persons imagine that the word 'I baptize thee *in* the name, &c.,' means that 'I, in the name of, &c., baptize thee,' instead of 'I baptize thee into union with the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost,' as it really is.

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features which S. Paul develops. Read all the places where S. Paul denounces any view of the Christian ministry which takes it out of God's hands and rests it on human choice. Read also how he tells the clergy of Ephesus, whom he had himself ordained, that it was the Holy Ghost who had made them overseers, though it was S. Paul who laid his hands upon them. Read the numberless passages where he speaks of the doctrine as a 'deposit,' or as words which not man teaches, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth. Read all these, and you will see again and again how in all these cases we are only following out the notes or marks which existed in the Church in its earliest days. Or again, note his precise directions for Church Government when he writes to Timothy, the first Bishop of his own favourite Church at Ephesus. Then again, remember every one of these was written before S. Luke wrote the Acts, and see how each answers each. S. Luke is summing up, in one brief formula, the essentials of Church organization, and is showing in fact that all that the Church of God had become in the course of those thirty years—all that has been done and formed under the guidance of the Spirit—is only the expansion of the germ, the growth of that divine society which first breathed its infant life in the upper room at Jerusalem. For all these things are worked by the self-same Spirit that hath made this body His temple for the praise and glory of God.

By the time that S. John the Evangelist went to his rest you find creeds and sacraments, and the threefold ministry, in full possession of the ground in every Church of which there is so much as a fragment of record. What can you say then but that you have even in the apostolic age the record of the Church of Christ, grown up for the reception, the edification, and the sanctification of Christ's redeemed, for their spiritual teaching, for their spiritual training, for their spiritual feeding, and for their spiritual regeneration, so that life on earth shall be for them but one course of spiritual preparation for the great Home above, where the Father waits for His renewed and regenerated children?

And when, in this nineteenth century England, you find a great communion, every one of whose distinctive marks falls under one or other of these great heads: (1) Sacraments still ministered in the very words of Christ, with the self-same meanings which S. Paul describes, feeding the soul and keeping up its communion with God; (2) With a teaching, Scriptural, for it will not go one word beyond that which is written; when you find it not only Scriptural, but (3) with creeds representing as far as man can tell the very formulæ which Apostles *taught* before Apostles had begun to *write;* when (4) you find in her ministry a constitution identical with that S. Paul teaches in his letters to Timothy, identical with the frame and constitution of every Church that has ever been heard of in history or taken its stand in the world; when (5) you find its prayers also following the very lines of S. Paul's orders, 'I ordain that prayers be offered in this way and in that,' prayers which not only offer the adoration of the heart to God but also mould

our characters, so that the true spirit of private devotion is taught to each individual by the way in which the society itself addresses God in its collective capacity; when I say you find this great communion holding its own after every kind of vicissitude, and after every time of depression, only developing fresh energies as a living body develops fresh action to make up for wounds or damage, and all this with such powers of renovation as exemplify, not the mending of a machine but the self-restoration of a body which is instinct with life; what, I ask, can you do but admit that here we have in later times and after many centuries, the very Body of which you see the germ as created in a far-off age in that upper room at Jerusalem? O Churchmen and Churchwomen, how can you suppose for one moment that those who speak in the name of that Church could venture upon what must be the most awful blasphemy that men could take in their lips, or else the most blessed of all truths, to speak of the gifts of grace of the Spirit as we do through the ordinances of our Church; unless at least we believed that we spoke truth? And how should the thought have ever entered any human heart that the Spirit is given through the ordinances of the Church, unless some one on whom we could rely had given to us a divine message from above, and that the unity of the Christian Church proves it must have come from God? I at least cannot imagine that my fellow-men would dare for one moment to have *invented* all that Churchmen understand as at once Church doctrine and Bible truth.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CXXVII.

THE BEGINNING OF CALVINISM.

1534—1536.

The unhappy and mischievous papacy of Clement VII. ended with the most hurtful act of all—the introduction of his niece into the French Royal family. He died in September 1534, and his successor was Alessandro Farnese, Bishop of Ostia, a man of a noble Roman family, who took the name of Paul III. He had been a friend of those who even in Italy had read and thought much on the subject of reforms in the Church: Gaspar Contarini, already a Cardinal, and others, among whom were memorable the wise and excellent lady, Vittoria Colonna, the aged king of artists, Michelangelo Buonarotti, Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII. of France, and the exiled Englishman, Reginald Pole. All these had been greatly struck by Luther's handling of the doctrine of faith, and had come to dwell on the joy and blessing of personal faith; but when they found that it was so pressed as to make salvation depend on this sense to the exclusion of works of righteousness, and when schism and sacrilege were seen to be the effects of the teaching, they drew back for the most part, not from half-heartedness or cowardice,

but because they held fast by unity, and beheld greater evils in the reformers than were those that were denounced.

But Paul III. was a zealous man, who saw great need of renovation in the Church, and hoped yet to reconcile the reformers by the Council, and possibly he might have done so if by early vices he had not bound a clog about his neck in the person of an illegitimate son, Pier Luigi Farnese, who expected to be provided for after the usual fashion of Popes' relations.

However, all was fair at present. The Pope invited Reginald Pole to Rome, and though he was not in Holy Orders, and had not received the tonsure, sent him an appointment as Cardinal, together with a barber to cut his hair. He also included in this batch of Cardinals Bishop Fisher, then a prisoner in the Tower.

In November, Parliament met to make that oath law for refusing which More and Fisher were already suffering. The King was declared to be Supreme Head of the Church, with power to visit, reform, and correct all abuses and errors within it. It was made high treason to deny any of the royal titles to the King or Queen, and the Bishops were made to take an additional oath against the Pope's supremacy.

Then followed the Bill of Attainder against the Bishop of Rochester and Sir Thomas More for treason in having refused the Oath of Supremacy. This caused the immediate forfeiture of all their goods, and condemnation to perpetual imprisonment. The Bishop, in his 70th year, was left destitute of warm clothing in the depth of winter, while Sir Thomas owed his comforts to Mr. and Mrs. Roper; and as spring came on persons were sent to converse with them, either to induce them to yield, or if they would not, to make their refusal matter of accusation against them. What did they think of the matter?

Bishop Fisher said that no Act of Parliament forced a man to explain his private thoughts. More observed that the statute was a two-edged sword, for to accept it would be the death of the soul, to refuse it the death of the body.

The three Carthusian Priors, the monk of Sion Abbey, and two more, who had refused the oath, were however the first victims. Margaret Roper happened to be with her father when they passed his window on their way to execution.

'Lo, dost not thou see, Meg, how these blessed fathers go now as cheerfully to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage,' and he then tried to prepare her for what he saw was near at hand for himself.

It did but add to the King's rage that Paul III. placed the name of the Bishop of Rochester among those whom he appointed as Cardinals. Fisher himself cared so little for the honour that he told the person who brought him the news 'that if the hat were lying at his feet he would not stoop to pick it up;' but Henry cried—'Paul may send him a hat, but I will take care he has never a head to wear it on;' and it probably precipitated his fate.

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He was tried on the 17th of June, 1535, accused of denying the King

to be Supreme Head of the Church, condemned, and beheaded on the 22nd. His head was placed on London Bridge, looking towards his own diocese of Rochester; his body lay on the ground till night, when it was buried in Barking churchyard.

Then came More's turn. On the 1st of July he was placed before the Judges in Westminster Hall, where he had himself so often sat as Lord Chancellor. The chief charge against him was that he had deprived the King of his dignity and title by denying him to be Head of the Church.

There he stood, in a plain woollen gown, his face keen and benevolent as ever, though his hair had turned grey in his imprisonment, a perfect lawyer still, and well able to defend himself. He declared that he had never denied the royal supremacy to any man, and when Solicitor-General Rich, who was one of those who had been sent to catch words out of his mouth, bore witness that he had said that no Parliament could make the King Head of the Church, he answered: 'Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjury that I am for my own peril.' Two other lawyers had been present at the interview, but they professed to have been too busy packing up their books to have heard. It was only the word of More against the word of Rich, that of a man who had deliberately chosen death rather than untruth against that of a man 'esteemed very light of the tongue,' of little truth or honesty.

Nevertheless the jury, in a quarter of an hour, brought in a verdict of guilty, and Lord Chancellor Audley, quite delighted, was beginning to pronounce sentence, when the prisoner quietly said—

'My Lord, when I was towards the law the manner was to ask the prisoner whether he could give any reason why sentence should not be pronounced against him.'

Audley was wrong, and had to apologize; and More raised a defence on points of law, which were overruled, and the terrible sentence pronounced.

More heard it calmly, and then made open confession that seven years of diligent study had only convinced him that it was impossible that a layman could be Head of the Church. He was asked if he would be wiser than all the learned men in Europe, to which he replied, that all the rest of Christendom was of his opinion.

The Judges asked if he had any more to say. 'Only,' he said, 'that as the blessed Apostle St. Paul was consenting to the death of St. Stephen, and yet they were both together saints in Heaven and friends for ever more, so he trusted it would be with himself and his judges, that we may hereafter in Heaven meet merrily together to our everlasting salvation, and so God preserve you all, especially my sovereign Lord the King.'

As he was being led out, with the axe with the edge turned towards him, his son knelt down to ask his blessing, as he had so often done from his own aged father; and when the barge reached the Tower Wharf, down through all the guards, with bills and halberts, rushed his daughter Margaret, flinging her arms round his neck and kissing him, with sobs of

'Oh! my father, my father!' He blessed her and comforted her, but twice after he had moved on she came back and hung about him, so that the guards themselves were in tears.

It was her last sight of him in life, though she had a precious note from him written with a bit of charcoal, and telling her she had never given him more pleasure in her life than by her daughterly conduct on this occasion, and he obtained as a last favour that she should be present at his burial.

On the 6th of July he was to die, early in the morning, within the Tower. He was his true self to the last, with the old playful humour and deep devotion. The scaffold was not firm, and he asked for help in mounting it—

'Master Lieutenant, give me thine hand, I pray thee see me safe up; for my coming down let me shift for myself.'

Then he knelt and prayed the fifty-first Psalm most devoutly, and as the executioner asked his pardon, he gave it, telling him it was the greatest of services he was about to do him. Yet, even then his last word was to ask him to take his beard out of the way, 'since it was no traitor; it had never offended His Highness.'

His corpse was delivered to the family; but the head was set on London Bridge, where it remained till late at night. The faithful Margaret came beneath in a boat, while some friend above detached it in the dark, and threw it down into her arms. She kept it as her most precious relic until her death, when it was placed in her arms in her coffin.

Henry, on hearing the execution was over, said fiercely to Anne Boleyn, with whom he was playing at tables, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death,' rose up hastily, and left her; but the moment's compunction did not prevent him from seizing the house at Chelsea and all More's property.

Charles V. was greatly shocked. He sent for the English ambassador, and asked if it were true that King Henry had put Sir Thomas More to death, adding, 'And this we will say, that if he had been ours, we would rather have lost the best city in our dominions than such a counsellor.'

And at Rome the indignation was greatest of all, so great that on the 30th of August 1535, Paul III. sealed a Bull, summoning Henry to appear in sixty days and answer for his offences, and in default excommunicated him, deprived him, and his children by Anne, of the crown, absolved his subjects from their oaths of allegiance, and called on Christian princes to dethrone him. It was as strongly worded as any Bull of Innocent III. against John or Philippe Auguste, but the days when it could have been carried out were gone by. The dissensions, the rapacity, and the disgraceful lives of a long succession of Popes had destroyed their moral influence. All good men had felt with the Popes in the contests of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Spiritual and moral conscience went together; but now the moral sense had so often been outraged, and the more lucrative forms of superstition so put forward, that in the reaction many religious men thought freedom a gain, however brought about.

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There was no mighty feudal nobility to delight in any sanction to attack their prince, and as to stirring up foreign sovereigns to punish the offender, the Emperor had already quite enough on his hands, and François I. was Henry's friend.

So Paul, though he had signed the Bull in his first indignation, decided, on second thoughts, not to publish it, since it could not be executed, and would only increase the difficulties and dangers of those who still held to him in England; but it was laid up in the Vatican, to be put forth when expedient.

It was however known to exist, and this knowledge of course rendered the breach more irreconcilable, and thus the English Church was severed from Rome, and the connection cut which had subsisted ever since the mission of St. Augustine of Canterbury.

It is strange that when the actions and many of the words of the chief personages concerned are so thoroughly known on documentary evidence, that it should be so hard to understand either motive or character, but in fact the whole question became so vital to every succeeding generation, that feelings have never since been cool enough for a candid judgment.

There have been a great many people so persuaded that everything they call Protestant must be right, and everything Popish must be wrong, that they make a saint of Anne Boleyn, because she married in the face of the Pope's affirmation that her wedding was a crime, and because she had an English Bible; and who contemn Sir Thomas More for acting the part of Daniel before Darius, because they would not themselves wish to take an oath of the supremacy of the Pope.

Perhaps the most reasonable view is that everyone went on blindly, not knowing whither they were tending. Henry, the good-natured, clever despot, accustomed from early youth to carry everything his own way, no sooner met an obstacle to his will, than he chafed against the opposition, lashed himself into fury, and in the one desire to carry his point, entirely forgot its worthlessness in proportion to the forces that he set in motion. It was to his pride, and determination to brook no opposition, that the lives of his earlier victims, More and Fisher, were sacrificed.

Of those who abetted him it is harder to speak. Cromwell appears to have been simply a clever statesman, who had found the wished-for expedient at last, and used it unscrupulously; Cranmer, a scholar of more piety than principle, led along by the habitual deference of all men towards the King, saw in the emancipation of the National Church the possibility of those reforms which Wolsey had been trying to bring about as legate; Gardiner seems to have been simply a statesman-prelate of the old English school, caring chiefly to be free from the vexatious dominion of Rome; and among all these was the separation made, which two centuries before would have been repaired in another generation, but which was to grow wider and wider, and lead to mighty results for good or evil.

The only blameless persons in the matter were those who suffered in the cause of truth and conscience. It was not that both More and Fisher were not aware of the evils of the Roman Catholic Church, and the former at least would have done everything to purify it. Even of the legality of the King's marriage he was—lawyer-like—not convinced till he had heard an honest decision; but when convinced in his own mind that no layman could be supreme Head of the Church, and that Anne could not be Henry's wedded wife, no peril could induce him to belie his conscience by declaring that they were. It was a sore struggle, but his was the victory, and he might well give thanks for it.

Who would have thought, when More, Colet, and Erasmus held discussions together over matters deep and high, which of them was the one who should die for the truth, and that rather for personal than for abstract truth?

In France things had come to a crisis. Queen Marguerite of Navarre, Bishop Jean du Bellay, Gerard Roussel, and the other large-minded persons who had influence with François, were endeavouring to bring about the purifying of the Church without disruption, and a physician named Ulrich Chelius had come from Melancthon to hold a council on the subject.

But this by no means agreed with the notions of the hotter spirits, Guillaume Farel, in the hills of Dauphiné, and the man who was destined to be the leader and lawgiver of the great schism of France, Scotland, and Holland, Jean Chauvin. He was the son of a burgher of Noyon, in Picardy, born in 1509, bred to the Church, and endowed with a benefice in early boyhood. So severe and grave was he, that when at school his nickname was 'the Accusative Case.' His theological studies first startled him by the discrepancy of their teaching with what he saw around him, and he abandoned them for the law; but all the time he was reading the Scriptures, and his conscience was working within him, so that after three years he gave up all the three benefices he was holding; and subsisting on his small inheritance, he dropped his legal studies and gave himself up to the spread of the Gospel as he knew it. In 1533 his friend Nicolas Cop, rector of the University of Paris, was to preach on All Saints' Day, and Chauvin wrote a sermon for him which brought them into such trouble with the Sorbonne that Cop fled to his native place, Basle, and Chauvin, in disguise, left Paris, and after much wandering came to the great refuge of the Reformers, Nérac, where he found old Lefévre, and took much counsel with him, when the old man beheld in him the person who should carry on the work he had begun, in piety and faith indeed, but in impatience.

To such reformers, what Marguerite, Du Bellay, and Roussel hoped to bring about seemed mere truckling. They thought the Pope Antichrist, forms mere hindrances, and both the Holy Eucharist and the adoration of the Saints seemed to them idolatry. Farel determined to destroy all hope of union, and he sent into Paris a placard, which on the 18th of October, 1534, was posted on the church doors and the walls of all the most public places in Paris. The title was 'Veritable Articles against the horrible

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great abuses of the Papal Mass, invented against the Holy Supper of the Lord, the only Saviour and Mediator.' This was a most furious and bitter attack upon all that Catholics hold sacred, in absolutely blasphemous language, and a copy was not only affixed to the door of the palace of Blois, where François then was, but to his own bed-room door. The King was thoroughly roused to anger, and so were the people of Paris, who gathered round the placards with horror, and cried, 'Death! Death to the heretics!' The lieutenant of the Châtelet prison went round seizing all suspected of heresy, and Clement Marot was obliged to flee to the Duchess of Ferrara, with money supplied by his kind patroness, Queen Marguerite, who took his young son into her service as a page.

Reparation to the Catholic faith was to be made for the blasphemy that had been uttered against it. The Cardinal of Lorraine and the Count of Montmorency were the great promoters of the endeavour to crush the heresy, and they even ventured to hint to the King that he ought to begin the purging of the kingdom with his sister. 'Oh!' said François, 'she loves me too well to believe anything but what I choose.'

Marguerite did not wait to be asked, but went to Nérac, where she was out of his reach, and took Roussel with her, with all others whom she could protect.

That placard had thoroughly startled and shocked all who had been half inclined to the reformers, and on the 29th of January, 1535, a solemn expiatory procession was made from the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, while all Paris crowded to behold it. Every roof, every window, every balcony or railing was crowded to behold the Bishop of Paris solemnly marching along, bearing the Host in his hands, while the canopy over his head was borne by the King's three sons and the head of the house of Bourbon, the Duke de Vendôme. Then came the King with a lighted torch between the Cardinals of Bourbon and Lorraine. At every church he gave his torch to one of the Cardinals, and prostrated himself to ask forgiveness for his people's sin.

Afterwards he dined with the Bishop of Paris, and spoke hotly of the need of cutting off the authors of these outrages against the faith, saying that he would even sacrifice his sons if they fell into such heresies.

Probably he was really moved, and it was the habit of the time to treat moral corruption lightly, compared with sins against the faith. It was a time when terrible harshness against heresy was thought right by all parties alike, and it was viewed as a proof of sincerity that six reformers were burnt that very afternoon. So far it had been the custom to strangle the victims before burning them; but their firmness was irritating, and these were burnt alive at a stake. After a time it became the practice to hang the victims by chains on a sort of see-saw, which dipped them into the fire, and then snatched them out again blazing, till the executioner chose to let them fall off into the fire. Twenty-four were burnt in this manner between November 1534, and May 1535.

Chauvin went into hiding, and ended by making his way to Basle, where

he began to write the great work which became the text-book of the reformers, and, bringing him into the world of theological controversy, whereof Latin was the language, caused his name of Chauvin to be resolved into its parent Calvinus, just as Luther was called Eleutherius (this from mere sound), and Schwartzerd, Melancthon. The great points in the *Institutes* of Calvin which distinguished his doctrine from either Catholicity or Lutheranism was the way he dogmatized on the foreknowledge of God, and on His having beforehand doomed some men to destruction and others to happiness, so that no free will of theirs availa—they are only machines working out a fore-appointed course; whereas wiser systems—of course owning the Almighty Omniscience—believe that it is in the power of man to will and to choose his own lot. Calvinism also dwelt much on the wrath and indignation of God against sinful men, so as to represent the Atonement as satisfying fierce indignation, and yet its saving effects as depending rather on this predestination than on the willing acceptance of the beings whom it was to save, but that acceptance in those who were among the predestined elect came by faith, much according to Luther's doctrine.

On the Holy Eucharist, too, he differed from all that had hitherto been taught, by denying that our Blessed Lord's words, '*This* is my Body,' were to be understood in any literal way, and only accepting the Holy Sacrament as a memorial rite, wherein there was only the general Omnipresence of Christ as God; and thus his followers always regarded with especial aversion the celebration of Mass and adoration of the Host, and fancied their horrid profanations to be protests against idolatry. As to the ministry being composed of elders or presbyters, who could ordain others by the laying on of hands in full assembly, he agreed with Luther; but whereas the German was willing to retain everything existing, and all Catholic practices that he had not found misused or doing harm in their abuse, the Frenchman was bent on utterly sweeping away everything connected with the old ritual, and beginning afresh on one reasoned out from Holy Scripture, the only guide he acknowledged. Thus the Calvinist had no endurance at all for Catholicism, and attacked its emblems as idolatrous wherever it met them, applying to its worship all that the Old Testament had ever said against the worst apostacies of Israel; and this, in an intolerant age, was the reason that the struggle was so much more terrible and destructive wherever Calvinism prevailed than where Lutheranism was the reactionary system.

For it was a reaction. The Church of Rome had come to its worst under the Pagan influences of the cinque-cento in Italy, and the corruption of the French Church had been completed by the Concordat of Bologna, which made every bishopric and abbey a court appointment, so that the nobles freely gained them for mere children, and cures were utterly neglected; while the horrible immorality of the King and his favourites was unchecked, partly from the fear of losing promotion, partly lest he should be exasperated into imitating Henry VIII., and

partly from the fatal continental indifference to purity of morals compared with purity of doctrine.

Charles V., though by far the best monarch of the time, and deeply attached to his Empress Isabel of Portugal, was not free from transgression of this kind. He had an illegitimate daughter named Marguerite, born in his early youth, and a son named Juan of Austria, whom he had committed to the care of a noble old Spanish knight, Don Luis Quixada, the very soul of honour, and said to have been partly pourtrayed in *Don Quixote*.

Charles had driven the Turks out of Hungary without a battle, and then commanded in person an expedition from Spain to clear out the nest of Moorish pirates at Tunis, whence came ships that made the Mediterranean Sea most perilous to all merchant ships, and captivity in Moorish dungeons or galleys a frequent disaster to all the inhabitants of the coasts. The achievement was a most brilliant success, 20,000 of Christian captives were released, the Moorish prince was made tributary, and a garrison established at Goletta; after which the Emperor landed in Sicily, to return through Italy, and have an interview with the new Pope respecting the Council.

But François could not refrain from another attack, and he found two excuses. First he pretended to a claim to some part of his mother's dowry in Savoy, and accused his uncle of having received from the Constable de Bourbon crown jewels which had been given him in pawn for the payment of the army, and on this plea sent his armies to occupy the dukedom, it is said because Clement VII. had told him that no French army would ever be able to keep Italy without holding Piedmont. The other plea was the death of Francesco Sforza, upon which the old worn-out French claim of the Duchy of Milan was set up, and François dreamt of uniting that and Florence for his son Henri and Catherine de Medici, and made another league with the Swiss against the Emperor, also with the Turks; and he would have united himself to the German Protestants, but they rejected him with horror. The war began again, and Charles, thoroughly stirred into indignation, resolved to give him a thorough lesson, and invaded in person Provence, which belonged to the empire.

Montmorency was sent to the defence, and his tactics were to devastate the country, break down mills and ovens, burn the wheat and forage, stave in the wine casks, and spoil the wells by throwing the wheat into them, so that, it is said, the country has never recovered it, and the misery produced was very great; but it had the effect of starving out the Imperialists, and Charles was forced to retreat. While the King and his eldest son were moving forward to meet Montmorency, then returning home in triumph, the Dauphin, after heating himself with a game at tennis at Tournon, drank a glass of ice-cold water, which brought on an illness, of which he died on the 10th of August, 1535, leaving his father almost broken-hearted.

There was no vigour in the war after this, and the Pope began to prepare for the Council, which was convoked at Mantua for Whitsuntide, 1537.

THE THREE BRIDES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE THIRD AUTUMN.

AUTUMN came round again, and brought with it a very different September from the last.

Willansborough was in a state of commotion. That new Vicar had not only filled the place with curates, multiplied services in the iron church, and carried on the building of St. Nicolas in a style of beauty that was quite affronting to those who were never asked to contribute to it, but he gave people no peace in their easy conventional sins, pricked them in their hearts with personal individual stings, and, worse than all, protested against the races, as conducted at Wilsbro'.

And their Member was just as bad! Captain Charnock Poynsett, instead of subscribing, as part of his duty to his constituents, had replied by sending his brother Raymond's half-finished letter to the club, with an equally strong and resolute one of his own, and had published both in all the local papers.

Great was the fury and indignation of Wilsbro', Backsworth, and all the squires around. Of course it was a delirious fancy of poor Raymond Poynsett, and Miles had been worked upon by his puritanical wife and ritualistic brother to publish it. Newspapers teemed with abuse of superstition and pharisaism, and praise of this wholesome, moral, and 'truly English' sport. Gentlemen, and ladies too, took the remonstrance as a personal offence, and threatened to visit no more at Compton; the electors bade him look to his seat, and held meetings to invite 'Mr. Simmonds Proudfoot,' as he now called himself, to represent them; and the last week before the races, the roughs mobbed him in Water Lane. He rode quietly through them, with his sailor face set as if against a storm, but when he was out of the place, he stopped his horse at Herbert Bowater's lodgings, that his black eye might be washed, and the streams of rotten egg removed from his coat before he presented himself at home. Not that he had much fear of startling his wife and mother. It was more from the Englishman's hatred of showing himself as a hero, for Anne was perfectly happy in the persecution he had brought on himself, for she never had been so sure before that he was not of the world, worldly.

The races were exceptionally brilliant, and fully attended, but the triumph of the roughs had made them more outrageously disgraceful in their conduct than ever; and when Miles went to the quarter-sessions, rather doubting whether he should not find himself landed in Coventry, not only did the calendar of offences speak for itself, but sundry country gentlemen shook him by the hand, lamenting that railways and rowdyism had entirely altered races from what they used to be, that he was in the

right, and what they had seen so recently proved that the only thing to be done was to withdraw from what respectable people could no longer keep within bounds. Such withdrawal will not prevent them, but it will hinder the demoralization from being so extensive as formerly, since no one of much character to lose will attend them.

Mr. Bowater rejoiced in Miles's triumph. None of that family had been at these same races. They had all been much too anxious about Herbert not to view Ember Week in a very different light from that in which they had thought of it before.

Lent had brought the junior curate back from Strawyers, not much more than a convalescent, but with his sister to look after him, and both Rector and senior anxious to spare him; he had gone on well till the family returned and resumed Jenny, when he was left to his own devices, namely, 'all work and no play.' He was as fixed as ever in his resolution of making this a penance year, and believed himself so entirely recovered as to be able to do without relaxations. Cricket, riding, dinners, and garden-parties alike he had given up, and divided his time entirely between church and parish work and study. Hard reading had never been congenial, and took a great deal out of him, and, in fact, all his theological study had hitherto been little more than task-work, into which he had never fully entered, whereas these subjects had now assumed such a force, depth, and importance, that he did in truth feel constrained to go to the very foundation, and work through everything again, moved and affected by them in every fibre of his soul, which vibrated now at what it had merely acquiesced in before. It was a phase that had come suddenly on him, when his mind was in full vigour of development, and his frame and nerves below par, and the effect could not but be severe. He was wrapped up in these great realities, and seemed to care for no talk, except discussing them with Julius or the senior curate, and often treated things of common life like the dream that they really are.

Julius laid as little parish-work on him as possible, only, indeed, what seemed actually beneficial by taking him out; but it may be feared, that in his present fervid state, he was not nearly so winning to his young clients as when he was less 'terribly in earnest,' although the old women were perhaps more devoted to him, from the tender conviction that 'the poor dear young gentleman would not be here long.'

For indeed it was true that he had never advanced in strength or looks since his return, but rather lost ground, and thus every change of weather, or extra exertion told on him, till in August he was caught in a thunder-storm, and the cold that ensued ran on into a feverish attack, which barely left him in time for the Ordination, and then with a depressed system, and nerves morbidly sensitive.

So sensible (or more than sensible) was he of his deficiencies, that he would willingly have held back, and he was hardly well enough to do himself justice; but there was no doubt that he would pass, and it was

plain, that three more months of the strain of preparation might leave permanent effects on his health.

As it was, the examining chaplain did not recognise the lean, pale, anxious man, for the round-faced, rosy, overgrown boy of a year ago. His scholarship and critical knowledge were fairly above the mark, in spite of a racking headache; and his written sermon, together with all that was elicited from him, revealed, all unconsciously to himself, what treasures he had brought back from the deep waters which had so nearly closed over him.

So superior had he shown himself, that he was appointed to read the Gospel, a choice that almost shocked him, knowing that what had made him excel had been an experience that the younger men had happily missed. But the mark of approval was compensation to his parents and sisters for the disappointment of the last year, and the only drawback was fear of the effect of the long ceremonial, so deeply felt.

He met them afterwards, very white-faced, with head aching, and weary almost beyond speech, but with a wonderfully calm, restful look on his face, such as reminded Jenny of those first hours of his recovery.

They took him home and put him to bed, and there he lay, hardly speaking, and generally sleeping. There he still was on the Monday, when Julius came to inquire after him, and was taken upstairs at once by Jenny, with the greeting, 'So the son and heir is come, Julius?'

'Yes, and I never saw my mother more exulting; when Rosamond ran down to tell her she put her arms round her neck and cried. She who never had a tear through all last year. I met your father and mother half-way, and they told me I might come on.'

'I think nothing short of such news would have made mamma leave this boy,' said Jenny; 'but she must have her jubilee with Mrs. Poynsett.'

'And I'm quite well,' said Herbert, who had been grasping Julius's hand, with a wonderful look in his eyes; 'yes, really—the doctor said so.'

'Yes, he did,' said Jenny, 'only he said we were to let him alone, and that he was not to get up till he felt quite rested.'

'And I shall get up to dinner,' said Herbert, so sleepily, that Julius doubted it. 'I hope to come back before Sunday.'

'What does your doctor say to that?'

'He says,' replied Jenny, 'that this gentleman must be rational; that he has nothing the matter with him now, but that he is low, and ripe for anything. Don't laugh, you naughty boy, he said you were ripe for anything, and that he must—yes, he *must*—be turned out to grass somehow or other for the winter, and do nothing at all.'

'I begin to see what you are driving at, Mrs. Joan, you look so triumphant.'

'*Yes*,' said Jenny, blushing a little, and looking quite young again; 'I

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believe poor mamma would be greatly reconciled to it, if Herbert were to see me out to Natal.'

'Is that to be the way?'

'It would be very absurd to make Archie come home again for me,' said Jenny. 'And everything else is most happily smoothed for me, you know; Edith has come quite to take my place at home; mamma learnt to depend on her much more than on me while I was with Herbert.'

'And it has made her much more of a woman,' added Herbert.

'Then you know that full statement poor Mr. Moy put forth when he left the place, on his wife's death, quite removed all lingering hesitation on papa's part,' added Jenny.

'It ought, I am sure!' said Julius.

'So, now, if Herbert will go out with me, it seems to me to be all right,' said Jenny, colouring deeply, as she made this lame and impotent conclusion.

'My father wishes it,' said Herbert. 'I believe he meant to see you to-day to ask leave of absence for me. That is what he wishes; but I have made up my mind that I ought to resign the curacy—where I have never been any use to you—though, if I had been well, I meant to have worked a year with you as a priest.'

'I don't like to lose you, but I think you are right. Your beginning with me was a mistake. There is not enough work for three of us; but you know Easterby would be delighted to have you at St. Nicolas. He says his most promising people talk of what you said to them when they were ill, and he asked me if you could possibly come to him?'

'I think it would be better to begin in a new place, further from home,' said Herbert, quietly.

And both knew what he meant, and how hard it would be to be the clergyman he had learnt to wish to be, if his mother were at hand to be distressed by all he did or did not do.'

'But, any way,' added Herbert, 'I hope to have some time longer at Compton before I go. Next Sunday, if I only *can*.'

His mind was evidently full of the Feast of the Sunday, and Julius answered, 'Whichever Sunday you are strong enough of course, dear fellow. You had better come with him, Jenny, and sleep at the Rectory.'

'Oh! thank you. I should like nothing so much; and I think they will spare me that one day.'

'You will come in for a grand gathering, that is, if poor Cecil accepts. Miles thinks she ought to be Godmother.'

'Oh!'

'And no one has said a word of any cloud. It is better he should know nothing.'

'And oh! Julius, is it true that her father has bought Sirenwood for her?'

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'Quite true. You know it was proposed at first, but the trustees

doubted of the title; but when all that was cleared up, it turned out to be a better investment than Swanslea, and so they settled it, without much reference to her.'

'She will let it of course?'

'I suppose so.'

'You don't think she will come to the christening?'

'I cannot tell; Rose has had one or two very sad letters from her. She wanted us very much to come to Dunstone, and was much disappointed that we were prevented. I fancy her heart has turned to us, and that it is very sore, poor thing.'

Julius was right. Cecil did return an answer, whose warmth quite amazed all but Miles and Anne, who thought nothing too much for their son; and she gladly came to attend the christening of the young Raymond. Gladly—yes, she was glad to leave Dunstone. She had gone home weary and sick of her lodging and convalescence, and hoping to find relief in the home that had once been all-sufficient for her, but Dunstone was not changed, and she was. She had not been able to help out-growing its narrow opinions and formal precisions; and when she came home, crushed with her scarcely realized grief, nothing there had power to comfort her.

There was soothing at first in her step-mother's kindness, and she really loved her father; but their petting admiration soon grew oppressive, after the more bracing air of Compton; and their idolatry of her little brother fretted and tried her all the more, because they thought he must be a comfort to her, and any slight from her might be misconstrued. Mr. Venn's obsequiousness, instead of rightful homage, seemed deprivation of support, and she saw no one, spoke to no one, without the sense of Raymond's vast superiority and her own insensibility to it, loving him a thousand times more than she had loved him in life, and mourning him with an anguish beyond what the most perfect union would have left. She had nothing to do. Self-improvement was a mere oppression, and she longed after nothing so much as the sight of Rosamond, Anne, Julius, or even Frank, and her amiable wishes prevailed to have them invited to Dunstone; but at the times specified there were hindrances. Anne had engagements at home, and Rosamond appeared to the rest of the family to be a perpetual refuge for stray De Lanceys, while Frank had to make up for his long enforced absence by a long unbroken spell of work.

Cecil, therefore, had seen none of the family till she arrived at Compton. She was perfectly well, she said, and had become a great walker, and so, indeed, she showed herself, for she went out directly after breakfast every morning, and never appeared again till luncheon time; and would take long rides in the afternoon. 'It was her only chance of sleep,' she said, when remonstrated with. She did not look ill, but there was a restless, worn air that was very distressing on her young features, and was the more piteous to her relations, that she was just as constrained as er in her intercourse with them. She was eagerly attentive to Mrs.

Poynsett, and evidently so anxious to wait on her that Anne left to her many little services, but if they were alone together, they were tongue-tied, and never went deeper than surface subjects. Mrs. Poynsett never discussed her, never criticised her, never attempted to fathom her, being probably convinced that there was nothing but hard coldness to be met with by probing. Yet there was something striking in Cecil's having made people call her Mrs. Raymond Poynsett, surrendering the Charnock, which she had once brandished in all their faces, and going by the name by which her husband had been best known.

To Anne she was passively friendly, and neither gave nor sought confidences, and Anne was so much occupied with her baby, and all the little household services that had grown on her, as well as with her busy husband, that there was little leisure for them; and though the meeting with Rosamond was at first the most effusive and affectionate of all, afterwards she seemed to avoid *tête-à-têtes* with her, and was shyer with her than with Anne.

It was Miles that she got on with best. He had never so fully realised the unhappiness of his brother's married life as those who had watched it; and he simply viewed her as Raymond's loved and loving widow and sincere mourner, and treated her with all brotherly tenderness and reverence for her grief; while she responded with a cordiality and gratitude which made her, when talking to him, a pleasanter person than she had ever been seen at Compton before.

But it was not to Miles, but to Rosamond, that she brought an earnest question, walking in one autumn morning to the Rectory, amid the falling leaves of the Virginian-creeper, and amazing Rosamond, who was writing against time for the Indian mail, by asking—

'Rosamond, will you find out if Mrs. Poynsett would mind my coming to live at Sirenwood?'

'You, Cecil!'

'Yes, I'm old enough. There's no place for me at home, and though I must be miserable anywhere, it will be better where I have something to do, of some real use to somebody. I've been walking all round every day, and seeing what a state it is in—in the hands of creditors all these years.'

'But you would be quite alone!'

'I am quite alone as it is.'

'And would your father consent?'

'I think he would. I am a burthen to them now. They cannot feel my grief, nor comfort it, and they don't like the sight of it, though I am sure I trouble them with it as little as possible.'

'Dear Cecil!' and the ready tears welled up in Rosamond's grey eyes.

'I don't want to talk of it,' said Cecil. 'If I felt worthy to grieve it would be less dreadful; but it all seems like hypocrisy. Rosamond, if you were to lose Julius to-morrow, you would not be as unhappy as I am.'

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'Don't don't!' cried Rosamond, making a gesture of horror. 'But does not coming here make it worse?'

'No, real stabs are better than dull aching; and then you—you, Rosamond, did know how it really was, and that I would—I would——'

Cecil wept now as Rosamond had longed to see her weep when she had left Compton, and Rosamond spoke from her tender heart of comfort; but the outburst did not last long, and Cecil said, recovering herself—

'After all, my most peaceful times of late have been in walking about in those woods at Sirenwood; I should like to live there. You know he always wished it to be the purchase because it joins Compton, and I should like to get it all into perfect order and beauty, and leave it all to little Raymond.'

'I should have thought the place would have been full of ghosts.'

'I tried. I made the woman let me in, and I sat where poor Camilla used to talk to me, and I thought I was the better for facing it out. The question is whether Mrs. Poynsett will dislike it. She has a right to be consulted.'

Perhaps Cecil could not be gracious. Certainly, Raymond would have been thankful for even this admission.

'You wish me to find out?'

'If you would be so good. I would give it up at once if she has any feeling against it, and go somewhere else—and of course she has! She never can forget what I did!'

Rosamond caressed Cecil with that sweetness which saw everything in the most consoling manner; but when the poor young widow was out of sight, there was a revulsion of feeling.

'No, Mrs. Poynsett must always feel that that wretched marriage broke her son's heart, and murdered him!—murdered him!' said Rosamond to herself, clenching that soft fist of hers. 'It ought not to be broached to her!'

But Julius—when she stated it to him rather less broadly, but still saying that she did not know whether she could bear the sight of Cecil, except when she was before her eyes, and how could his mother endure her at all—did not see it in the same light. He thought Sirenwood gave duties to Cecil, and that she ought not to be hindered from fulfilling them. And he said his mother was a large-minded woman, and not likely to have that personal bitterness towards Cecil that both the ladies seemed to expect, as her rival in her son's affections, and the means of his unhappiness and death.

He was right; Mrs. Poynsett was touched by finding that Cecil clung to them rather than to her sublime family, and especially by the design as to little Raymond, though she said that must never be mentioned: nothing must bind so young a creature as Cecil, who really did not know what love was at all.

'She is afraid the sight of her is distressing to you,' said Rosamond.

'Poor child, why should she?' said Mrs. Poynsett. 'She was the

victim of an unsuccessful experiment of my dear boy's, and the unsuspecting instrument of poor Camilla's vengeance. That is all I see in her.'

'Mrs. Poynsett, how can you?' cried Rosamond, impetuously. 'With all I know of her sorrow, I rage at her whenever I am out of sight of her.'

'I can't do that,' said Mrs. Poynsett, half smiling, 'any more than I could at a doll. The poor thing was in a false position, and nobody was more sorry for her than dear Raymond himself; but you see he had fancied that marriage must bring the one thing it would not in that short time.'

'It would, if she had not been a little foolish donkey.'

'Or if Camilla Tyrrell had let her alone! It is of no use to rake up these things, my dear Rosamond. Let her come to Sirenwood, and do such good as she can there, if it can comfort her. It was for my sake that the unconscious girl was brought here to have her life spoilt, and I would not stand in the way of what seems to be any relief.'

'But is it no pain?' persisted Rosamond.

'No, my dear. I almost wish it was. I shall never get on with her; but I am glad she should come and be near you all; and Miles likes her.'

Mr. Charnock demurred at first, and wanted to saddle Cecil with her old governess as a companion, but when he found that Mrs. Poynsett and Miles made no objection, and remembered that she would be under their wing, and would be an inestimable adviser and example to Anne, he consented; and Cecil's arrangements were made with startling rapidity, so that she was in possession before Christmas, which she insisted on spending there. Dunstone had stereotyped hospitalities, which she could not bear, and would not prevent, and now that her first year of widowhood was over, the sorrow was not respected, while it seemed to her more oppressive than ever.

So there she was in vehement activity; restless rather than religious in her beneficence still, though the lesson she had had showed itself in her constantly seeking the advice of Miles, who thought her the most sensible woman in the world, except his Nan. Whether this constant occupation, furnishing, repairing, planning, beautifying her model cottages, her school chapel, and all the rest, were lessening the heartache, no one knew, but the sharp black eyes looked as dry and hard, the lines round the mouth as weary as ever; and Rosamond sometimes thought if Sirenwood were not full of ghosts to her, she was much like a ghost herself who came

'Hovering around her ancient home,
To find no refuge there.'

There was another who could not help seeing her somewhat in that light, and this was Eleonora Vivian, who had come to Compton to be with Frank, when he was at last able to enjoy a well-earned holiday, and with ears restored to their natural powers, though he always declared that his eight months of deafness had done him more good than anything that

had ever befallen him in his life. It had thrown him in on his real self, and broken all the unfortunate associations of his first year in London. His first few months, while he was still in need of care, had been spent with Miles and Anne, and that tender ministry to him which his sister-in-law had begun in his illness had been with him when he was tired, dispirited, or beset by the trials of a tardy convalescence. As his interpreter, too, and caterer for the pleasures his infirmity allowed, Anne had been educating herself to a degree that 'self' improvement never would have induced.

And when left alone in London, he was able to take care of himself in all ways, and had followed the real leadings of his disposition, which his misdirected courtship had interrupted for the time, returning to the intellectual pursuits which were likely to be beneficial, not only as pleasures, but in an economical point of view; and he was half shy, half proud of the profits, such as they were, of a few poems and essays which he certainly had not had it in him to write before the ordeal he had undergone.

Eleonora's elder sister, Mrs. Fanshaw, had come home from India with her husband, newly made a Major-General. Frank had gone to Rockpier early in January, to be introduced to them, and after spending a day or two there, to escort Lena to Compton. Mrs. Poynsett needed but one glance to assure her that the two were happier than their wooing had ever made them before, save in that one brief moment at Cecil's party. Eleonora looked more beautiful, and the look of wistful pain had left her brow, but it had made permanent lines there, as well had seemed likely, and though her laugh would never have the *abandon* of Rosamond's, still it was not so very rare, and though she was still like a beautiful night, it was a bright moonlight one.

A few private interviews made the cause of the change apparent. The sister, Mary Fanshaw, had something of Camilla's dexterity, but having been early married to a good man, she had found its use instead of its abuse; and though Lena's trust had come very slowly, she had given it at last, and saw that her elders could deal with her father as she could never do. Sir Harry respected the General enough to let himself be restrained by him, and the husband and wife were ready to take the charge—removing, however, from Rockpier, for the religious atmosphere of which they were unprepared, and which General Fanshawe thought very dull. Affairs were in course of being wound up on the sale of Sirenwood, and the General had talked to Frank, as one of the family, in a way that had proved to him his own manhood more than anything that had happened to him. Out of the wreck, nothing remained to the old man, and the portion which had been secured by the mother's marriage settlements to younger children, though hitherto out of reach, was felt by the daughters to be due to the creditors, so that only two thousand pounds apiece had been secured to each of them; and this the General consulted Frank about appropriating for Sir Harry's use during his life.

time, himself retaining the management, so as to secure the attendance of the favourite valet, the keeping of a horse, and a fair amount of *menus plaisirs*.

It was also made plain to Frank that Lena's filial duties and scruples need no longer stand in the way of the marriage. Mrs. Fanshaw had two girls almost come out, and perhaps she did not wish them to be overshadowed by the aunt, who, however retiring, could not help being much more beautiful. So all that remained was that Mrs. Poynsett should be willing to supplement Frank's official income with his future portion. She was all the more rejoiced, as this visit showed her for the first time what Lena really was when brought into the sunshine without dread of what she might hear or see, or of harm being done by her belongings; and her gratitude for the welcome with which she was received was most touching.

The rest of her family were in course of removing to their new home, where Mrs. Fanshawe would be mistress of the house, and so Eleonora's stay at Compton was prolonged till the general migration to London, which was put off till Easter. Just before this, Herbert Bowater came back from Natal, and walked from Strawyers with all his happy dogs, as strong and hearty and as merry as ever; his boyish outlines gone, but wholesome sunburn having taken the place of his rosiness, and his bonny smile with its old joyousness. He had married Jenny and Archie himself, and stayed a month on their ostrich farm, which he declared was a lesson on woman's rights, since Mrs. Ostrich was heedless and indifferent as to her eggs, but was regularly hunted back to the duties by her husband, who always had two wives, and regularly forced them to take turns in sitting; a system which Herbert observed would be needful if the rights of women were to work. He had brought offerings of eggs and feathers to Lady Rosamond, and pockets full of curiosities for all his village friends; also he had been at the Cape, had seen Glen Fraser, rejoiced the inhabitants with his accounts of Anne, and brought home a delightful budget for her.

But the special cause of his radiance was a letter he brought from his father to Mr. Bindon. The family living, which had decided his own profession, had fallen vacant, and his father, wishing perhaps not to be thought cruel and unnatural by his wife, had made no appointment until Herbert's return, well knowing that he would decide against himself; and feeling that, as things stood, it would be an awkward exercise of patronage to put him in at once. Herbert had declared that nothing would have induced him to accept what he persuaded his father to let him offer to James Bindon, whom he had found to have an old mother in great need of the comfortable home, which, without interest, or any talent save for hard work, he could scarcely hope to secure to her.

'And you, Herbert,' said Julius; 'can I ask you to come back to me, now that we shall have a fair amount to do between us?'

Herbert smiled and shook his head, as he took out an advertisement

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for a curate in one of the blackest parishes of the Black Country. 'I've written to answer that,' he said.

Julius did not try to hinder him. What had been exaggerated had passed away, and he was now a brave man going forth in his strength and youth to the service he had learnt to understand; able still keenly to enjoy, but only using pleasure as an incidental episode for the delight of others, and as subordinate to the true work of his life.

He asked for his fellow-worker, Mrs. Duncombe. There were tidings, but disappointing ones. She had written a long letter to Julius, full of her reasons for being received into the Roman Communion, where she rapturously declared she had for the first time found peace. Anne and Rosamond took the change most bitterly to heart, but Julius, though believing he could have saved her from the schism, by showing her the true beauty and efficiency of her own Church, could not wonder at this effect of foreign influences on one so recently and imperfectly taught, and whose ardent nature required strong forms of whatever she took up. And the letters she continued to write to Julius were rapturous in the cause of the Pope and as to all that she had once most contemned. She had taken her children with her, but her husband remained tolerant, indifferent, and so probably he would do while his health lasted.

Early in the summer Frank and Eleonora were married, and a pretty little house in the outskirts of London found for them, suiting with the grace of the one and the poetry of the other. It was a small, quiet household, but could pleasantly receive those literary friends of Frank's whom he delighted to present to his beautiful and appreciative wife, whose sweetness and brightness grew every day under the influence of affection and confidence. The other augury of poor Lady Tyrrell, that their holidays would be spent at Compton Hall, was fulfilled, but very pleasantly for both parties, for it was as much home to Lena as to Frank.

Miles's geniality made all at ease that came near him, and Anne, though never a conversational person, was a quietly kind hostess, much beloved by all who had experienced her gentleness, and she had Frank and Lena to give distinction in their different ways to her London parties, as at Compton, Rosamond never failed to give everything a charm where she assisted in planning or receiving.

Rosamond would never cease to love society. Even had she been a grandmother she would have fired at the notion of a party, enjoy, and render it enjoyable; and the mere announcement of a new face would be as stimulating to her as it was the reverse to Anne. But she had grown into such union with her husband, and had so forgotten the Rathfarlane defence, as to learn that it was pleasanter to do as he liked than to try to make him like what she did, and a look of disapproval from him would open her eyes to the flaws in any scheme, however enchanting at first.

She was too necessary an element in all hospitalities of Cecil or of Anne

not to get quite as much diversion as so thorough a wife and mother could find time for, since Julia did not remain by any means an only child, and besides her permanent charge of Terence, relays of De Lanceys were constantly casting up at the Rectory for mothering in some form or other.

Cecil depended on her more than on any one else for sympathy, not expressly in feeling, but in all her pursuits. In three years' time Sirenwood was in perfect order, the once desolate garden blazed with ribbons, triangles and pattipans of verbena, scarlet geranium and calceolaria, with intervals of echiverias, pronounced by Tom to be like cabbages trying to turn into copper kettles; her foliage plants got all the prizes at horticultural shows, her poultry were incomparable at their exhibitions, her cottages were models, her school machinery perfect, and if a pattern in farming apparatus were wanted, people went to Mrs. Raymond Poynsett's steward. She had people of note to stay with her every winter, went to London for the season, and was made much of, and all the time she looked as little, and pinched, and weary, and heart-hungered as ever, and never seemed to thaw or warm, clinging to no one but to Miles for counsel, and to Rosamond for the fellow-feeling it was not always easy to give—when it was apparently only about an orchid or a churn—and yet Rosamond tried, for she knew it was heart-hunger for sympathy.

The Charnock world murmured a little when, after a succession of De Lancey visitors for four months, the Rectory was invaded by Rosamond's eldest brother, Lord Ballybrehon, always the most harebrained of the family, and now invalided home in consequence of a concussion of the brain while pig-sticking in India. He was but a year older than Rosamond, and her favourite of all, whose scrapes she had shared, befriended, defended, and scolded in turn, very handsome, very lazily daring, droll and mischievous, a sort of concentration of all the other De Lanceys. His sister loved him passionately, he fascinated the Rector, and little Julia was the adorer of Uncle Bally.

But Rosamond was rather aghast to find Bally making such love as only an Irishman could do to the prim little widow at Sirenwood, dismayed and a little bit ashamed of her unspoken conviction that Bally, after all his wild freaks and frolics, had come to have an eye to the needs of the Rathforlane property; and what were her feelings when, instead of finding the wild Irishman contemned, she perceived that he was believed in and met fully half way? The stiffness melted, the eyes softened and sparkled, the lips parted in soft agitated smiles, the cheeks learnt to blush, and Cecil was absolutely and thoroughly in love!

Yes, she had found her heart and was won—won in spite of the Dunstone dislike to the beggarly title—in spite of Miles's well-considered cautions—in spite of all her original self. And if Ballybrehon began from mere desire to try for the well-endowed widow, he had the warm loving nature, that was sure to kindle and reciprocate the affection he evoked, enough to make him a kind husband.

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And yet, could anyone have wished Cecil Poynsett a more trying life than one of her disposition must needs have with impetuous, unpunctual, uncertain, scatter-brained, open-handed Ballybrehon, always in a scramble, always inviting guests upon guests without classification, and never remembering whom he had invited!

Rosamond herself declared she should be either in a rage or worn to fritters by a month of it. How Cecil liked it never appeared. Some thought that they squabbled and worried each other in private, but this is certain that, as Terry said, Bally had turned the block into living flesh and blood, and Lady Ballybrehon was wondrously livelier, brighter, and sweeter ever since she had been entirely conquered by tyrant love, and had ceased to be the slave of her own way.

DISOBEDIENT CECIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MRS. 'JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

FERNLEY MANOR was a house of mourning. People moved about it with light steps, and spoke with hushed voices—common occupations and ordinary amusements were laid aside. Meals were hurriedly snatched, and were no longer among the important events of the day. All the thoughts, wishes, and hopes (were they hopes?) of the inhabitants of Fernley Manor were centred in one room—over one bed—the room and the bed wherein Helen Vaux lay dying.

Yes, dying—surely it could be nothing else. Day by day her strength waned fainter and fainter—her eyes grew larger and shone more brightly—her cheeks became whiter, and a bluer tint crept round her lips; her pulse beat faster and fluttered more and more, her words became fewer, and her voice weaker. Poor Helen—sweet Helen—dear little unselfish Helen, loving and loved, and sick unto death.

Her tender, humble nature had made her a willing receiver of the good seed—she had caught at it, as we saw, eagerly on the first chance that brought it near her, and she had, unconsciously to herself, made it her own; and now she was very quiet and patient—resigned to what she believed was before her, but gazing with loving eyes on Cecil, as if the parting with her made up almost all the bitterness of her doom. Cecil's grief was dreadful, though she restrained it for Helen's sake, and in order that she might not be banished from her room; but it was mixed with a remorse that made it very hard to bear. At Helen's request she read to her, when she was strong enough to listen, little hymns, or verses from the Psalms, and from the Bible. And by reading such, at such a time and in such a manner, she learned more than she had ever learned in her whole life before, and a knowledge came to her that she might have taken years to acquire but for those sorrowful, solitary days.

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'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I *will keep* Thy Word,' were words often in her heart and on her lips, as she made earnest, humble resolutions for the future.

She was the most affectionate, devoted, willing nurse that ever entered a sick-room. Aunt Flora and Tytles assisted her, and among them they nursed Helen without any hired help being required. Mr. Vaux came and went in and out of the room. He was not useful, and his shoes creaked too much; but he was very unhappy and greatly subdued. He was unable to give his mind up to any occupation, and in the hours that hung so heavily on his hands, and those spent in the room of his sick little daughter, something like remorse came to him also. He wondered whether during her brief life she had been as happy as she might have been, and if not, he wondered whether he had anything to do with that regretful fact.

The discovery of Mademoiselle's treachery, and of his having been so entirely deceived in her, was a great shock and a great grief to him. And while his faith in her was destroyed, his faith in himself was shaken. He could not but remember certain speeches of Cecil's, when it seemed as if she would have warned him of what her governess really was, and when he insisted on her apologizing, and punished her for not doing so, because she had expressed a doubt of her truthfulness. He could not but ask himself whether Cecil's faults had not been fostered by bad example, and whether the orphan child had really been dealt with in his house as her dead parents would have dealt with her; and if not, whose fault was it? The discovery of Mademoiselle's character, and of the game she had been playing, which had led her to encourage Cecil's forbidden friendship with Mrs. Wyndham, might not have impressed Mr. Vaux as it did, and he might, from the habit of his mind, have succeeded in shutting his eyes to his own errors in the matter, had it not been for Helen's long and dangerous illness. But in her room and in his own, where he sat unhappy and unable to occupy himself, thoughts crowded upon him that would have found no time to do so in his ordinary life, and something like the truth was borne in upon him. Thus Helen, the nearer she approached Heaven herself, became like an angel, drawing all who loved her towards Heaven also. And the early death, which to human eyes appeared imminent, was surely, miserable as it made everybody, the greatest blessing that had ever yet been bestowed on Fernley Manor. It must not be supposed that proud, disobedient Cecil had at once become all we could wish her to be, or that her repentance, however sincere, was complete and had worked a miracle on her character. She was still like one groping in the dark, to whom glimpses of light had been vouchsafed, who stretches out her hands eagerly towards them, and who sometimes gains a step in their direction, and then is left again, bewildered and down-hearted, in the darkness. A darkness lessening, however, with every step really gained in the right way, in the way towards a light which may at last burst on her with a sudden glory, as she is hardly aware herself how

her steps are leading her towards it. To Helen's humility the light could come at once, but to the habitual self-confidence of her cousin it was a long and weary journey before it could be reached.

We need not dwell on Mademoiselle's history. The reader who looks back will see the game she had been playing from the beginning. Cecil's walks and drives had been encouraged, as giving her opportunities of meeting Captain Feversham, and the night, or rather morning, of the ball had been fixed on for the final elopement and marriage, Cecil's escapade making a sort of mask for all. No French countess was at the Byfield Hotel, and Mademoiselle had in reality gone to London, where Captain Feversham had joined her early next day, and where the marriage had taken place. She borrowed the money from him to pay for Cecil's flowers, and the fact of his having brought that note from Mrs. Wyndham, and of her having found her pupil alone with him by the back door, had suggested to her the idea that it *might* be useful at some time, if her plans proved unsuccessful, to throw the blame on Cecil, and to make it appear that the young officer had been her admirer, and not her governess's, and with that view she had insisted on Cecil's writing the note of acknowledgment which *she* had afterwards directed and given to Captain Feversham, and which he had, by a curious coincidence, dropped from his pocket in the cloak-room, where Mr. Vaux had picked it up. The whole story, when made known to Mr. Vaux, impressed him deeply, and his reflections on it during Helen's illness were, as we have before said, painful and improving.

Helen knew nothing of all or anything that had happened. She did not even know that Cecil's visit to the ball had been discovered, or that Jocelyn, the adored brother, had returned. Dr. Hughes pronounced it essential that she should be kept perfectly quiet and free from excitement, so no exciting element entered her calm, peaceful room.

'Cecil!' said her low sweet voice one day from the bed.

Cecil, who had been sitting by the fireside lost in mournful thoughts, flew to her.

'What is it, my darling?'

'Do you ever see Mrs. Wyndham now?'

Cecil felt as if a blow had been struck on her heart by the words.

'No, dear, never,' she said, quite quietly, after a moment's recovering silence.

'Why, Cecil?'

Cecil reflected before she answered. She feared to excite Helen, yet she thought some knowledge of the truth would make her much happier.

'I know now that it was wrong, Helen; you were right, and I was very wrong before.'

'Kiss me, Cecil.'

How tenderly, and with what eagerness the kiss was given!

'Cecil, does papa know?'

'Yes dear, everything, from first to last.'

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'How good God is! Has papa forgiven you, dearest?'

'I almost think he has—for your sake.'

Then Helen said again, 'Kiss me, dear, dear Cecil.'

And after that she lay very still and quiet for a long time.

Four words she had uttered haunted Cecil for long afterwards, 'How good God is!' Was God indeed good, who was going to let her fault cause Helen's death? Never before had the horrible truth declared itself in such plain, undisputed words to Cecil's mind; but even then the new knowledge, the new light came to her, and the lesson she received in remembering that Helen had praised the goodness of God BECAUSE Mr. Vaux was no longer deceived, sank deep into her heart, to bear fruit a hundredfold through her future life.

The next day Helen asked her if Colonel Wyndham was very angry with his wife.

Cecil could only tell her that she did not know, that she had heard nothing since Juliet's visit here. She described to Helen all that Mrs. Wyndham had said then, how she had taken the whole blame on herself, and the impression she had produced on Aunt Flora, and how since then Cecil had heard nothing from or of her.

Helen fixed her eyes rather anxiously on her.

'Does that make you unhappy?' she said.

'No, darling,' replied Cecil; 'nothing can make me happy or unhappy except *you*, just now. I have no room in my heart for anything else.'

Helen smiled lovingly at her.

'I hope her Colonel is not very angry with her, though,' she said.

'I cannot suppose he is, he loves her so; no one can ever be very angry with anyone they love except for a *little* time,' replied Cecil; and she sighed as she thought of her brother, who was angry with her, and did not love her. Of her brother she dared not tell Helen a word. She longed for them to see each other, and she began to wonder whether, without saying that he was here or making any references to the ball, Helen might not be gradually prepared to see him, told at first that he was coming, and after a while that he was come; and then he might be admitted to her room, only Cecil shrank from the knowledge of the idea Helen would form of her happiness, and the belief she would entertain of the love that existed between them. She did not think she could bear Helen's eager intense sympathy with a happiness and a love that did not exist.

Of Jocelyn, in fact, she saw very little. How could she see much of anyone who never entered Helen's room? When they did meet, his manner was extremely grave, and though not actually unkind, there certainly was no evidence of affection for her in it. She did not know where he went or what he did during the hours that he was necessarily left alone; and if she had known that many of them were spent at the Lodge, perhaps another pain would have been added to the many from which Cecil now suffered.

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At the Lodge, Jocelyn Vaux had quickly become a favourite. He was first made welcome there for Frank's sake, but very soon for his own; and many of his leisure hours were spent in the morning-room, where Mrs. Lester and her girls sat reading or working, while he became almost a constant companion in their daily walks. Of course Frank was always of the party, and his visits were originally to him; but Adela became, consciously to himself, the greatest attraction, and if he did not at once let this appear to be the case, it was more from reverence to her extreme youth than for any other reason.

Cecil's fault and Helen's illness, the consequence of that fault, was of course what threw Jocelyn so much on the Lesters. If on his return home he had not been disgusted by Cecil's conduct, he would never have thought about Adela or any other girl in the interest and delight he would have felt in being at last with the sister of whom his heart was so full. In fact, his intentions had been, after remaining a few days under his uncle's roof, to get his permission to take Cecil with him on a tour of a few weeks that he was very desirous of making through the most beautiful parts of Scotland and Ireland, for he was anxious to improve his acquaintance with the old countries, as he knew them but little. Had this plan been carried out we need scarcely say what exquisite happiness would have been Cecil's; and Jocelyn, becoming intimately acquainted with her character, would have appreciated her good and noble qualities, and taken pleasure in leading her aright, and in correcting her faults. Verily poor Cecil's perseverance in ill-doing had wrought its own punishment in every way. There was hardly anything she suffered now that might not be traced back to some original error of her own; but it is not always so—faults may bring their punishment with them in this world, either sooner or later, in one shape or another, but by no means always directly and immediately, as with her. Happy for her that in her case it was so, as it stopped her abruptly in her downward course, prevented further deterioration of character, and turned the wild, disobedient conceited girl, into the tender, devoted nurse, who every day, through the sweet, sad duties that occupied her time, was led nearer and nearer to the truth.

Mrs. Lester thought it best not to avoid the subject of Cecil's misdemeanours altogether, when talking to her brother. Not, as we need hardly say, from any desire to speak of her faults, but from quite a different motive. She and Adela told him how clever and how affectionate she was, and how many good qualities she possessed. Mrs. Lester dwelt much on Mademoiselle's bad example, and on the temptations presented by a friendship with one so winning and charming as Juliet Wyndham. She even touched lightly on the mistakes at home, and the *kind* of management required by a spirit like Cecil's. She said all that could be said to show the excuses and reasons for her faults, without, however, making the slightest attempt to palliate the faults themselves; and Adela dwelt much on her good qualities, and on how fine a character she was sure hers

would become under proper guidance. Jocelyn was grateful for their kindness, and did his best to take their view; but it was exceedingly difficult for him to get over the impressions that Cecil had made on him at the ball, or to forget his sensations of horror when it first dawned upon him that she was his sister.

One day he dropped a word or two in reference to her conversation about Adela, marking what disgust he felt of the jealousy and envy he thought she had shown; but Adela interrupted him with gentle eagerness.

'It was not that—you must not for a moment think it was that; Cecil is quite incapable of that sort of feeling, or of any mean feeling. It was only that she did not like me—and people can't help not liking, and it might be my fault quite as much as hers.'

'Not like you! but that is impossible,' cried Jocelyn incautiously.

Adela shook her head, blushed, and smiled.

'I am your friend's sister,' she said, 'and you *meant* to like us all, so you may not understand it; but it was very natural, and I am sure I vexed her sometimes when I did not know it.'

Then she told him a little—as much as she could without saying anything that might annoy him—of how Cecil had found his photograph in Frank's book, and the terms in which Adela had spoken of him, and of his quarrel with Frank, and how she had read her bits from her brother's letters.

'All this, I am sure,' she said, 'was most offensive to her, and just because she thought of you and cared for you so much—and it was quite natural that she should not like me afterwards. And then mamma thinks that she wished so much to be intimate with Mrs. Wyndham, as anyone who saw her might, and that it irritated her because Mr. Vaux would not let her even know her—for no reason that she could see or understand—and kept ordering her to be intimate with me; it was quite enough to set her against me, it was indeed. I don't see how she could do anything but dislike me.'

'I hear that her nursing her cousin is most devoted and unselfish,' said Mrs. Lester; 'she has certainly a very warm heart.'

'Poor little Helen! they are all of them wrapped up in her,' said Jocelyn; 'it is very sad that she must die.'

'But is it really so?' cried Adela, the tears springing up into her eyes. 'Oh, I hope not; she is the sweetest girl. I wonder whether I might see her if I went there? I should so like to see her, if only to give her a kiss. I have often thought of it, but did not know if I might ask.'

'Of course you might,' he cried with energy. 'Of course it would be a great happiness for her if you are really so kind as to wish it.'

'I hope they are not letting Cecil do too much,' said Mrs. Lester; 'that sort of strain is very bad for so young a girl.'

'I fancy she has no peace except when in poor Helen's room. Aunt Flora does not know what she will do when she is taken. She fears she will sink at once, and be very ill herself. I see her so seldom—when I

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do I try to talk to her; but, after all that has passed, it is but up-hill work, and we neither of us manage it very successfully.'

'You should *really* try,' replied Adela shyly, 'and then if this great sorrow *should* come, you will be able to comfort her. But I wish you would not speak of it as if it *must* be. I have every hope, and we all pray so for her. I cannot bear to believe it, and I think poor Cecil would break her heart.'

'"While there is life there is hope," so I will try and hope too; but I quite believe that Dr. Hughes has given her up. He says there is not strength to rally.'

Among Adela's other attractions in Jocelyn Vaux's eyes, we must not forget to mention one that had shown him that he had not mistaken her real character very early in his acquaintance.

He was the master into whose service Jack Wilson had entered, and through whose means he had been turned from a wild lad into a respectable member of society, when he sent that twenty-pound bank bill home that had been carelessly burned by his sister Nancy. Of course he told the story to his master, and took him to see his aged parents, from whom Jocelyn learned that the young lady who had been so kind to them was no other than Adela herself. When he spoke of this to Lucy, which he happened to do one day when they were alone, she could not resist telling him how much better dressed Adela would have been at her first ball but for that unfortunate bank bill; and Jocelyn could not but feel as he understood the whole proceeding that Adela was really as good as she was attractive, and to wish, as he often did, with a sigh of regret, that Cecil had been like her.

When Helen was told Adela would like to see her, she was pleased, and said she hoped she would come, so the next day she was admitted. She was shocked to see the change in her since they last met; and as she looked into her poor little face, began to give up the hope she had secretly cherished, that in spite of all people might say Helen would not die. She kissed her, and sat down by her bedside, and they talked together a little in low voices. Cecil had left the room when she entered it, shaking hands with her as she passed.

After a little time Helen said softly, 'Adela, do you think I shall die?'

Adela, startled and distressed, knew not what to answer; then she felt as if she was thinking more of herself than of Helen in not replying at once, and that *that* must not be, so she said, 'I hope not, dear,' and kissed her again.

'It seems such a long time ago since that Sunday when I was thinking of death; it seems years ago, and it is only weeks. I read some verses that made me think about dying, and I thought I should not like to be ill and have people coming to see me, because I could not go to see them; but I don't mind it now it has come, it seems quite natural.'

'When the thing comes strength comes with it,' replied Adela, struggling with her tears, and trying to speak cheerfully.

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'I am not much frightened,' said Helen, 'but I don't *wish* to die. You don't mind my talking about it, do you, Adela? You see I don't like to say anything to Cecil, it would make her so unhappy.'

'Say anything you like to me, dear Helen.'

'I don't think *much* about it one way or the other—I mean about whether I wish it or not. I just try to let it be; but I did want to say one thing to you, Adela, very much indeed.'

'Do say it, Helen, whatever it is,' replied Adela. The tears were rolling down her cheeks, but she spoke as calmly and quietly as she could.

'It is to thank you,' was the reply, 'for talking to me as you did. I had begun to think before, but I did not understand. It was since you talked to me that I seemed to go on and on, and peace and light came. I did want to tell you that, Adela.'

The girls kissed each other; but Adela was so moved and touched that she had not a word to say, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she restrained her emotions from the fear of Helen being excited more than was good for her.

As Adela returned home she met Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham walking together. They stopped at once to ask if she had been to Fernley Manor, and if she knew how Helen was. Adela had evidently been crying, and all she could say was that she had seen her, and she was not as well as she had expected. The illness had made a greater difference in her than she was prepared for.

'And Cecil? how is poor Cecil?' asked Mrs. Wyndham. 'I would give worlds to see her.'

'She nurses her cousin with the greatest devotion, and is kept up in that way. Her aunt is quite frightened for her when—if——'

Here Adela's tears began to overflow her eyes again, and she was obliged to stop speaking.

'I hope that brother of hers is kind to her?'

'I am sure he is; but necessarily they do not see much of each other.'

Adela could not herself understand why she blushed so much at Mrs. Wyndham's question, and at being obliged to answer it.

'Well, it is a sad business, and I am dreadfully sorry,' cried Mrs. Wyndham; 'and it is all my fault, and I am never going to do anything foolish again.'

All this time Colonel Wyndham looked extremely grave, and he only lifted his hat and shook hands with Adela, without saying a word when they parted.

The fact was he had been greatly shocked and distressed by the whole business, and more angry with his beautiful young wife than she had been the least aware that he could be. He had told her some truths, and spoken to her with a severity that she believed had nearly broken her heart, and made her the most penitent woman in England. Of course he had forgiven her; but she had an uneasy feeling that she was lowered

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in his good opinion, and that his faith in her was shaken. They had had many conversations on the subject, and he, when he clearly understood all that had happened, and when his first great anger was over, had given her a great deal of excellent advice, which it is to be hoped she may profit by. She was in good hands, and as she loved him devotedly, there was every chance that she would do so—would improve in character, and turn out all he could wish in the end. She had not been well brought up, and she was extremely heedless and daring; but she loved her husband, and he loved her, and through love much may be done. His stronger character would necessarily influence hers, while the power her charming ways had over him, and the fact that he was as much in love with her as when he married her, made it much more likely that he would succeed in reforming her. Let us hope that this may be the case, and wish him good luck on his way. Perhaps when they return from Malta, where he has been appointed at his own request—for he shrank from continuing at Byfield after his wife's name had been mixed up in such a disagreeable business—Juliet and Cecil may meet again, and under happier auspices renew their girlish friendship.

One day Cecil was walking in the garden; Aunt Flora had driven her out to take a little exercise while Helen slept. Helen was visibly weaker that afternoon, and Cecil was even more miserable than usual. As she walked with slow melancholy steps on the terrace, the tears, unconsciously to herself, rolled slowly down her cheeks. She was quite taken by surprise by Jocelyn joining her and walking with her. He spoke to her, she thought, more kindly than usual, and expressed great interest about Helen.

'I wish they would tell her I am here,' he said; 'I should so like to see her.'

'Yes—they are telling her—I mean she believes now that you are expected home,' said Cecil drearily. It was dreadfully painful to her, this preparing Helen for Jocelyn's arrival, because Helen was just as full of sympathy in her supposed happiness as Cecil had known she must be, and the contrast between her ideas and the dark reality was very painful.

'Cecil,' said Jocelyn, suddenly, 'we are brother and sister, and we ought to love each other and be friends. Don't you think so?'

Cecil started, and a little shiver of emotion ran over her. 'Yes,' she said in broken accents; 'but you can't love me.'

'Why not, Cecil?'

'Because I am not—why should we talk about it, Jocelyn? I am not—what you wish.'

'Well—of course I was very much disappointed and shocked at first—but that is over now, Cecil; and I am sure you are very sorry for anything you did that was wrong.'

'Indeed I am,' replied she with a heavy sigh.

'And I am beginning to know you, and to see what you really are, and—and to *love* you, Cecil. Do try to feel some affection for me as

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your brother—though an unknown one. You are so wrapped up in dear Helen, that you have not leisure to give me a thought.'

'O Jocelyn, if you only knew!' cried Cecil, as in half amazement, half joy, she turned her glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes towards him. Jocelyn was quite amazed too when he saw her face, and read more of herself and her real character in it than he had been able to do before through all their acquaintance. He drew her towards him and kissed her affectionately.

'Dear Cecil,' he said.

'O Jocelyn,' cried she, appalled at the momentary joy that flashed through her heart, 'will Helen live?'

The idea of possible happiness had come back to her, and awoke in her the strong longing for happiness, so inevitable in the young, but which had slumbered in her till she believed it was dead.

'We cannot say,' he replied gently; 'it is all in better hands than ours. Perhaps she is to be happy soon, and never to know sorrow or sin. I think God loves her—everybody seems to love her so very much;' and his thoughts flew to Adela, as he spoke—to Adela, from whom those thoughts were seldom distant.

It had never occurred to Cecil that everybody loved Helen, she only knew that to her she was dearer and more precious than all the world, that without her the world would be a desert, and that with her she believed she might be strong enough to bear any sorrow that could come.

Her heart was inexpressibly lightened and relieved by this conversation with Jocelyn; she felt as if they might love each other, and as if it would not be impossible for him to esteem as well as to love her—as if they might be brother and sister; indeed, even as if it was not incredible that she might once more be happy, if only Helen lived—if only Helen lived.

That was the beginning, and the middle, and the end of everything—if only Helen lived.

And meantime Helen's departure seemed drawing very near. With the elastic spirit of youth, Cecil hoped against hope, and this hope grew stronger within her after her conversation with Jocelyn. Very unreasonable, of course, that it should do so, for the only grounds she had for the fact was that her heart felt so much lighter, and that the idea of possible happiness had returned to it. Happiness is the natural element of the young; might we not almost say that it is the natural element of the human soul? Be that as it may, to Cecil it seemed as if she might be happy again, and she clung to the idea with the tenacity of a drowning man. How could she be happy if Helen did not recover? *Therefore*—O most illogical therefore!—surely, surely Helen would, must, will!

Alas, Doctor Hughes did not appear to share her opinion. Every visit that he paid, his kind, fatherly face assumed a graver expression, and he left the house with head depressed and slow steps, while his manner to those within it assumed an unusual gentleness. His wife began to know

when his visit had been to Fernley Manor, which was now the last in his round, so that he bore the impress of it on his return home. One day she could not help saying to him—

'Is she so very much worse then?'

There was no occasion for a name to be mentioned between them. He knew at once whom she meant, and answered—

'She is sinking fast.'

Then the Doctor and his wife looked at each other with sorrowful eyes, and she kissed him.

'Is there no hope?' she cried.

'While there is life, is the proverb,' he replied. 'In her case I would sooner say while there is youth—youth does wonderful things; it is a question of strength, and she has none, to all appearance, but she has youth! For myself I have no hope, but I don't say it is impossible, that is all.'

'Poor Cecil!' said Mrs. Hughes, softly.

'Yes, indeed, poor Cecil! What will she do? I shall have her on my hands next; those two children have taken a great hold on my heart, the patient, sweet little creature that is dying, and her ardent and tender nurse; it is a sad world, Maggie, it is a sad world, and a doctor's is not the most cheerful place in it.'

The next morning Dr. Hughes' anxiety took him early to Fernley Manor, and after he had paid his visit to Helen's room he was graver than the day before. She seldom spoke now, her weakness was so extreme; but she lay calm, patient, looking at those about her with loving eyes that appeared preternaturally large, and she could still smile. Her tender nature would not perhaps lose *that* power till life itself was gone. Those who knew Helen best, felt that she would die with a smile on her lips. Dr. Hughes walked into the adjoining schoolroom, instead of, as usual, going down stairs, and, as a matter of course, the anxious creatures who had been watching his every movement as if their lives depended on it, followed him. He looked grave with a gravity they all felt had a purpose in it.

'Well,' said Mr. Vaux.

'Well,' was the reply, 'she is very, very weak; you must yourselves see that she gets weaker.'

Cecil gave a sort of moan.

'The disease is gone, there is not a trace of it left.'

'O but then,' interrupted Cecil, 'surely, surely——'

She stopped, unable to articulate another word; and indeed the warning gesture of his held-up hand would have stopped her if she had been able to speak.

'But *though* the disease has left her,' he continued, 'the weakness which is its consequence is so extreme that the danger is now imminent; she is sinking fast, and I see no hope of a rally. As long as she can swallow, the brandy and beef-tea must be continued in small quantities at short

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intervals, that is all that can be done. I shall look in again towards evening, not that I can do anything. I cannot be of the slightest use now. Nature is the only doctor; but you will wish it, and I shall wish it myself.'

He shook hands with them, and when he came to Cecil kissed her. She was as white as a sheet, and her face was as cold as a piece of ice when he touched it with his lips, and as she found what he was doing she grasped his hand with unnatural strength.

'She *must* live,' she cried, in a hoarse whisper.

But he only shook his head and said, 'We must try to say, God's will be done, *whatever* that will is.'

Cecil gave a painful smile, and replied—'It is not that—I *do* say it—only—only—she *must* live.'

And she gave a little hysterical scream, and held his hand tighter still.

'My dear,' he said, soothingly, 'if you give way they will not let you be in her room, they will send you to bed, or some dreadful thing of that sort.'

His words restored Cecil's self-control in an instant. She was as calm as possible, only she went rapidly back into Helen's room, and took her place by her side, and gave the nourishment as ordered, and in the intervals prayed intensely. She prayed that whatever was best for Helen might happen, and that whatever was best for her, she (Cecil) might submit to; and then she prayed that it *might* be best for her to recover, and that God's will might be *that*, and only that. Was this a childish prayer of Cecil's? or is it a prayer that many a heart that has buffeted with the world's trials for twice Cecil's lifetime has also offered up in its despairing attempt at submission?

Helen lay quite still for hours, and Cecil sat for hours by her side. Aunt Flora was really ill. Her usually indulgent life fitted her little for all she had recently gone through as nurse, her kind heart had suffered as much as her body; she was very unhappy, which was a sensation to which she was not at all accustomed, and altogether the result was that she was a martyr to headaches. On this particular day she was laid up with a very bad one, and had therefore not been present at the interview with Doctor Hughes. She was lying down in her own room, and the report of the Doctor's visit taken to her was merely that Helen was very weak. Mr. Vaux came in and out as usual, but Jocelyn in the present crisis devoted himself to his uncle, and bore him company down-stairs, persuading him to come out with him a little about the place. Cecil and Tytles never stirred from the bedroom, the former by the bed-side, the latter in the window, knitting. Evening approached, but Doctor Hughes did not come again. The fact is, he could do nothing, as he had said, and being summoned in a critical case some miles off, where he would be obliged to spend the night, he sent to Fernley Manor to say he could not come, adding a few directions of things to be done, more for the comfort of the nurses in feeling they were doing something, than for any benefit

that he believed could be done to the patient; and as he passed the gates of Fernley Manor on his way from Byfield, he sighed with the thought that when he called there on his way home again the next morning he should probably find the window-shutters closed, and all over.

Helen continued to take the nourishment placed in her mouth by Cecil —the tea-spoonful of brandy in beef-tea given at short intervals. Cecil was haunted by the words 'as long as she can swallow,' and every time expected that this power of swallowing would cease, and with it the hope that, in spite of everything, still lay at the bottom of her heart. But Helen always swallowed each dose with as much ease as the one that had gone before it.

It was quite dusk, and no light had been brought into the room, when Cecil, for the first time, found that the lips did not move to receive the spoon that she placed between them, and as she found it her heart stood still as if it had received a sudden violent blow. Then she stooped over her, but she could hardly distinguish her features in the dim twilight. She made out, however, that her eyes were closed, and to ignorant Cecil closed eyes were a sign of death. She listened with her whole being as she bent close over this beloved one, whose soul—the soul that made herself—she believed had that moment been snatched from her. She listened with her whole being, and she heard soft, low, regular breathing. Helen was asleep. Helen slept, and Cecil watched for hours and hours; softly and quietly all movements were made in the room. Mr. Vaux looked in, and warning gestures sent him out again. Tytles, with hushed footsteps, brought Cecil food where she sat, which she mechanically swallowed, and still Helen slept, and still Cecil kept up her untiring watch. She was for ever listening, for ever expecting to hear the breathing stop, and to know that Helen had gone from her in her sleep. This, and the keeping a little beef-tea always hot, ready for the moment of her waking, seemed to Cecil the whole object of her life—the only one thing for which all her faculties and intellect, her body, her heart, and her soul had been given her. This only, nothing else; and so the minutes and the hours wore away, and Helen still slept, and Cecil still watched.

It was long past midnight, it was in fact near the breaking of the winter morning, after an uninterrupted sound slumber of twelve hours, that Helen opened her eyes, looked earnestly at Cecil, and smiled. At that moment Cecil had placed the spoon containing the warm nourishment in her mouth, and watched with breathless eagerness as she swallowed it. Helen continued looking at her and smiling as the spoon was withdrawn.

'More, please,' she said, in a tone of voice that sounded like the old Helen's.

Cecil seemed like one dreaming; she did not know if she felt anything or understood anything, but she went on feeding Helen till the cup full of beef-tea had disappeared, and then Helen, without a word, went off to sleep, again and slept soundly till morning.

When she woke the winter sun was making its way through the closed shutters, and a gleam of it showed her Cecil's white face watching beside her. And at the same moment the teaspoon, filled with strengthening essence, was again between her lips, and again she quite eagerly took all that Cecil had to give her.

'I am so hungry,' she said calmly, and quite as if she had been in the habit of being hungry and talking about it before, 'and I have had such a nice sleep. Cecil, do you suppose I may get up to-day?'

Cecil was saved from the difficulty of replying to this wonderful question by the entrance of her uncle and Doctor Hughes. The Doctor on his return had been surprised to find that the house was not shut up, and still more surprised when he learned from Mr. Vaux that Helen had been sleeping soundly. He entered the bedroom with hope in his heart, to which he did not dare to listen; but when he saw Helen and felt her pulse his kind face broke out all over with smiles, and he looked round at Cecil with an air of triumphant congratulation, which it was impossible for anyone to misunderstand.

'Keep her warm and feed her up, and I will send her a tonic,' he said; 'she's nothing to do now but to get well as fast as possible; she'll be up in a week, and down-stairs in another; she shall have partridge to-day, and chicken to-morrow, and a mutton-chop on Thursday; and when once we talk about mutton-chops and young ladies in the same breath,' cried the good man, with quite a jolly smile, 'trust me, the latter have ceased to be interesting members of society.'

When they left the room Dr. Hughes congratulated them all most warmly on this unexpected and blessed termination of their anxiety and fears. Jocelyn came running up-stairs to hear how the invalid was, and Cecil turned her white happy face to his, her eyes shining through tears like sunlight after rain. 'She will live!' she cried; and there was such joy and thankfulness in the voice that her brother's heart sprang up to meet her, and all barriers between them were broken down in that moment and for ever. Cecil might have her faults, but Jocelyn knew that he had his also, and whatever else might be, from that moment they were true brother and sister, as near to each other in love as in relationship. It might cost Cecil a pang when she found that Adela was to be his wife, a pang heightened by the knowledge that but for her fault this might not have been; but that Jocelyn prized and loved her as a man prizes and loves an only sister was a belief that could never more leave her, and that sank deeply into her heart, to grow with her growth and strengthen with her strength.

To the beneficent power of the enchanter Joy must be attributed the fact that Cecil's health did not materially suffer when the strain was removed and Helen was pronounced safe. Had Helen died perhaps Cecil's own life would have hung only on a thread; but what will not joy, pure unmixed joy, do as a support and strengthener? It is better than all the port wine or tonics in the world. How could Cecil 'have leisure to be

sick' when Helen was recovering, and each day marked the rose stealing back into her cheeks and the light into her eyes? Of course she was very tired, and a little ill; but her whole nature rose triumphantly against fatigue and illness—she would not have either of them, and she did not! At least not either to such an extent as to interfere with her joy.

Mr. Vaux was so happy that he ceased to be tiresome—for a short time. And after saying that we need scarcely waste any more words in describing the change that Helen's happy recovery had brought into the house. The dear child herself, while she had been meekly resigned to the will of God, was so delighted to live, so charmed to feel herself once more safe in Cecil's arms, so bright and so gay in her returning health and strength, and yet so gentle and so loving, that her bedroom seemed a sort of paradise, sheltered by the wings of angels from the outside world—a haven so full of delight that neither sin nor sorrow could enter into it. Jocelyn felt himself a privileged being when Helen could be told of his return, and when he was at last permitted to see this little centre, round which all the hopes and fears of the family had so long revolved.

Helen gazed eagerly into his face, wondering whether she should see there all that could make Cecil happy, and, quite content with the handsome features, manly colouring, and good expression, gave Cecil a glance of very sincere congratulation, which was returned by a shy, yet satisfied smile. Some day Cecil would tell Helen all she had gone through; the history of the ball, and of how she had found her brother, only to lose him again, would some day be narrated to a very sympathizing hearer. But not yet, not yet must the pure, deep joy be interrupted, not yet must memories sad or painful be allowed a place, not yet must a thought be given to anyone but Helen herself.

And so, dear readers, will you join with me in wishing a kind good-bye to DISOBEDIENT CECIL?

(*Concluded.*)

LAST HEARTSEASE LEAVES.*

MAY we be allowed a glimpse of Martindale House in the present spring?

The drawing-room is no stiff or stately apartment, but a pleasant room, full of comfort and prettiness. It is late in the evening, and the seats are vacant that stand so cosily round the central table, covered with tokens of occupation—work-box, basket, books, pencil, and paper adorned with schoolboy drawings. A low chair and small rosewood table have a candle-lamp to themselves, and by the fire is a large arm-chair, where a little dog lies *perdu*, sunk among the cushions like a presuming pet.

Two figures are lingering over their good-nights before the fire. That

* The Editor apologises for the appearance of what has been printed before; but so many asked for it, that it was thought best to satisfy them.

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slight youth, fair-haired and dark-eyed, of delicate complexion and features of feminine purity and regularity, is John, third Baron Martindale. Gentle as is his manner, and fragile as is his appearance, he has no lack of moral strength, and his handsome, high-spirited brothers and sisters look up to him as to a father. He has gained high honours at school and college; but there is one who thinks most of his having passed through those trials without injury to the innocence and sweetness of his disposition. It is she who stands beside him in her black dress; her tall and graceful figure so youthful, her cheek and brow so exquisitely smooth and fair, and her dark brown eyes so clear and soft, that she would hardly be supposed to be the mother of a grown-up son. He thinks her unrivalled in loveliness, and indeed the trust and affection between those two is as intense as it can be without idolatry.

'Johnnie' (for she has not learnt to call him Martindale: his grandmother says they ought, and his sisters try, but Johnnie is always the readiest name), 'Johnnie, you took no part in discussing the festivities. You must not be shy at these years, my dear!"

'I do not think it is shyness, mamma. I will try to do what is expected of me; but I want to know what you think. It seems to me that I cannot ask people to rejoice at my coming of age, when it only reminds them of those who would have been in my place.'

'I know that feeling, dear Johnnie, but I think we must conquer it. Your grandmamma would be vexed, as at an impropriety, if we had no rejoicings.'

'And if she wishes it no one could object. But I did not expect her to like it, and I know you do not, mamma.'

'Yes, I shall, for'—with a sweet smile—'I shall think of your dear father's and uncle's pleasure in their boy. And although it may be punishment to his lordship himself, how the rest will enjoy it, and what a family gathering it will be! I am glad of anything to bring us the Fotheringhams.'

'One thing is certain, I will go to Wrangerton and fetch the grandmamma that is there. She *shall* not be afraid of railways with me to take care of her!"

'Oh, Johnnie, if you can but bring her! I really think she would consent. She will never refuse you, and once here, how happy she will be! That is an excellent thought.' She kissed him, and he, thinking it the good-night, continued—

'Can you stay a little longer? There is something I have been wishing to say to you.'

'Well?'

'That property of Mrs. Nesbit's,' he said, casting down his eyes.

'Yes,' and she sighed.

'My uncle, not long before his death, talked over family matters, and told me the history of its being settled on me.'

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'I am glad you know it—it was on my mind to tell you.'

'What a frightful injustice it was! I have been considering a good deal lately, and this seems to be the right way. I find it is not much less than 150,000*l*. Now I suppose if the poor old lady had acted as most people would, it would have been divided between the three, and my Aunt Theodora has a clear right to her third part. Could you persuade Uncle Percy to see it is only fair they should have it?'

'I hope he will,' said Mrs. Martindale. 'No one can doubt that it is just, and they will be particularly glad to be able to live in England now that their children are old enough to want education, and with that little Marcia Gardner on their hands too—adopting her as they have done with no dependence for the future.'

'What is her connexion with them, mamma? I am sure the name of Mr. Gardner is one that I used to hear in old times.' He suddenly paused, as there was a look of pain on his mother's face; but she calmly answered,

'He has been dead a long time, poor man. He married a sister of Lady Fotheringham's, a great friend of your Aunt Theodora, spent all her property, used her very ill, and at last deserted her and this little girl at Dresden, where your Uncle Percy found them in great poverty and distress. Mrs. Gardner had been maintaining herself by teaching English——'

'But surely Lady Fotheringham must have helped her?'

'Lady Fotheringham was never a very warm-hearted person. I believe she thought the Gardners were—were undeserving, and she makes her son her one object. Poor Mrs. Gardner said she had wearied out her sister's kindness, and now her health was failing, and she only begged that Mr. Fotheringham would, after her death, see the child safely sent to Worthbourne, as her sister could not refuse the care of the poor little thing.'

'Did she not die in their house?'

'Yes, your aunt took her home, and nursed her till her death. They had been great friends, and there was much that made it a satisfaction to Theodora.'

'And did not the Worthbourne people accept the little girl? With no daughter of their own, I should have thought they would have been glad.'

'No; Lady Fotheringham meant to send her to some institution. She thought it undesirable that she should be brought up with her son, lest any expectations should be excited. Thereupon Uncle Percy answered, that all expectations were equal in their family, and that his little girls could not part with their playfellow.'

'Was anything ever heard of the father?'

'Yes, Percy traced him out, and found that he had died in a hospital in Paris. So the poor little thing is, to all intents and purposes, like their own.'

'There is nothing I look forward to so much as knowing Uncle Percy! I wonder if I really remember him. I am so glad this is their due. You will break it to him, will you not, mamma?'

'Will I not, my dear!'

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'I will ask Uncle Christopher to have the papers ready to be signed. Well then, my father's share would have gone to my brothers and sisters, and so it shall, and then their fortunes will be a little more respectable. And now, taking myself to stand in my Uncle Martindale's place, there is 50,000*l.* left. Don't you think it might go towards Church matters in the West Indies?'

'Have you thought of it well, my dear?'

'I have been considering it continually these six months,' said Lord Martindale. 'Will that do? Ah, I see you are not going to tell me it is my duty to keep it.'

'No, indeed, I should never dare to say so.'

'That is very kind of you, mamma. I was afraid it might not seem to older folks as it does to me, and I cannot bear to keep that money.'

'I can hardly judge,' she said, laying her hand fondly on his arm. 'There was so much pain connected with that property that I never believed it could give me half the pleasure it does now.'

It is the interval between the villagers' dinner and the arrival of the county neighbours. The glorious sunshine of early spring is on the avenue where the school children are at play, and the party staying in the house are watching them, and regaling themselves with tea and cake.

'Now, mamma, do go in and rest like a wise person.' Thus speaks the young lord, who, with a small, frail, worn, but very sweet-looking old lady in deep mourning leaning on his arm, has just found his mother busied in hospitable cares. 'Think of all you have to do by and by, and pray go and rest. Grandmamma is going to look at the old women at tea in the lodge, and then she will come to you. Won't you conduct her in, Uncle Percy, and not let her fly off to anything else?'

'What is everyone to do? I can rest to-morrow. I cannot leave everyone to their own devices.'

'Oh! grandmamma is with the grandees in the drawing-room,' declares a tall bright girl. 'Helen and I will see to the rest. Do go in, mamma. Johnnie and I will take care this grandmamma comes to no harm.'

'They are a great deal too kind to me,' says Mrs. Moss, as Anna drew her other arm into hers; 'only pray rest, my dear Violet.'

Mr. Fotheringham, who looks somewhat gray, but hearty and merry as ever, holds out his arm as if it was her fate, and they turn towards the house. She turns round and says, 'I suppose I need not talk of Theodora's resting. Where is she?'

'Don't you see her? There, on the slopes,—she is teaching little Antony to climb the old scraggy thorn where her governess once captured her. Now have I not brought her home as buxom, blithe, and debonair a dame as you would wish to see?'

'I have been wondering at her. She is so much fatter and handsomer than ever before, and her spirits so high! Why, she used to be the gravest person!'

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'There is a great deal in having found one's vocation, and running after wild boys is hers. I leave them to her, and take the female department. Ha! Marcia!' catching hold of the joyous child who races after him, calling, 'Papa! papa! come, that lady is showing us an English game we want you to play!'

'Learn it well. Perhaps I shall come by and by, and see if you are perfect. Only don't overwhelm Miss Brandon.'

'Oh no, papa, she has kept hold of my hand all day. She wants me to come and see her at her house, but I said I could not go without Dolly.'

'Now run back to her then! If you compliment my wife, Violet, I am quite as much amazed at your friend Emma Brandon. I never thought to see her look so blooming, or of so much consequence. I am glad good old Lady Elizabeth has lived to see this happy development.'

'Yes, Emma thrives on being active in all that is good. We tell her she is a person of weight in the county, and really her example has worked wonders in the tone of the neighbourhood.'

'Not hers alone, perhaps! This house, such as it has been of late years, must have a very different influence from the pinnacle of state it used to be.'

'Did you see Emma's orphans—the nicest looking children here?'

'What I did see was the instinct that pounced on Marcia from among the whole contemporary bunch of Violets, and indeed the child is very like her father.'

'I suspect if you want to keep Marcia to yourself you will have a battle to fight.'

'Hem! No, no, we could not spare her—the prettiest thing in the family,—Dolly would break her heart, and mamma, too! No, no, not just as we have something for the creatures to live on.'

'I am very glad to hear you say that. I trusted you were not going to mortify Johnnie.'

'Theodora thought with me that it was best to look on it as an act of restitution; and as to any previous feelings on the matter, I believe the hands it comes through are enough to sweeten it.'

'Johnnie came into my room early this morning to tell me he thought you would be kind.'

'It is not a difficult kindness. Antony's schooling is becoming imminent, and family men can't be proud. I do not deny that I am very much obliged to him.'

'And you will live at the cottage?'

'And be only too glad to make Englishwomen of the girls.'

'You will help Johnnie and me. We shall want your advice very often, for it is a great responsibility for so young a head of the family. The dear boys are as good and affectionate as possible, and we have never had the least difficulty, but Johnnie is very little older to be in authority.'

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'I don't think you and he likely to break down. I was impressed the

other day, when Arthur was talking nonsense, with the quiet effective way in which Johnnie set him down—a great big fellow taller than himself. I thought it indicated a most wholesome state of affairs.'

'Yes, Arthur looks up to Johnnie with all his heart. Is he not a fine fellow, so exactly like his father.'

'He puts me in mind of him continually.'

'The same sort of sweet, rough manner! *He* used always to say these two would be the same John and Arthur over again, without the disadvantages.'

The saddened voice was checked by the appearance of a brilliant-looking young lady, very tall, beautifully formed, with jet black hair, splendid dark eyes, and a glowing complexion. 'Mamma! I had lost you. I went to see if you were housed, and only found grandmamma anxious you should rest; so Lord St. Erme went one way, and I the other, to look for you.'

'Thank you, dear Helen, I am on my road. Take care of every one. Lady Lucy is your charge, you know.'

'Oh, mamma!' stopping her, 'was not dear Johnnie's speech beautiful!' Then coming near enough to whisper, 'Lord St. Erme was so struck with it!' And, with a happy pressure of the hand, she hastens off, and they saw her soon joined by another figure.

'Your prediction verified!' observes Violet, smiling.

'Tell me the whole story. I long to hear how it came about.'

'It is a short story—it was curious. That coal-pit adventure took a strong hold of Helen's mind as a little child, and it always was the event of her life that she had seen the hero. When she was about seven years old she met with his poems on her grandmamma's shelves; the melody of them caught her imagination, and she used to sit poring over them till she could say whole pages by heart. I remember her ecstasy at discovering that her dear ballad of the Troubadour had an author, and he the colliery hero. You always said I had a feudal feeling for him, and she got it, I don't know how. Her papa used to laugh to see her light up if any one said Lord St. Erme had been speaking in the House; and when she was quite a little thing, she really stole away and read his pamphlet on emigration, blushing so desperately when I found her with it that I would not take any notice. This enthusiasm was only because he was a live model of poetry and benevolence. She had never seen him since she was five years old, and did not remember him in the least.'

'When did they meet?'

'Three years ago, when dear grandpapa and grandmamma set their hearts on her having a season in London, and seemed to think it quite wrong she should not be presented. I did not like it: hers had been a character so difficult to manage, and I feared the effect of admiration.'

'You thought of her aunt?'

'I did. But all was safe; this enthusiasm was to be her protection. She had no idea of flirtation, and it never seemed to enter her mind to be

excited by the admiration she met with. It only teazed her to be interrupted, in her greatest delight, sitting by me or her grandmamma and hearing Lord St. Erme talk to us; and by and by she used to put in some observation, and she is so much the cleverest and best read of us, that it always was to the purpose. Dear child! she had no notion—she was so perfectly simple and open about her enthusiasm. Annie and Violet used to come and ask her if she had seen Lord St. Erme and the Duke, regarding both as the same sort of spectacle. Indeed, there was a standing dispute among the sisters, when Helen would call her Earl the greatest man of the age.'

'And pray when did the Earl begin to be smitten?'

'Much sooner than I imagined. He was always talking to me, and I, thinking it the old malady, used to pity him, while he, it seems, thought himself old, and beneath the notice of such a creature as Helen, since he could not succeed with her aunt in his best days. So it went on, and I don't know when we should have come to an understanding if——. At last, you know, he carried the bill he had been working at for years.'

'The colliery children?'

'Yes, it was the triumph of his life. We had been thinking a great deal of it. Helen and I were going to a breakfast, and while she was dressing she was only wild to read the debate. Little Theodore was set to watch for the *Times*, and bring it to her the moment grandpapa had done with it. I can see Helen glowing over it, and her sisters wondering if she would meet him. 'Oh no,' she said, sighing, 'he will be at no such foolish affair. If I could but stay at home for the chance of his coming to talk it over with grandpapa!'

'Of course you did meet him?'

'Yes; there was a fine young guardsman, a son of Mrs. Bryanstone's, talking to us, and Helen looking grave and wearied, when we saw Lord St. Erme coming, and—it was too transparent! Helen's black eyes were dancing and sparkling, and her cheeks in a glow. I know she felt as if she was meeting a conqueror after a victory, as if the honour was in his notice. Their eyes met as she held out her hand, and then the change was in an instant; the colour spread and deepened, her eyes were cast down, and for him, he blushed as he used to do in Theodora's time. Poor Mr. Bryanstone! I pitied him, and tried to talk to him.'

'When did he speak?'

'He came to me the next morning and told me how he had thought it impossible he should ever form another attachment, but now Helen had gone beyond all his visions. I cannot tell you what he said. I could only remember your declaring he had a gift of perpetual youth. Not that it was foolish, but so ardent, and so well understanding dear Helen, except that he fancied himself too old for her, and that his position was against him.'

'Did you say—Try?'

'I thought it best to speak to Helen myself. Poor dear! she fairly

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burst into tears, because she said it was too much, and he did not know what a wilful, headstrong temper she had; but it was great joy all the time.'

'And this was three years ago? I had no idea of it.'

'As she was so very young, we thought it best to be in no haste to make it known, lest it should only be her bright fancy. Johnnie and I were sure it was a real deep attachment, but it seemed safer to wait, and besides, I could not wish anyone to be married as young as I was. Lord St. Erme was very good and patient, and I think he has been rewarded. Grandpapa was very much pleased; it seemed to relieve his mind as to us. And you cannot think how rejoiced I have been, that a girl like Helen, whose elder brother is so little older, should have some one to look up to so entirely, far better than if he had been nearer her own age.'

'Three years! a trial! Has she never faltered? I suppose she had her coquetry out at five years old, when she was an arrant little piece of vanity?'

'It was so evident as to be well pulled up. All self-complaisances were absorbed in the sense of inferiority to him, and her faults the more resolutely conquered in the desire to be worthy of him. Oh! there has not been a moment's doubt! If the romance is less, there has been a deeper, quieter affection and confidence.'

'I am proud of my prediction.'

'I like to remember her papa's answer. It is like his consent. How he liked to stroke Helen's head, and call her Theodora's deputy!'

A silence, broken by Mr. Fotheringham—'How do you think Lady Martindale? She looks very well.'

'Yes, she lives in her grandchildren. Yours, as being younger than mine, will be a renewal of delight.'

'I wonder whether I shall ever see the warmth you all ascribe to her; she seems to me to be as grand and impassive as ever.'

'That is an outward habitual manner, but if you had seen her in grief, or had it to share with you—Oh! grandmamma and I could never get on without each other; we have come quite to lean on each other now, and there are such bonds between us,—the buried links are the firmest, as you once wrote.'

'I think they are. I dare say you still wear my sister's cross.'

'That I do;' her hand on the chain; 'it has had a double value since it used to lie on dear John's little table. One of the last things he said was to thank me for lending it; but that he had learnt not to look on it only as the memorial of frail earthly love, but as the token of the endless love that gives hope and joy.'

'He was very happy, you said. How I longed to be with him!'

'Quite happy; it put me in mind of what he said of your sister's peaceful sinking. Once he told me it was the way he had always wished it to end. And I was so thankful he was spared to form and guide Johnnie.'

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'I should not have spoken of these things on a day like this.'

'Do not say so. To have you and Theodora with whom to talk over dear Arthur and John, is a new pleasure to me, and to-day this talk has been especially comfortable.'

'Is it a trying day?'

'No, it is very gratifying, and this talk with you has been one of its pleasantest parts.' And understanding a kind look of solicitude, 'Yes, I am very happy. If life is a long hot summer's day, the sunshine is very cheerful, and there are pleasant way-side shades, as well as, above all, the one shadow of the "Great Rock in a weary land."'

'Weary?'

'Now and then, but there is plenty of heartsease to be found in it.'

WOMANKIND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNDERDOING AND OVERDOING.

YOUNG people are supposed to improve themselves, but it seems to be the general opinion that marriage, or the ceasing to be young, is a dispensation from what girls call 'anything sensible.' 'There are other things to be done.' So there are, but housekeeping takes only a very short time in the morning, except on a few great occasions, or in periodical audits of accounts, &c. Even where small means cause the lady of the house to undertake some part of the work of the house, and all the needlework, she will, at all events in the earlier years of her married life, have a good many silent hours, if her husband be a professional man. And most women, whether married or single, have time to dispose of, which may either be frittered away in busy idleness or turned to valuable account. The great hindrances are want of method, unpunctuality, dawdling and talk. To take them in their order. Method is almost constitutional. Some people are never happy without a framework for their day and week; others feel intolerably fretted by any rule, and are wearied by the tedious vista of the same thing to be done at the same time at regular intervals, instead of when the humour for it comes.

To them, of course, the danger is that the humour for doing the more unpleasant parts of their duty never does come, and that much that is really important is apt to be forgotten and put aside, kindnesses neglected, and promises broken, and 'the eyes of the needy' left to 'wait long;' while the danger to the methodical is that they are so much jarred by any disarrangement of their routine that temper frequently fails, and bewilderment makes them lose head and presence of mind.

But method is on the safe side, and is above all desirable in those who are in authority. A housekeeper, a schoolmistress or governess, would be

totally inefficient without method, and surely the mistress of a house must need it even more.

It is a discipline too which all who deal with matters of conscience strongly recommend, and therefore should be made a principle, when no greater call breaks it up. A girl, who ever since she left the schoolroom has been at everyone's beck and call all day long, and then has had all her habits deranged by her halcyon days of courtship, and afterwards by bridal travels and visits, may often feel it difficult to settle into regularity when in her own house. But then is her time. Most likely, though her avocations are more needful, the arrangement of them is more in her own hands than when she was only one member of a household. If her husband be a busy man, he is probably bound to certain hours, and she knows exactly what time he will have to bestow on her. If he has a good deal of time on his hands, and is apt to want her at all hours, though all plans must be postponed to his pleasure, still it is well to have certain fixed landmarks in the day, to which to persuade him to conform, or that strange wild thing will grow up, a ramshackle household, in which no one knows when anything is to be done, nor where anyone is to be found, and there is continual fret and worry to all who do not chance to be born with a reckless easy-going temper.

Let not the young wife be led away by the foolish saying that only tiresome people do things at regular times. Probably she has a good many hours of the day before her while her husband is engaged, and she will do much more wisely if she resolves against being desultory. If she picks up her work or her book, or tries the last bit of music, just when the humour takes her; rushes out to garden or to shop the moment an idea or a want strikes her, encourages gaddings at all hours with the friend next door, and writes her letters either on the spur of the incoming post or in a frenzy of haste at its departure, she will ere long be weary, find nothing done, and have begun on a course that will not be easy to break.

She will be much wiser, and much less likely to spend a wearisome life of muddle, and of running after omissions, if she fixes with herself certain tasks at certain hours, and on regular days—putting foremost those that she is most disposed to shirk. Domestic affairs naturally are periodical, and good servants are only to be made, or kept, by regularity in all that concerns them. So charitable works (except on emergencies) are better followed out at regular times. Poor people do not like to be visited till they are cleaned up for the day. Even the bed-ridden are disturbed by inroads before they have been put into trim, and no great good is to be done in schools without conformity to their clock-work regulations. And as to keeping up knowledge or accomplishments, these are the first things to sink in the turbid eddy of hurry, while sometimes things undone have to come in to disturb the husband's leisure hours when his wife ought to be free for him.

What is the use of keeping up studies or arts after marriage? some ask. To be an intelligent agreeable companion to the husband, or even

if he be not inclined to care for that, to be fit to bring up children, and to have some real and rational opinion, without adding to the already overtoppling mass of froth of female silliness.

Rational opinions cannot be formed, nor reasonable advice given, by mere intuition, or without more knowledge than is brought from the schoolroom. Indeed, the same facts acquire a different colouring to a matured mind, to say nothing of the progress which is every year made in discovery and research. To appoint a set time every day for some useful reading would generally be a great assistance in balancing and steadying the tone of mind.

All must be done subject to interruptions, which to some are welcome, to others a trial; but perseverance in some system—not wilfully neglected—will generally be found to give a backbone to the whole body of employment.

Babies, when they come, are creatures of routine. They have the animal instinct of expecting the same events at the same hours; good nurses promote the regularity, and the hours of attendance on them sometimes are the beginning of regularity in a mother who has hitherto been desultory. It will be much better for her and for them as they grow older, if she have still persevered in some self-cultivation, and not allowed herself to get into a whirl of hurry. Society, charitable business, and domestic cares, sometimes make the lady of the house so busy and careworn that she has no time to know her own children as they ought to be known. And yet, it is really as a matter of fact the idlest people who have the least time, the busiest who have the most—generally because these latter have methods, and really *do* instead of dawdling.

As the girls grow old enough, it is a very good plan for the mother to undertake to hear their English reading. It gives her a fixed time of quiet every day; she can do some of the needlework that is nearly sure to be required while listening, and she can make them read to her books that would hardly be used in the schoolroom, and which do not dwarf the mind as a series of books written *down* are apt to do. Above all she will keep on a level with her children's minds, and not lose her grasp over them. I remember a mother who said of an only daughter, that up to her fourteenth or fifteenth year, she could trace whence every thought or idea the girl uttered came from; and though afterwards there might be the natural shooting beyond of the young branch, the perfect harmony and accordance were never lost between the two minds.

And this could never have been without the link of regular systematic occupation shared together.

Punctuality is, of course, a great element in method. The worst of it is that essentially punctual and unpunctual people are coupled together, to the terrible fret of the former, while the latter are quite callous to the inconvenience they occasion. Each sex thinks the other incorrigible, while probably they are on a par. Men are bound to absolute punctuality by most professions, but they think they may make up for it at home,

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and are both more sheerly lazy than women, and more apt to be really delayed by unforeseen business, or by those inconvenient people who 'come to speak' just at breakfast or dinner-time.

Women are in general anxious to be punctual, and worn and wearied by waiting after they are ready, with all their nerves on the stretch. But domestic matters do interfere with their perfect punctuality, and so does dress. George Herbert might say 'Stay not for the other pin,' but would he have liked to see his wife make her appearance in church without the other pin, put in not for finery's, but for neatness' and propriety's sake? It is quite true that she might have gone to get ready in good time to stick in all her pins, but a fractious child or a blundering servant might detain her, till the only applicable maxim would be 'Better late than never.' It seems to me that the office of the lady of the house is to have her machinery—as far as depends on her—perfectly punctual, not putting her guests to the extreme discomfort of hurrying down at the appointed hour for breakfast to find a forlorn dining-room and wait, staring at the family portraits or reading the advertisements in last week's county paper for half-an-hour before any one appears. Presuming the next morning, the unhappy guest at the same hour finds prayers long over, the whole family sitting over half-finished eggs, and the tea and kidneys both cold!

Even if the head of the family be incorrigibly unpunctual, it is still the duty of the lady not to let herself be demoralised, nor to let her children stray off to use the waiting time on their own concerns, or endless time is wasted by the whole community rushing the one after the other as soon as the signal is given. The best means of avoiding fret of temper for herself and for them when kept waiting, is to keep some specially charming diversion or employment *exclusively* for waiting times, some game, ludicrous verses, or exciting story, such as may brighten the faces, instead of letting them contract with fidget, or lengthen with temper. A piece of knitting, or some kind of work one may wish to finish is a good panacea for the weariness of waiting in the punctual member of an unpunctual family.

Nobody but the elders ought ever to be waited for. Boys and girls should suffer the inconveniences of tardiness, and, if necessary, be punished for it, since it is a serious evil, as everyone owns when suffering from it on the part of another, reckless as we are when our own amusement or laziness is the cause of delay.

To be absolutely and constantly punctual is scarcely possible considering the accidents of time and place, but to be regularly and steadily punctual is in our power and ought to be made a duty, both as self-discipline and as doing as we would be done by, yes, and as avoiding many faults.

For hurry is an ungentle state, and leads to hasty words and actions that would never have stained a calmer moment; and how many negligences have not also been committed in the flurry which prevents all recollectedness?

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The only wise way is to begin preparations well before the fixed time,

and keep the repose or the pleasure for the interval after, entirely distrusting the perilous last minute. On the other hand, we must beware of a nervous fidget which is always too early with everything, and torments other people long before the time with hints that they will be too late. It is generally the safest way to take care to be in time ourselves, but to guard against fussing other people, and indeed to keep our minds as calm as possible and not trouble ourselves about the arrangements of those not under our control. We cannot always judge of their speed in getting ready, nor of the importance of their occupations, and if they are of the 'unready' disposition, worrying is very likely to make them worse out of sheer contradiction and contempt of what seems to them intolerable solicitude.

And even if our pleasure be perilled by their tardiness, we may pacify ourselves by the hope that after all this will be one of their hairbreadth escapes of being too late. Or there is the better consolation of knowing that to be patient and repress all tokens of fretfulness will really be a little victory, a little training in bearing a tiny Cross. It is so, most truly, but in most cases after the first repressive thought of this kind, the wisest way of enduring is to cheat the present vexation and anxiety by some amusement or occupation. To learn to wait is quite as needful as to learn to be in time. For these little waitings are playing at the great lessons of 'abiding patiently' and 'tarrying the Lord's leisure,' of which life is made up. '*L'immobilité est le premier mouvement du soldat*,' and to force ourselves to sit absolutely still and quite calm may sometimes be a valuable preparation for times when 'in quietness and confidence shall be our strength,' and lives may depend on calmness and stillness. These two are the parents of meditation, so great a help in the Christian character.

Such stillness is essentially removed from dawdling, one of the banes of life. It is not possible for all persons to be equally rapid. The pace which seems tardy to one can only be kept by another at breathless haste. Even among cultivated people, one person's eye will gather up the import of a page in a book at a glance, while another requires to read every word. Thought and dexterity vary in quickness in everyone, nay, even at different times in the same individual; but the rule of doing all things with all our might decides the point that whatever we undertake should be carried through at the rate at which we can give our best care and attention, 'redeeming the time,' and not suffering ourselves either to slur or loiter over our task, however trifling in itself.

Talk is one of the great enemies of living a wise and useful life. It is even more a snare to the grown-up woman than to the child. Nobody hushes her, nobody suggests being seen and not heard, her tasks are all self-imposed, and there is nothing to hinder her tongue from running on from morning to night, to the overthrow of any real employment in herself or anyone she may happen to be with.

To many women, especially those who have belonged to large families one continual stream of purring chatter seems a necessary of life. They

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are unhappy when alone, and cannot sit at home for want of some one to speak to. And there are others, busy and useful women too, who have no notion of time when they are talking, but who pour forth such a torrent when once they begin that they are the dread of everyone. The clergyman, their favourite victim, drops out of sight if he sees them in the distance, well knowing that if he once falls in with them, he will be kept half an hour and be behind-hand with all he has to do.

Everybody agrees as to the evils of over-talkativeness, and unfortunately it is the greatest talkers who are most sensible of it, because they suffer most when another of their own kind monopolises the conversation. The lady who said '*Moi, je ne parle jamais de moi*' was a perfect sample of the unconsciousness of loquacity.

And a good deal more is to be said for talk than is generally allowed. Most of the good advice about it seems to think that it is possible to abstain from conversation, or at any rate from everything that is not improving, and rules are laid down that might be followed in a convent, but certainly not in a family or in society. An unreasonably silent person who will not entertain nor seem to be entertained is a burthen and distress, though the error is a less harmful one than the more common failing. Perhaps it is only those who had rather hold their tongues who are safe from over-talk.

The difficulty is for the grown-up person to know when it becomes excessive in herself after the age when no one dares to call her to her face a chatterbox. Some years back a reporter, whose proximity to a party of ladies prevented him from catching the speech he had come to hear, took an excellent revenge by writing down the scraps he caught interspersed with the chatter behind him. It was a good lesson on talk at unfitting seasons. Indeed one would hardly believe how impossible silence is to people who ought, from age and position, to know better; if one did not see and *hear* them whispering at concerts, public meetings, and alas, even at church. To be absolutely silent at such times is always courteous, and sometimes reverent. Sometimes, when people of a higher class patronise entertainments to which they think themselves superior, they either assert themselves, or try to find diversion by whispered wit and criticisms, interspersed with half-disguised laughter. How ill-mannered this is need hardly be said, and yet how many young—yes, and older people too—will fall into it!

And the tongue that is not controlled really loses the power of stillness. Therefore, it is much better never to let slip the schoolroom training in silence over occupation that needs attention, or that will be unreasonably prolonged by chatter, such as letter-writing or serious reading. I believe it would be much better for grown-up girls and their mother to sit together silently and steadily employed in the morning, than for those to whom silence is necessary to have to seclude themselves in their own rooms with their business. It should of course not be grim compulsory silence, but a tacit mutual agreement not to disturb one another, a

sociable silence, so to say, which is a much greater token of intimacy than talk. A few other times it would be well to mark with absolute silence, such as the walk to church before an early Celebration, the decoration of churches when in church, and when girls occupy the same room, the time after their private prayers at night.

The time while going to bed is sometimes the only opportunity of confidences, and every woman knows how sweet those dressing-gown conversations are, so, within rational limits as to lateness, they become a 'time to speak'—but after the prayer has closed the day, there should be no more chatter in or out of bed.

> 'We to Thee ourselves resign ;
> May our latest thoughts be Thine,'

is not compatible with a renewal of the interests lately discussed.

Spaces of silence only add zest to the conversation. Meal times, and all the leisure hours that belong to recreation or to the amusing of others, will be all the better and brighter for the tongue's having had some stillness, the ideas some recruiting.

Conversation is emphatically an art to be studied for home consumption. '*Tenir un salon*' is the highest accomplishment of a French lady. To keep her own drawing-room in this sense should be the aim of the mother of a family, above all for her own circle. To teach her boys and girls to take their proper places in brightening up the home and contributing to its pleasantness, to keep down jarring elements, to turn off gossip, check ill-natured stories, confute exaggeration, and all good-humouredly and without apparent interference, is one of the most unassuming and yet the most valuable of motherly arts.

Talkee-talkee seems to some to be the whole of female life, and it is certain that conversation is one of the greatest enjoyments of life, from the refined and lively intercourse of the choicest society down to the old village dames wagging their chins over their saucers of tea.

Moreover, almost all the good we can do is by our words, not, of course, half so much by direct admonition as by the tone and manner in which we handle every subject, those utterances that are really a part of ourselves. Therefore it is a duty, besides doing as we would be done by, to share in conversation, and talk with full spirit and interest. But to avoid over-doing in quantity, it needs to be very observant of others. Are we talking them down? Do they seem bored? Are there indications of a wish to escape? Are we occupying them when they must wish to attend to something else? If we do not look out for tokens like these we may be making ourselves very troublesome nuisances.

Over-doing is the great habit of our day. We cannot have a fashion but it is exaggerated to caricature pitch; we cannot have a new game but it is trumpeted forth and overworked till everyone is sick of it. If we give a party, it is crowded; and whatever we take up is so immediately

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assisted by all sorts of facilities and inventions that we are fairly carried off our feet and driven on beyond our intentions.

To be thoroughly occupied and employed is almost necessary to the happiness of an energetic nature, but it is hardly possible but that casual and extraneous work will not pour in, which goes beyond the limits of the convenient and possible, and ends by making time all one drive and race. If this happen only at intervals, and on extraordinary occasions, well and good; but if it is the normal habit, it is wiser to drop or delegate some of the works, if possible, rather than continue at the rushing speed, which must break down, and destroy all calm and 'recollectedness.' That love of doing everything ourselves and thinking no one else can do it is a great snare to those who have 'faculty.' Perhaps the *inner* side of it (if we may call it so) is best shown in 'Joyce' in F. M. P.'s *One Year*. If unchecked, that spirit runs on into the masterful woman—a very obnoxious personage—who directs everybody, from the clergyman to the shoeblack; and with the utmost simplicity describes the superhuman exertions she has made to come to your assistance when you are only wishing she had stayed away.

We are all of us ready to say we could not grow into so dreadful a person, and yet it is quite possible to anyone who has an energetic, active nature, and a dash of self-importance and self-confidence. As soon as the temper of patronising and directing develops itself, in young or old —in the daughter of the parsonage, the lady of the manor, or the benevolent old maid—there is nothing for it but 'a grain of humbleness,' to consider, as St. Paul bids us, others as better than ourselves, and then to 'order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters.'

If our advice or aid be needed, lowly and reverently let it be given, and let the dread of domineering be before our eyes, so soon as age or station puts the temptation in our way. It is not simply because it makes us absurd and disagreeable, but because it is absolutely wrong to thrust ourselves into matters that concern others, and to attempt to be one of 'many masters.' Suggestions are all very well, but vehement enforcing of them, or manifestations of displeasure when they are not adopted, or the conviction that our way is the only right one, are no part of lowliness. This busybody spirit is one of the reproaches of good women, and a sore trial to the clergy in contact with them. Let those whose conscience smites them with some overbearing moment pray for the 'ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.'

Yes, life consists in first being stirred to do, and then learning how to do. We sometimes seem to rush out of leaving undone what ought to be done, only to do a great many things that ought not to be done. To timid and indolent natures it seems the safest way to do nothing. For it is easier to avoid all exertion on behalf of our neighbours than to begin only to find that we have encouraged an impostor, easier to delegate authority than to have a battle with an ill-tempered child, or to dive into a fathomless well of half-truths making one great falsehood, *much* easier

to stay at home in our drawing-room than to consult with ladies' committees, be doubtful whether we have acted right, and perhaps have all our pains sneered at, and decried by our family as fancies and hobbies. While, if activity be a pleasure to us, there is the continual need of holding it in check, avoiding whirl, or if whirl comes to us, trying to keep calmness and judgment in the midst, and letting others have their due turn and weight in management. It is a perplexing world that we live in, and all that is plain to us is that the sitting still doing no good work is no more safe than the laying up the talent in the napkin was, and that we must be content to struggle on with our work, blundering and floundering on, as it were, even at the best, foiled in our schemes, or finding out their ill success; submitting to repression we think ill-judged, or else finding we have ridden rough-shod over the humble counsel that we wish we had followed, learning by sad and bitter personal experience that we are indeed unprofitable servants, yet

'Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer yes.'

PAPERS ON SISTERHOODS.

XXII.—VOWS IN GENERAL.

The essential difference between the Religious life and secular life, however methodized and devout, has been held from the first origin of Christian asceticism to lie in the Three Vows, as they are usually styled, of Chastity, Poverty, and Obedience; which were further supplemented at a much later period by a fourth, that of Stability, to wit, a pledge not to quit the particular society in which the three other vows were taken.

These vows may be regarded from two distinct points of view, either theologically, as evangelical counsels of perfection; or practically, as essential to the good order and government of religious communities. As the latter of these two aspects is comparatively neglected in most of the books intended for the use of Sisters, it is expedient to dwell on it in these papers rather than on the other, and doubtless higher, mode of treating the subject.

But before doing even this much, it is necessary to clear away certain rooted misconceptions which cluster around the word Vow. For some unexplained reason, this term arouses a degree of suspicion and resistance in no respect justified by its meaning, which is simply that of a voluntary and solemn promise to do something which cannot be exacted as a duty in the absence of such a promise. In this wise, we may say with sufficient correctness for purposes of illustration, that the marriage covenant is a vow; the undertaking entered into by clergymen when receiving Holy Orders is a vow; the oath of office administered to an

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official on accepting a public trust of any kind, is a vow. And it is obvious from the examples given that a vow may be for life, as in the case of matrimony or Ordination; or for a fixed term, as in that of holding office of any kind for a limited period. So too, in the Religious life, there may be vows implying entire and life-long dedication, or there may be vows for much briefer periods, yearly, for example, which is the longest duration permitted by the French Code to citizens of France. But vows of some kind and continuance there must be, if a society of persons living in community is to be carried on at all. There must be the vow of chastity, involving that of celibacy, for at least so long as the person designs to continue in the Society, plainly because the obligations of marriage are quite incompatible with the mode of life pursued in such a household: there must be the vow of poverty, at least so far as simplicity and similarity of lodging, food, and clothes, and joint usufruct of property go, to economize resources and to avoid jealousies (for even in a secular family it is found to be hurtful that one sister should from any cause have much more money at her personal disposal than the others); and the vow of obedience must be enforced if rules are to be carried out at all. The *word* Vow may in cases of invincible prejudice be cast aside, but the *thing* is indispensable, whether it be called promise, pledge, covenant, undertaking, or what not.

A brief discussion of the nature of Vows in general, and the broad maxims which govern them, may therefore be well prefixed to more particular consideration of the special compacts of the Religious life.

1. Vows are spontaneous and solemn promises made to God to do some good thing which He does not exact as matter of duty from all persons. They are free-will offerings, as distinguished from obligations.

2. Vows differ from promises or resolutions in their deliberateness, their freedom, in their choice of a higher good as against a lower good, in the dignity of Him to Whom alone they can properly be made, and consequently in the gravity of non-fulfilment.

3. Vows may be perpetual or limited; absolute or conditional; personal, real, or mixed. A *personal* vow is a solemn promise to do or refrain from doing something which affects one's self, and one's own actions only. Teetotalism is a familiar example of this kind of vow. A *real* vow is one which affects things external to one's self, and notably all temporal goods. A promise to devote a certain sum to pious or charitable uses is a *real* vow. A *mixed* vow unites these two qualities, and may be illustrated by a promise to enter a Religious house and endow it with property.

4. Vows must be concerning acts which it is possible to carry out wholly or in part. Impossible acts cannot be the subject-matter of a vow. Acts which prove to be partly impracticable, yet have been made the subject of a vow, must be carried out so far as they are within the power of the person who has vowed. The vow is not annulled by the impossibility of entire fulfilment, but the guilt of failure is done away

by the discharge of the vow up to the limit of power. Thus, if a rich man vow an offering of a thousand pounds, and lose his property before the time of fulfilment comes, he may nevertheless keep the spirit of his pledge by giving even ten pounds, if it represent the same fraction of his total means as a thousand pounds did formerly. But he is not entitled to regard the vow itself as voided by the change of circumstances.

5. Vows may not fitly be made concerning doing or abstaining from things which are indifferent, and to which no quality of good or evil can be properly attributed, but must refer either to the doing some good thing, or to abstaining from some thing innocent in certain uses, but liable to be abused. There can be no proper vow to abstain from anything inherently wrong, because such abstinence is matter of moral duty, wherein no choice is open, and consequently no free-will offering can be made.

6. All persons having the full exercise of their reason, and being under no constraint affecting their liberty or their will, are competent to bind themselves by vows. Young children, and persons labouring under temporary or permanent deprivation of reason, already bound by incompatible obligations, placed under stress of any sort, or refused liberty of action by any who have a just right of control over them, cannot take a vow, and any which they may profess to take is null and void from the beginning; as the condition of spontaneity is absent in all these cases.

7. It follows necessarily that not only should no compulsion be ever used to extort a vow of any kind, but that even all solicitation and moral pressure in order to persuade anyone to make it are inadmissible. The advantages of the vow, and the disadvantages of the refusal to make it, may indeed be set forward in general terms; but any precise and personal application to an individual, such as may temporarily overpower the judgment or dominate the will, is indefensible, because it interferes with either deliberation or freedom, and perhaps with both; whereas these two qualities are essential to a true and acceptable vow.

8. Vows regarding whose matter or manner there is a doubt should be accomplished in the fuller and more certain way.

9. Conditional vows bind so soon as the condition has been fulfilled, and so has come into existence; as, for instance, if a person undertake to make a thanksgiving on recovery from sickness, or on the escape of a friend from some peril.

10. Personal vows cannot be fulfilled by any substitution, either of another person or of another thing. Real vows may so be fulfilled. Thus, a vow to enter a community is not discharged by removing the difficulties which prevent another and perhaps far more suitable candidate from doing so; but a vow to build a church in a particular place may be fulfilled as truly by labouring to collect the necessary funds from various quarters, as by bestowing the whole amount from one's own resources.

11. The Scriptural recognition of the principle of vows is ample and precise. There are, amongst others, the examples of the vow of Jacob to

make a thank-offering of tithe, Gen. xxviii. 32, xxxi. 13; that of Hannah to dedicate Samuel, 1 Sam. i. 11, 22, 28; that of David to build the Temple, 2 Sam. vii. 13, accepted in the person of his son; and that of the princes of Israel to assist in the cost of its erection, 1 Chron. xxix. 9. Besides these isolated and exceptional instances, the general principle is recognised in Leviticus xxvii.; Numbers vi., xxx.; and Deuteronomy xxiii. 21; and rules are laid down for the fulfilment, the redemption, or the annulling of pledges of the kind. There is no repeal, express or implied, of these general principles in the New Testament, and the only passage which seems to bear directly on the subject, 1 Tim. v. 11, is most probably and reasonably interpreted of the duty incumbent on Church Widows, the forerunners of the Religious of a later day, to observe strictly the promise of celibacy which they had taken. Vows, as more ancient than the Law of Moses, cannot be affected in principle by any repeal of that law which does not expressly name them amongst the things abolished, unless it can be shown that they conflict in any way with the Gospel.

12. The objections most usually brought against vows of religion are that they are a direct infringement of the natural law of liberty; that it is rash to form indissoluble obligations which may be subsequently repented; and that they are snares, by suggesting desire of the very things which they forbid. As regards the first of these pleas, it covers far too much ground, for it strikes at the root of all laws, divine or human, which do more than prohibit positive evil, since every such law is an encroachment upon personal liberty, and proceeds on the postulate that unrestrained freedom of action is hurtful alike to the individual and to society. All law and government of whatever kind that we have experience of on earth is a consequence of sin, because if no man ever desired to do anything evil in itself or hurtful to his neighbour, there would be no need of any kind of coercion to check such acts; while acts of a contrary sort would be done spontaneously, without any recommendation or enforcement from authority. Nevertheless, the necessity of laws which do in fact seriously restrain personal freedom is generally admitted, and it is often made an argument in favour of Christianity that it predisposes its adherents to exhibit cheerful compliance even with all human laws which are not in contradiction to the Gospel. There can, therefore, be no antecedent unfitness in accepting obligations which bind to no more than a close following of the Lord Jesus Christ in the three particulars which most definitely marked His earthly life. On the contrary, those opponents who take up the ground stated above have the burden of showing how their prohibition of such pledges is compatible with their professed regard for liberty of choice, seeing that compulsion to lead a secular life is quite as much at variance with perfect freedom of action as compulsion to take the conventual vows.

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The second objection applies quite as forcibly to marriage or to Holy Orders, both of them often entered on too lightly, and afterwards bitterly

regretted. Yet no Christian who has looked into the matter, even as a question of civil policy, can feel any sympathy with the means which the State in various countries has provided for cutting either knot when it becomes distasteful. The stability of marriage and the great difficulty, if not absolute impossibility, of divorce, are of the first importance for the maintenance of the Family, the true unit and key-stone of Society; and any argument, to be valid against the *principle* of life-vows in religion, must be equally valid against the permanence of marriage as opposed to caprice. With respect to the *practice*, it is the easiest thing possible to establish adequate precautions against abuse. On the one hand, it may be made the rule to admit vows for only a brief period, not renewable till the expiry of that period, and then for no longer time than at first. This is the practice of more than one famous Society, as for example, the Béguines and the Sisters of Charity. On the other hand, even where lifelong dedication is part of the institution, it can be made the goal of a long and difficult probation, during which ample time for consideration will be allowed, return to secular friends and surroundings for sufficient intervals to break the chain of mere habit and to test perseverence will be enjoined; and, above all, no inducement shall be held out to proceed, least of all, by implying directly or indirectly that any moral blame attaches to withdrawal at any date before the final step has been taken. No such impediments as these are put in the way of one marriage in a hundred, but all, and more than all, of them should be interposed to the life-vows in a Community. But when once a probation of this character has been undergone and surmounted, there seems no adequate reason for refusing the candidate permission to consecrate the whole remainder of life to Religion. Only, whichever of these two methods be adopted, it should be done clearly and genuinely. There ought to be no admixture of the two systems, no overt understanding that renewal is a mere outward form, whereas the pledge has really been taken for life; and no treating the life-vow, where it is recognised, as a terminable obligation from which it is morally permissible to recede. As to the objection that the mere existence of a command or obligation provokes revolt, and thus acts as a snare, the answer is twofold. Where the fact is so, it is always in the case of a positive enactment, that is, one which is or seems purely arbitrary, and whose moral purpose cannot be discerned. And even then it begets resistance only in ill-regulated and undisciplined minds, which chafe at all kinds of restraint. But in the case of Vows of Religion and of the persons who take them, the circumstances are entirely different. The promises are voluntary, not enforced; they belong to the moral, not the positive sphere, and the class of persons which desires to make them is either disciplined already, or willing to enter upon a course of discipline in any spirit but that of predetermined nonconformity and resistance. In truth, so far as the particular exercises of free-will are concerned, which are renounced by the Three Vows, lead to evil or abuse, the vows are a safeguard of a very effectual kind, since they make it a duty not merely

to refrain from overt acts in violation of them, but from all thoughts and wishes that even indirectly contravene them. And as they thus put a check on the very beginnings of wrong, they cannot be charged with being snares, any more than the marriage covenant can be charged with relaxing the moral tone of those who make it, as compared with ordinary unwedded folk.

13. There is a further safeguard against rash and hasty vows in the last resort, which is, that they may be annulled as void from the first; may be commuted or redeemed on the same principle as that known to the Mosaic Law; or may be dispensed by an authority equal to or greater than that which received them. Under the first head, according to the clear teaching of Holy Scripture, come all such vows as are made by persons under just and lawful control without the knowledge or assent of those to whom they are subject, whether husband, parents, or those who stand by kindred or appointment in the stead of parents. Therefore children under age cannot bind themselves without such consent formally given, and even when they are of full age a doubt arises as to their entire competence. It is certain that a mere legal guardian, even if a near relation, has no right to exercise control in that case, but the matter is not so clear when the opposition comes from a father or mother. Generally speaking, where the right of control has been abandoned in other respects, and the parent does not exercise a veto in questions of domicile, marriage, and so forth, it may reasonably be held that an attempt to use it in this one manner cannot be justly made; unless, indeed, the liberty accorded in other respects be not the result of voluntary cession, but wrested by self-will from reluctant hands. In such a case, no argument can be drawn from the seeming liberty of choice, for the parents' moral rights remain unimpaired, albeit checked in their exercise. But where the right of control after arrival at full age has continued to be acknowledged and acted on, the mere legal competence of the children to act for themselves does not seem adequate as a ground for making and fulfilling a vow which is distasteful to parents, and which, according to the definition already given of a vow, is not a commanded duty. In such cases, the higher way is to exercise patience, and to act in the belief that if the desire to make this particular vow be indeed inspired by God, and be a calling from Him, He will, in His own time, remove obstacles caused by ties which are of His making. In the case of married persons, the covenant into which they have already entered voids all subsequent vows which are in any way incompatible with its fulfilment; and in the case of wives, the rule laid down in Numbers xxx. 6—8, plainly teaches that they are not competent to bind themselves by any vow without the consent of their husbands.

14. Vows may, in certain cases, be commuted or redeemed by the substitution of something else in their stead. Obviously, a vow of a lower kind may be changed for a higher, as for instance when an Associate of any Religious House desires to change that status for full membership, involving stricter obligations. But a vow may also be commuted for one

of equal or less stringency for adequate reasons, after due consultation with a qualified adviser, and by assent of a competent authority. Such adequate reasons are, (*a*) the impossiblity or very grave difficulty of accomplishing the original vow; (*b*) a clear sense of spiritual loss or injury from the attempt to keep the vow; (*c*) a very high degree of probability, from the character or circumstances of the person, that the vow will not be duly observed. In all these cases, however, there should be no action on one's sole responsibility, and no refusal of any reasonable price of commutation or redemption. Finally, vows may be entirely dispensed by competent authority, if there be sufficient reason for considering their maintenance inexpedient. A Community can obviously release any of its members from obligations contracted towards itself, that is to say, from the vows of Obedience and Stability, and from the necessity of observing the Rule. But something more is needed for the vows of Chastity and Poverty, which may be taken apart from the common life, and are made more directly to God. There may very conceivably arise cases which would make their continual enforcement undesirable. Thus as regards the vow of poverty, a member of a poor Society, perfectly well able to earn a sufficient income in secular life, but having no disposable property, might suddenly become chargeable with the support of necessitous kindred, and need release from the pledge in order to be able to fulfil this prior duty. And as regards the vow of Celibacy, there is a leading case in Spanish history, when a monk, Don Ramiro II., became heir to the crown of Aragon, and was obliged to marry for dynastic reasons, to avert the peril of civil war. There may very well be family or personal reasons less grave than these, but still sufficient to justify release without any stigma of blame, and it is only necessary that such release should not be a mere act of private caprice, but be formally granted by competent ecclesiastical authority after due consideration of the reasons alleged. With this ultimate resource available, the danger of indiscreet vows is minimized, if not done away.

14. Mention has been already made of vows which are doubtful in matter or manner, and this section may be fitly closed with a few brief rules for their interpretation.

a. As a vow is a voluntary and free-will offering, it must be interpreted by the actual intentions of the vower in making it, or, in the absence of evidence on this head, by the intention which he ought to have had with regard to the nature of the promise. Consequently, if such a vow be framed in such a precise manner that it denotes fulfilment in only one way, and that way be impracticable, the vow is annulled. But if it be framed in general terms, so that more than one way of fulfilment is open, then it binds, and may be carried out in any one of the feasible modes.

b. The plain, received, and grammatical meaning of the words of a vow, is, in the absence of other evidence, to be accepted as its true interpretation.

c. The interpretation should always be strict, and not lax. If strictness of execution be impossible, then relaxation should be sought by process of dispensation, but the vow itself should not be minimized nor explained away.

d. Vows, being voluntary laws imposed by persons on themselves, should be obeyed and carried out with the same compliance as all other laws by which those persons are bound.

e. Before making any vow whatever, and before beginning to carry out one which has been made, the counsel and guidance of a wise, devout, practical, and cultured person should be sought and followed.

R. F. L.

THE CHARLEMAGNE ROMANCES.

ARIOSTO.

It is now necessary to return to the disconsolate Bradamante. She had received that precious letter entrusted by Ruggiero to Ippalca; but, alas, the twenty days, after which he had pledged himself to seek her at Montalban, had long expired, and no tidings had reached her of her lover. Her kinsmen, indeed, were loud in praise of the gallant stranger whose prowess had wrought so well in their behalf; but no word from Ruggiero himself consoled her. When her brother Rinaldo came to enlist the services of his clan to attempt the relief of Charlemagne, Bradamante had pleaded ill health, so unwilling was she to give up the last hope of the appearance of the truant. Day by day she paced the battlements, straining her eyes for that little cloud of dust which should herald the appearance of a gallant horseman pricking over the plain. Night by night she wept in the privacy of her chamber that no such horseman had arrived; or rising, she longed for the day that she might ride forth to meet the coming one—yes, surely to meet him at last! But he never came, and she got no news till one day she met a knight who gave her tidings which well-nigh drove her to despair—Ruggiero was lying, desperately wounded, in the Moorish camp. And as if that blow were not heavy enough, came the additional news, that he was tended by the Amazon Queen, Marfisa; and that there could be but one end to their constant companionship and friendship—that of marriage.

Overwhelmed by this cruel intelligence, Bradamante forgot the warrior and—wholly woman—sought her chamber, where, flinging herself (armed as she was!) upon her bed, she gave way to all the weakness of her sex. Pity for her false lover's sufferings alternated with her sense of wrong; but the latter prevailed, and ere long the mood of the martial maiden changed from softness to a blaze of anger and jealousy. Thoughts of action and revenge stopped the tears at their source. She resolved to go

forth and defy the traitor to single combat, in order that she might at least have the satisfaction of dying by the hand she loved so well.

She armed, therefore, but left her own insignia at home, and took for her device a felled cypress to express her grief. Mounting Rabican, and taking the golden lance,—though she, like Astolfo, was ignorant of its virtues, and never found them out—she set forth secretly towards Paris. She had many adventures on her way, but none which much influence the action of the poem, until she met with Fiordiligi, who, taking her for a knight, implored her aid for 'the most faithful of lovers,' her husband Brandimarte. Bradamante was willing enough to undertake the cause of so rare a phenomenon as a 'faithful lover' seemed to her bitter mood; she therefore gladly accompanied Fiordiligi, who gave her by the way much important information as to the flight of the Saracen army, its present locality, and Ruggiero's presence in its camp.

Arrived at the perilous bridge, Bradamante defied Rodomonte to battle, telling him that she, a woman, like Isabella, had come to avenge her death upon him, and also to free the prisoners he so unjustly detained. Rodomonte, angered at the presumption of this rash specimen of the sex he detested, hurried down to punish her audacity with death. But Rabican, born of wind and flame, trod lightly and securely upon the narrow causeway; and, to his intense astonishment, at the thrust of the golden lance, for the first time in his experience, Rodomonte's giant-bulk made hard acquaintance with his mother earth! To have received such a humiliation, and that at the hands of a woman, was more than the proud pagan could bear! He spoke never a word, save to commission a squire to go to Africa to order the liberation of his prisoners, but stripping off his armour, and leaving it and Frontino in the hands of his conqueror, he went away on foot. He makes but one more appearance, at the end of the poem.

The two ladies continued their journey in company, Fiordiligi on her road to find Brandimarte in Africa, Bradamante to the Moorish camp that she might send her mortal defiance to her treacherous lover. Arrived at the outskirts of the town of Arles, she gave Frontino's rein into the hand of Fiordiligi, and bade her deliver the horse together with a challenge from 'one he had deeply wronged' to Ruggiero. This Fiordiligi did in passing, without waiting to be questioned, so that the young knight, who was now sufficiently recovered to bear arms, was exceedingly perplexed as to who the challenger could be; but, from the co-arrival of Frontino, he supposed it must be Rodomonte. The other knights who heard the message begged leave of Agramant to go out first to joust with the stranger. Serpentino, Grandonio, and Ferrau all went out by turns, and all by turns were unhorsed, for Bradamante wielded the golden lance. For each of the defeated knights the victor caught, and courteously returned to him his steed, sending by each more and yet more urgent defiances to Ruggiero. Ferrau, in speaking with whom she had lifted her visor, was struck by her likeness to Ricciardetto, whom he had seen. But he

had found her arm far more powerful than that of her twin-brother; and, on being asked whether he knew the knight, he replied that, as it could not be Ricciardetto, he thought it must be his twin-sister, who was known to resemble him strongly, and who was said to be of equal strength in arms with her brother Rinaldo. Ruggiero, who had now received permission to go out to meet the stranger-knight, and was joyfully arming for the combat, hearing this, became so confused at the thought that his beloved Bradamante should challenge him to mortal combat, that he could not resolve how to act.

In the meantime, Marfisa, who had entered the presence-chamber, and heard everyone speaking of the wonderful prowess of the stranger, hastily armed, and without asking leave at all, rode forth to try her fortune.

Bradamante immediately knew, by the far-famed phœnix crest, that this must be Marfisa; and, on beholding her, whom she believed to be the cause of all her sorrow, her rage knew no bounds. Throwing aside all thoughts of mere jousting, she ran at her with all her force, and Marfisa, in a twinkling, 'went to see whether the ground were hard or soft!'

All unused to such humiliation, she sprang upon her feet, and rushed upon her adversary with her drawn sword, heedless whether her blows fell on horse or rider. 'What are you doing?' cried Bradamante, fiercely; 'you are my prisoner! Though I have used courtesy to the others, I will use none to you, Marfisa! I hate you, as one who is altogether made up of villainy and arrogance!'

Marfisa at this 'raged like a sea-wind in a hollow rock,' and could not speak articulately for ire. Again and again the golden lance overthrew the fury, and again and again she rose, and rushed madly at her contemptuous foe.

Whilst this strange encounter was going on, some of the French knights, attracted by the sounds, appeared: the pagans came down to encounter them: Ruggiero himself rode into the lists, and a general skirmish ensued. Bradamante, furious at seeing Marfisa separated from her by the rush of battle, and mad with jealousy, rushed with couched lance at Ruggiero. He stiffened himself in the saddle to receive the shock of her onset: however, when it came to the test, she could not bear to strike him, but swerved aside, and plunged into the *mêlée*, where she overthrew 'more than three hundred' with her single lance!

Ruggiero, following her in her wild career, at last succeeded in making her understand that he wished for a parley; and she, apparently somewhat cooled down by the late exercise of her arm, retired to a copse at some distance, whither he followed her. But, as ill-luck would have it, Marfisa spied this manœuvre, and wild at the thought that Ruggiero went in order to fight with the stranger-knight, and thus to deprive her of her revenge, she galloped after them. Bradamante's fierce jealousy flamed up afresh at the sight of her fancied rival, whom she, on her part, imagined to have followed Ruggiero for lover's reasons. 'More angry

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than a serpent' she attacked Marfisa, and the lance-thrust hurled her from the saddle with such force that her helmet was half-buried in the sand! Then Bradamante flung aside the lance, and sprang down to despatch her rival with the sword; but Marfisa regained her feet, and they closed together at too close quarters for swords. Ruggiero in vain strove to separate the combatants, for when he wrested their daggers away they fought with fists and feet!

Again Ruggiero interposed, and this time with sufficient effect to draw Marfisa's fury down upon his own head: snatching her sword, she dealt him such a blow on his hastily-interposed shield as perfectly paralysed his arm, and angered him out of all patience, so that he drew his sword upon her. This sight was the most soothing application possible to Bradamante's jealous anger, and she drew on one side with great complacency to witness it! But as Ruggiero, exasperated, aimed a blow at Marfisa, an earthquake shook the ground on which they trod, and a hollow voice issued from the marble sepulchre which marked the spot.

'Hold your hands! Let there be no strife between brother and sister!' cried the terrible voice. Awe-struck, all listened to the preternatural accents, which informed them that Marfisa and Ruggiero were born at one birth, the children of the unfortunate Galicella,* and that the spirit of the broken-hearted Atlante had lingered in this fated spot, resisting the summons of the monarch of the under-world, until he should have fulfilled the last duty to his charge by checking this unnatural strife. This is the last appearance of Atlante upon the pages of the poet.

Marfisa and her brother now embraced with mutual affection, and Bradamante, relieved of her jealous torments, hailed Marfisa with delight as a sister.

Moreover, on learning her Christian lineage, Marfisa declared, in her usual trenchant style, that Ruggiero ought to be ashamed of himself for fighting on the side of Agramant (since he already knew his origin), instead of avenging the murder of his father; and that she herself would instantly become a Christian, and espouse the cause of Charlemagne!

Ruggiero, however, was not convinced. It still appeared to him that it would be the act of a coward to leave the service of Agramant whilst his cause seemed to be a falling one. But let the Moorish king either once succeed in his enterprise, or give Ruggiero just cause to quit his standard, and he would immediately be baptized, and enter the service of Charlemagne. Marfisa would not listen to such arguments; but Bradamante

* Galicella, daughter of Agolante, was a female warrior, who came over to Europe with her brothers, Almonte and Troian. She had fought with Ruggiero of Risa, but the adversaries had mutually fallen in love instead of killing each other! When Ruggiero was betrayed to Almonte by his treacherous half-brother, Beltramo, Galicella was exposed in a boat which drove ashore on the coast of Africa, where her children were born. Atlante took charge of them when he found them with their dead mother, and caused a tame lioness to nourish them; but Marfisa was stolen by a band of Arabs.

acknowledged the force of that plea of knightly faith, 'I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honour more.'

The three remained together until they had punished a certain felon knight who had an enmity against the whole female sex; and then Ruggiero went to rejoin his commander at Arles, whilst Bradamante and Marfisa betook themselves to the camp of Charlemagne, which he had pitched at no great distance.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW USE OF THE 'SOUTHERN CROSS.'

KOHIMARAMA, *Jan.* 1876.

General Remarks.—This school was opened by the New Zealand Government in the beginning of December 1874, the Melanesian Mission buildings, about five acres of land (surrounding), and the old *Southern Cross*, having been leased for seven years, with option of renewal, at a rental of 100*l.* a year, for the purpose. The main object of the school is to provide for neglected and destitute children, and the children of those who may be unable to control or to educate them, but can afford to pay a moderate weekly sum. As the name indicates, training for the sea is the chief object; but as no boy can be sent to sea against his will, provision is made for teaching other trades—tailoring, gardening, shoemaking, and carpentering. The two former have been taught all along by Mrs. and Mr. Speight; the latter, now that the school may be considered as established, are to follow.

The school was fitted to hold sixty boys to begin with, and is now full. Steps have been taken to put up twelve more bed places, when the dormitory will be quite full. The lavatory, &c., is also to be enlarged. Meanwhile, as boys can always be sent to sleep on board the training vessel when necessary, it does not stop the sending in of more boys. The arrangement has been as follows:—The stone building, containing kitchen, &c., is used precisely as formerly. The large building on east side of quadrangle for schoolroom, in that part formerly used as chapel (and here Divine Service is also now held), and dormitory in the other half, where the printing-press formerly stood; the schoolmaster's room in the transept facing the door. The lavatory, &c., are built against the stone wall in rear of dormitory.

The manager's quarters in the part of old quadrangle formerly used by Messrs. Pritt and Palmer; the hospital in the late Bishop Patteson's quarters; the school-gaol in part of old quadrangle, and the remainder of it as workshop for trades, tools, &c.

The staff at present consists of manager, Captain G. R. Breton; schoolmaster, Mr. Speight; cook, and two seamen instructors for ship and boat work. A medical officer, Dr. Goldsbro, is to examine children previous to their being sent to the school, and visit them as required. The manager is provided with a well-filled medicine-chest.

The Government have lately leased the remaining part of the Mission property adjoining the school, fronting the beach. Some twenty-two acres, with the buildings thereon, of which the one formerly known as Mr. Dudley's, will now be the manager's quarters.

This will enable to teach out-door industrial work—farming on a small scale; and to produce enough food to supply probably some of the other schools of a similar name that the Government propose to start in southern provinces—(in the kitchen-garden adjoining the school, they now, at the end of the first year, have more vegetables than can well be eaten)—thereby considerably reducing expenses.

The training vessel (old *Southern Cross*), as soon as there were enough boys in the school, got underweigh, and sailed regularly about the harbour, teaching the boys the practical part of seamanship. She is still under her old rig, which the Government intend altering to the more suitable one of a brig, when she will, in the proper seasons, visit the schools to be established in, say Wellington and Dunedin, somewhat in this way: Starting from Auckland with a number of boys chosen by manager, she will give them real sea practice between this and Wellington. On arrival there, discharge these boys into the Wellington ship, take on board a number from there, and drill them between Wellington and Dunedin; change again there, and back to Auckland, or as may be, thus keeping up continual sea practice in summer months, and changing the boys from place to place; also, as mentioned above, she can carry provisions, &c., from school to school. It will be seen that this is a very efficient programme, and thoroughly does away with the difficulty of large stationary ships—they not being able to give *sea* practice; it also breaks the monotony of school life, and should be a means of rendering it very attractive to the boys. While, on the other hand, the admirable situation of Kohimarama, and the easily-worked land, enables the Government to have farming (and other trades) taught to such as do not choose a sea life; swimming and boating are also carried on there with great advantage; and the boys have first-rate playgrounds for games; altogether combining such advantages as can perhaps be nowhere else found in any similar existing institution, and which should go far to make the place popular, and do away with the monotony of confinement in the large stationary ship. The disadvantage lies in the facility which it affords to those who wish to abscond; for among a number of boys whose early life has been such in most cases as theirs, the roving spirit and impatience of any restraint will always break out among a few. Some months back considerable difficulty was experienced about this, but it seems now to have died out—at least for the present. The boys are strictly but kindly treated, well clothed and fed (there is no allowance or scale, and the abundance of vegetables which they have already grown gives them an excellent diet), and to the most casual observer give evidence of health and spirits; indeed, several visitors have remarked on the healthy and happy appearance of the boys, and their civil, straightforward manner.

This past year has been an unusually sickly one in Auckland, and very fatal among children, it is therefore a matter for thankfulness that the health of the boys at Kohimarama is so good. Great care is taken to ensure a thorough system of cleanliness throughout the establishment. Owing to the liberality of those friends in England who are interested in Kohimarama, the school already possesses a good library. Over 60*l.*, collected by Miss Yonge, has been thus appropriated—one half in New Zealand in a good harmonium and books; the other in England by Lady Martin in books, and fittings for chapel. These have just been received; as also another box of books from the Secretary of S.P.C.K., who, in response to applications from Bishop Cowie and Lady Martin, generously gave a grant of 10*l.* worth of books. The library now numbers 157 books, exclusive of box sent by Lady Martin not yet unpacked; and in addition to this there are a number of prints to illustrate the teaching at the Sunday-schools. The Rules, which are briefly stated below, will show that Divine Service and Sunday schooling, by clergy and teachers, are allowed, and have been to some extent provided for. Short morning and evening daily prayers by manager, at which every one attends. Divine Service on Sunday morning, by manager or Protestant clergyman, to which all boys of Protestant denomination attend (Rev. G. Maunsell, while in Auckland, was frequent in visits), and similarly for Roman Catholics, &c. The manager and Mr. Johnson have Sunday schooling for Protestants, and (with the approval of the Very Rev. Father Fynes, who has several times visited the school), Mr. Cutts kindly comes from the adjoining Bay to teach the Roman Catholic boys. Dr. Kinder visits the school once a week to give an hour's instruction in the Bible to those who are to be brought up in the Protestant faith. It will thus be seen, that though the school is some way from town, religious instruction, as allowed by the Rules, is not neglected, and that the few who live in the neighbourhood have kindly given their aid. A baptism for Church of England boys was held by Bishop Cowie a short time back. The behaviour of the boys is stated by the manager to have been in general very good; there have been of course frequent cases of misconduct, but hardly to the extent that might naturally have been looked for under the circumstances, and a large majority give signs of turning out well, and will (*D.V.*) be a credit to their school and to their country, and be trained to lead useful and honourable lives. One boy has already been sent to the pilot-vessel, in charge of the chief harbour-master, Captain Burgess, who reports favourably of him. Other inquiries have been made, so that it is to be hoped the boys will easily be provided for on leaving the school.

Rules for sending boys to the school are very similar to those in use in England (clauses 14, 15, 16, Industrial School Act), and apply to three classes.

1. Those *found* wandering, destitute, begging, frequenting bad company. Any person may bring the foregoing before a magistrate or two justices of the peace, who may order the child to be sent to the school.

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2. Those children who may be *charged* with a punishable offence, but who have *not* been *convicted*, nor have been in prison, may be sent to the school. (The Government are very particular about this; the place not being a gaol but a school, the criminal element is not admitted.)

3. Where parents and guardians show to a magistrate that they are unable to control, and are desirous that their children may be sent to this school, the magistrate may give the order. Also, Section 11 provides that the minister (Commissioner of Customs), may allow children of parents who are unable to maintain or to educate them to be sent. Sections 41 and 42 provide for the amount to be contributed by parents or guardians, according to their circumstances, not exceeding 10*s.* a week. All boys are to be brought up in the faith represented to magistrate as being that of their parents. The age of admission is from ten to fourteen, and no boy to be detained after fifteen without his consent. Section 21 provides for boys being allowed to lodge at dwelling of parents, or any respectable person, at discretion of manager, but to have all meals, and to be at all other times in the school, treated and trained like the rest. Section 22, That boys approved by manager, after not less than eighteen months in school, may be licensed to live with any trustworthy and respectable person willing to take charge of them. Sections 23, &c., provide that the manager may, with the consent of minister, apprentice boys of at least twelve years of age, who may be desirous and thought capable, to the sea service; such apprenticeship not to extend over eighteen years of age. The manager, for purposes of indentures, &c., to have the powers of guardians, or the parent in lieu of manager if he desire it. Boys not fit for, or not desirous of going to sea, may in like manner be apprenticed to some suitable calling. There are also Sections providing for good faith and behaviour of master and apprentice, &c. The Act is particular in defining modes of punishment for offences. Places for school-gaols are to be set apart within the schools, in which boys by order of magistrate (before whom they must be taken) may be confined for wilful neglect or refusing to obey rules—for a term of not less than seven days, nor exceeding one month a whipping may be added to or substituted for the above, if over twelve years of age. Manager may confine for less period. Desertion from school is dealt with in same manner, and gross or continued misconduct may be followed by expulsion. Section 40 provides for penalties on persons for assisting to abscond or for harbouring deserters. This Act has been very carefully drawn up, and was highly spoken of when passed in House of Assembly. In addition, there are Rules framed under the Act defining duties of staff, mode of punishment for minor offences by manager, clothing, routine, &c.

Clothing.—Boys, on admission, to be thoroughly cleansed, and supplied with—1 bed, 1 pillow and case, 1 pair of blankets, 1 quilt, 1 bag, 2 flannel shirts, 1 towel, 1 neckerchief, 2 combs, 2 suits of brown drill, 2 suits of serge, 2 pairs of socks, 1 pair of boots, 1 serge and 2 white caps,

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1 comforter, 1 knife and lanyard, needles and thread, 1 souwester, 1 oil skin jumper and trousers.

Food.—Cook and assistants to have food ready on table at appointed hours. All meals to be presided over by schoolmaster or other member of staff. Separate table for staff. No fixed ration, but a sufficiency of plain wholesome food at discretion of manager.

The manager's duties are defined—To be responsible for all property belonging to Government, to have entire charge, to visit and inspect every part of school daily, appoint work, and apportion to every member of staff his duty; to be responsible for the proper discharge of all such duties and to be guided from time to time by such instructions as he may receive from minister; to see that boys are properly taught by schoolmaster, nautical and other instructors; that they are taught habits of cleanliness, order, and diligence, and that strict order be maintained throughout. He will instruct in navigation such boys as may be found worthy and capable. He is to exercise a careful supervision, in order to insure that no stores are wasted. He is also to keep the usual register and other books for stores and provisions. No stores to be issued without his written order.

A visitors' book is kept.

At the end of the year, Mr. Tilly, at the request of the manager, attended in order to make a distribution of prizes, from books lately received from England. The following are the results:—1st Prize. General good conduct throughout was made the highest; and as the fittest prize for this, Miss Awdry's *Fellow Soldier* (of which two copies have been sent) was given. D. Patterson took this, an intelligent-looking lad, with a very pleasant expression.—2nd Prizes. Good conduct in school, and good conduct on board, to D. Patterson, A. Frith, J. Lyons, M. Keillaher. 3rd, The school prizes, for general proficiency in each class—that is, highest number of marks; here again conduct comes in, as bad conduct takes from marks gained. So that throughout it was sought to impress on them that conduct all through was more thought of than smartness (cleverness).

There are six Classes. The prizes were given to:—1st class, D. Patterson; 2nd ditto, P. Danaher; 3rd ditto, C. Barins; 4th ditto, J. Lyons; 5th ditto, J. Bates; 6th ditto, R. S. Foster.

Prize given for general seamanship, J. Donovan; knotting and splicing, G. Kelly; steering, J. Lyons; boating, C. Barins; swimming—1st class, Donovan; gardening, D. Patterson; tailoring, Clayborough; cooking, M. Keillaher.

D. Patterson taking no less than four, J. Lyons three, and severa others two prizes each.

The manager having experienced much trouble with the men engaged as cooks, is now about to try and cook, &c. with the boys alone.

With regard to this private distribution of prizes, it may be remarked that the school, having been so lately established, and its conduct being at first, so to speak, tentative, no public system of examination or reward

has yet been adopted. It is believed that the manager intends to bring this matter under the notice of the minister.

The following is from the Schoolmaster's books, &c. :—

Total number of Admissions		68
Number now in school	61	
Discharged—time up	4	
Ditto, by order of Minister	1	
Absent without leave	1	
Lent to pilot schooner...	1	—68

	On Entry.			*Now.*		
	Read.	Write.	Cipher.	Read.	Write.	Cipher.
Well	5	8	5	27	20	15
Fairly... ...	10	10	6	16	12	20
Indifferently ...	—	—	—	—	22	20
Not at all ...	53	50	57	18	7	6
Total ...	68	68	68	61	61	61

In Arithmetic the highest are in Rule of Three.

Both parents living	28	
Father only / Mother only } includes step-parents {	18	
	16	
Both parents dead	6	—68
Visits of Clergy—Church of England	41	
" " Roman Catholic	10	
" Roman Catholic Layman (Mr. Cutts) ...	31	
Religion of Boys—Church of England	38	
" " Presbyterian	8	
" " Wesleyan, etc.	3	
" " Roman Catholic	19	—68

Number of boys who can Swim well, 47 ; fairly, 20 ; not swim, 1.
Number who can Sew well, 19 ; fairly, 42.

The above figures will fairly explain the amount of work that has been done in the thirteen months from the starting of the school; showing very considerable progress, especially when it is remembered that many have been but a short time there.

The healthy and cheerful look of the boys has been already noticed.

T. C. Tilly.

Auckland, *Jan.* 12, 1876.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT THE CHOIR.

In looking back upon the great Church revival which this country has witnessed during the last forty years, one cannot fail to notice the great importance which has been attached to the restoration of choral worship. In every parish where there is any show of real work, the choir will be

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found to occupy a position second only to that of the churchwardens. In fact the parish priest, whether musical himself or not, now recognises that an efficient choir is not only the best means of exhibiting to his flock the true dignity of the Church, but also a society in which he can influence for good many who might otherwise be inaccessible. The result has been the establishment of a choir in nearly every parish which can boast of renewed spiritual vitality. Nor can any one doubt that an immense influence for good has thus been brought to bear upon the country at large; the musical world can no longer complain that its favourite science is relegated to the drawing-room or music-hall, being now called upon to dedicate its highest efforts to the worship of the sanctuary. And doubtless many, who in past days were driven by the cold monotony of parson and clerk duet to seek greater earnestness in the Meeting-house, have now been allured back to the Church of their Baptism, attracted by the 'beauty of holiness' in which her worship is once more arrayed.

These prefatory remarks will probably be accepted by many as truisms; at the same time it cannot be denied that to maintain a parochial choir in a permanent state of efficiency after it has been once established is no slight task. Hence it often happens that, after two or three years, a choir which had earned for itself a well-deserved reputation for careful and devotional singing, is found to be gradually degenerating. The cause of this decline, in nine cases out of ten, is the old story of want of perseverance. In the first burst of enthusiasm, no pains were spared; the 'practices,' were carefully conducted and well attended; all were working harmoniously together for one end, and the result was all that could be desired. But after a while there came a feeling of monotony, and some of the younger adults discovered that the choir made too great a demand upon their time; and then the leading trebles lost their voices, and it was such weary work to go through all the same training over again with the younger boys! And so slovenliness gradually took the place of carefulness, and humdrum mediocrity that of a finished style. *Facilis descensus Averni.*

No doubt many readers of *The Monthly Packet* are more or less interested in the well-being of the parish choir, and so a few hints about the choir may be useful to those who, either through want of experience, or past failures, are inclined to be a little disheartened over choir work.

And first, only a few words are needed about the adult portion of the choir. Experience has proved that no one should be admitted to the choir after confirmation unless he is a communicant. The reason of this is obvious: the choir, by virtue of their office, rank next to the clergy, and above the congregation: therefore to admit non-communicants into the choir is really to stultify the daily efforts of the parish priest, whose one object is to bring his flock into union with Christ through the divinely-appointed Eucharist. Therefore it should be an understood thing that the choir at least have fully accepted the rule of the Church. Another advantage of this regulation will be that communicants are likely to be

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more regular in their attendances and efforts than non-communicants, and so less liable to that lukewarmness which generally ends in withdrawal from the choir. Again, the selection of really good music, varied from time to time, will prevent that sameness which choir-men sometimes make a cause of complaint; and a complete antidote against monotony will be found in getting up a concert of *secular music*, to take place annually; the contrast between secular and sacred music will not only impart a freshness to both, but is very useful in preventing a dull, heavy style in the performance of the latter.

We now pass on to the boys of the choir. They are obviously the most important section, being altogether indispensable to the existence of the choir, and in most cases to be regarded as the choirmen of the future: and while it is next to impossible to maintain a choir without boys, it is quite possible to have a capital choir consisting of boys only.

1. First, then, as regards the selection of boys for the choir. This is not so easy as may appear at first sight; but as the communicant test was applied in the case of the men, so also in the case of the boys the test applied should be that their parents, or *at least some of the family*, are communicants. There may be solitary exceptions here and there of boys, belonging to a godless family, showing an aptitude for acquiring and practising the truths which they will sing with their lips, but experience has proved that, as a rule, boys from careless or sinful homes will only lower the tone of their fellow-choristers both in church and out of it, and will be very difficult to manage. Moreover, the knowledge that only boys from really Christian homes are admitted into the choir cannot fail to produce a good effect upon the parish at large.

2. We next come to the question of practice. It is clear that if the boys are to sing really well and intelligently, they must be taught to *sing from notes*. Among the many instruction books put forward, one of the best seems to be Mr. Richard Mann's *Manual of Singing** (Novello). Its system is intelligent and concise, and the directions given to the choir-trainer are very explicit. Above all, great pains must be given to the formation of the boys' voices. This can only be done by practising scales every day for some minutes; and this kind of practice requires care. The boys must never be allowed to shout, but made to sing up and down the scale, sometimes softly and slowly, with proper *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, sometimes loudly and quickly, till their voices become quite elastic, and acquire that silvery tone which constitutes the true beauty of a boy's voice. It is incredible what results may be attained by careful and daily practice of scales. Then as regards bad pronunciation, the best cure is for the trainer to imitate the bad pronunciation himself; the boys then hear *how* odd it sounds from his lips, and so are willing enough to learn the correct pronunciation. As regards the time of practice, if the daily Evensong be

* Choir-masters should also combine with this work Mr. Helmore's *Eighty Short Exercises in the Major Scale*. They may easily be adopted to Mr. Mann's system, by naming the intervals 1, 2, 3, &c., instead of Do, Re, Mi.

at 6.30, or later, the preceding half hour will generally be found the most convenient time.

3. We now pass from the practice-room to the church. If the boys are to become good singers, it will be necessary for them to sing at Evensong every day, and if possible at Matins also. It is quite a mistake to suppose, as many do, that the choir-boys find the daily services a burden. Taking for granted that they are fond of music, it is no weariness to them to raise their voices in a bright service of psalms and hymns. Moreover, experience has proved that in cases where the choir-boys miss part of the Scripture lesson in school, through attending Matins, they still keep ahead of their companions in knowledge of divinity, by following the daily lessons in their Bibles, and by becoming familiar with the Services of the Church. All approach to weariness may be avoided by sending the boys out of church before the Litany on Wednesdays and Fridays, and before any weekly lecture or sermon. Then as regards the behaviour of the boys in church: some people have a mistaken idea, that naughtiness of all kinds ought to be punished, except naughtiness in church, and so tolerate such things as laughing, whispering, and eating in church; forgetting that they are thereby allowing a profanation of the service of the sanctuary, as well as doing a moral injury to the boys themselves. A slight acquaintance with boy-nature will show, that while it is impossible for the choir-boys always to realize what the sin of irreverence is, it is quite possible for them to know what *obedience* means; and therefore perhaps the best method of management is to treat acts of irreverence as disobedience to the rules of the choir, and to punish them accordingly. The boys will soon apprehend the common sense of this, and good behaviour will become as natural to them in church as it is in the schoolroom. It will also conduce to the seemliness and order of the choir if the boys are required to conform to a fixed system of posture both in standing and kneeling. When kneeling, the hands should be clasped, and rest slightly on the desk, the elbows being kept close to the sides, and *never on the desk*. When standing, if the desks are low (which they should be), the book should be held in *both hands*, and on a level with the chest; this is the right position for singing, and prevents lounging. Minute as these externals may seem, they contribute wonderfully to the order and well-being of a choir.

4. Next comes the question of how the choir should be rewarded for their services. As regards the men, who, as a rule, can attend only on Sundays and Festivals, they should be encouraged to give their services freely as an offering to God. At the same time, in order to promote union and good fellowship, the whole choir should go for a day's excursion in the summer, and the men should be invited to a choir-supper once or twice in the year besides. As regards the boys, the case is different. They give up part of their play-time every day to practice, and sing in church, therefore they are fairly entitled to a share of the offertory given for the maintenance of the services of the church. The following plan has been

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found successful, both as rewarding the boys, and at the same time removing the mercenary element. A fixed sum per month is decided upon for each boy, according to his efficiency and length of service in the choir —say the leading boys get two shillings a month; a book is then kept in which their attendances are registered, and for every absence from practice or service a farthing is deducted. There is also a system of good and bad marks; every bad mark, for misconduct, or absence without leave, takes off a penny, while every good mark puts on an additional penny. The boys are paid at the end of each month. The advantages of this system are, that it encourages the boys to take pains, is a help where the parents are poor, and also enables the clergyman to teach his choir-boys from the first the duty of alms-giving; interest them in missionary work, and they will gladly give something every month to the missionary-box.

5. Lastly—the choir-boys should be considered the especial charge of one of the parochial clergy. He should see that they know their prayers, and say them regularly, besides looking after their welfare generally. The more he can see of them the better. It is also a matter of great importance to make the great Festivals of the Church a time of special enjoyment to the choir-boys. This may be done at very little cost, boys being easily amused; and the result will be that, as they grow up, the Festivals will always be associated in their minds with times of greatest pleasure and happiness, and this recollection cannot fail to increase their attachment to the Church of their Baptism.

Finally, it must be remembered that discipline is quite compatible with any amount of kindness. Both must be combined if the choir-boys are to flourish. These hints are the result of some practical experience. May they be useful to others, and may the carrying of them out promote the greater glory of God 'in choirs, and places where they sing'!

HERBERT HALL WOODWARD.

FIVE DAYS IN THE JUNGLE.

'AND you really are going at last.' Such were the words addressed to us by one of our kindest friends, not in a very glad tone, on hearing that my brother had got another appointment, and that we were truly to quit our happy little perch in the old Fort. How many pleasant months have been spent among us here! and now farewell to it, probably for ever. Happily, it is only to another home where loving hearts and merry faces await our arrival.

'When do you leave here? How will you go? Where do you start from?' Questions and inquiries follow him every day; not of curiosity, but of kindly, hearty interest, hard to be answered nevertheless, as many conflicting circumstances render it as yet impossible to decide. However,

there is an auction to be got through, and any amount of packing to be done; and our kind friends are not slow in offering the help so often needed at such times. The steamer starts too soon. The official orders arrive too late. The central route by land would be perfectly delightful, all through the jungle; but there are those horrid sessions to be taken up at another point, and so that must be abandoned. Many are the plans suggested, canvassed, arranged, and upset; and many a laugh we have over our perplexities, for Jaffnapatam is not an easy place either to reach or to leave on short notice.

We have been making our usual evening 'visitation' to Mr. and Mrs. Frenchie, where we always enjoy an hour's chat before returning to dinner after a ride or drive. One always finds so much more to love and admire in society or scenery that one is about to part from, than during all the times one had them at free disposal.

This evening we had been amused for a longer time than we were at all aware of, in watching some fourteen or sixteen native boys at their favourite pastime of kite-flying. The kites, some of them six and eight feet long, are formed into every fantastic and fanciful shape. Some resembling peacocks with outspread tails; others forming a moon and crescent, while the greater number are like immense snakes or reptiles. There is a piece of ola-leaf stretched across a slit in the middle, and this contrivance produces one of the most inhuman sounds it would be possible to imagine. The boys are expert hands, and hold mimic battles in the air; swinging and swooping the kites from side to side, over and under and round each other, pecking and darting, driving and flying at each other, like so many raging birds of prey! while the loud whirring hum of so many together suggests the idea of a flight of hornets escaped from Pandemonium. They say that in India heavy bets are laid on the best kite-flyers.

So it is late now, and after repeated 'good-byes,' we really depart. Shall we ever drive along the pretty beach road again, to watch the chule fishers out in the dark night. This night is very dark and still, and the number of lights is considerably more than usual. The lake is so shallow that for miles out it is often only ankle, seldom more than waist deep. The fishers collect in companies of twenty or upwards, each man carrying a long thick roll of palmyra-leaves tightly bound together and then set on fire. The different parties choose their own directions, wandering through the dark waters after the poor blinded fish, which are easily trapped beneath the wicker-basket lowered into the midst of an unsuspecting shoal. Each chule throws a brilliant reflection on the rippling water, and as the figures of the men are quite invisible, the double lengths of red flaming lights look like an army of gigantic fiery forms moving hither and thither through the gloom. Far away to the horizon the lights may be seen sparkling like village streets; and even beyond the range of the lights themselves, the bright glow is often perceptible above them. I think it would be difficult to find a stranger or prettier sight. The pony does not

think so when a gust of air carries a rush of burning sparks across the road from the water.

But the days pass, the order arrives, the dear old rooms are looted of every familiar object, and we are to go. Great, ugly packing-cases and huge parcels wrapped in straw lie about on every side. Hammering, cording, and loading goes on from morning till night. The two ponies with their keepers have been sent on, and we devote the last day to bidding farewell to those whom we can never remember but with affectionate regard. Our route is at last decided on, and we are to travel for the next ten days by land and water; to see what country we can by the land route, and take the short way by water in the end.

Just daylight, and the hired carriage is already waiting at the door. We are to have early coffee with Mrs. Frenchie, who, with her husband, is to drive us afterwards to the jetty. He is fortunately on one of his business trips just now, and takes us in his little yacht a good day's journey on the way. The servants who must accompany us on board are, of course, late, and we have to wait quite half an hour for them, happy in the knowledge that the tide is going down, and Mr. Frenchie losing so much way. At length the fat cook and yet fatter Ayah appear. We bid Mrs. Frenchie adieu and embark. For the first early hours it is cool and fresh, and the little boat skips along joyously; but gradually the heat increases, the triangular conversation so vigorously begun ceases, and we subside into a half-sleepy silence.

'Eleven o'clock by all the appetites on board!' exclaims Jack, suddenly rousing us to a sense of the present. 'I say, is no one hungry?' He looks towards the cook, who looks towards the dog-star, or any other object far enough away. 'Cook! breakfast please, and look sharp.'

Cook rises with a conscience-stricken air, not usual to him. He scrambles across the luggage and stands before us. 'Breakfast no. Missee not order.'

'What?!?'

'Missee not order. Breakfast no.'

'No; Missee did not order, and it is just like her. But did cook think we were to starve because Missee forgot the 'colys'?* Hereupon Mr. Frenchie, a practised traveller, seized a promising looking hamper, and, with a hearty heave, hurled it at the cook's feet, with prompt directions to get breakfast without more ado.

Apologies are not expected in such cases, so we did what our friend liked much better, accepted his opportune provisions with thanks, and enjoyed them heartily.

All day on the water. Dozing, reading, chatting, till we reached the shore where we were to part company. Half an hour unloaded our luggage to the bullock-carts, and then we bade good-bye to Mr. Frenchie, and in another few minutes saw the sails fill, and the little boat speed on her course. Once before we had come this route, so the long sandy

* Fowls.

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drive afterwards was not new to me, nor the little empty-looking rest-house at Punabari, with its rickety chairs and tables. But the shelter and rest were delicious, and, as the cook had not denied us dinner, we were not altogether miserable. Of course shooting was the one idea of which Jack was capable during the five days' land journey; so everything was arranged in order to promote that all-important object.

Blessed sleep! Fickle as fortune and magical as a wizard's wand. I do not think that either Jack on his stretcher in the verandah, or I on mine in the one room that was not devoted to bats, could have counted the seconds before we were under the spell, in spite of dogs careering through the half-open doors, the snoring of the servants outside, and the crowing of cocks all night. The sweet cool breeze was a more potent sleeping-draught in every sense than anything medicine could invent.

'Early to bed and early to rise' is a necessary practice in the East, and long before daylight we were roused by the servants in active preparation for our day's journey onward.

What fun it was! And what real, genuine, unlimited enjoyment!

There are the carts outside, each with its pile of luggage heaped into a mysterious-looking pyramid in the dim moonlight. The coolies and servants are jabbering to each other in no suppressed tones, tumbling over everything in the dark, and honestly contriving to do exactly what they had no business to do.

The good old bullocks stand patiently beneath their heavy poles, probably thinking that men are the greatest fools in creation, for they never can do their work without fuss. And there stands Ayah, darting vituperative indignation from her black eyes at one of the horse-keepers, who has appropriated one whole bandy to his wife and baby.

A word to Jack, who soon settles that question, and Madame Peremel is obliged to make room not only for Ayah, but my little dog too.

The moon is shining down on the old walls, and among the trees on a dark still pond: a wild dog sniffs hungrily about and gets a stick flung at him by a coolie: the ponies champ and paw amidst the general confusion, while we take our coffee, and having done so, graciously signify our desire to proceed.

Now then, all are ready, and as we scramble into our cart amid a volcanic eruption of every conceivable article stuffed about us, the day's journey begins.

All the same, it is as yet but very early morning, and the stars are shining brightly. We can see our procession winding along after us, looking so wild and picturesque in the uncertain light! There is 'Shabash' (Persian for 'well-done') the beautiful Indian pony—a recent purchase of Jack's, and the admiration of everyone who knows what equine beauty should be—half trotting before his keeper, with curved neck and head turned sideways to the restraining rope: a picture of spirit, strength, and speed. After him comes 'Ruby,' by no means so energetic, but a good little fellow too. He saunters lazily along behind his leader with

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outstretched neck, and nose dragging on the halter as if he considered the whole thing a mistake and wouldn't encourage it. Close to us is the cart with the two women, and alongside it walk the servants, stepping out with that long, light stride of theirs that gets over the ground so quickly. How one envies such sinew and strength! Walking or running seems the same to them as flying is to birds; and that Singhalese Appoo carries Jack's guns as if he would rather part with his ear-rings than give them up. Slowly the dawn breaks in a soft yellow glow, suffusing the lower sky, when the horizon is visible. Brighter and brighter it burns till the heavens seem cut open by beaming shafts of gold and crimson; the first fiery touches light up the tops of the trees, and the sun has risen. All too fast and fierce his rays scorch up the delicate shade and tender dewy freshness of morning twilight, and one cannot welcome him with the sincerity I am sure he deserves. Well, we shall reach Chunávil by ten o'clock, have baths and breakfast, and then rest during the great heat.

Chunávil is a pretty spot. A muddam, or roof raised on pillars, with a low wall all round, is the only accommodation: but it is merely meant as a temporary resting-place for poor tired coolies, and even we high-born Britons may be very thankful for any shelter from the blazing sun. It stands on one side of the sandy road, surrounded by the long stretch of lonely jungle, through which the road lies the whole way, and there are two tanks only a little distance from it. How nice it is to get out of the carts and see the vigorous preparations which the cook, who is as good as he is fat, at once begins to get us a comfortable breakfast. But there are the boxes to be opened, and the water to be carried (well for us there is any to carry!) and the 'coly' to be roasted, so Jack thinks we may as well go to the tank 'just for a minute' to see what may be there. We take the horse-keeper's little boy to carry my small dog, which no powers of threat or persuasion could keep behind, and start off. Across an open glade—where shortly before a bear surprised an unwary sportsman while bathing in the half-dried tank, and nearly frightened him out of his senses—and then into the deep, still jungle. Jack goes in front, creeping step by step, a loaded rifle in each hand, while I follow discreetly; 'Podian' and 'Jet' bringing up the rear. Suddenly we come upon a sight that no tongue could describe. Millions and millions of butterflies wave and circle and dance and flutter in the air. Instinctively we stop without a word, and gaze at the wondrous host in real amazement. A soft rippling murmur fills the air, which seems beaten into a kind of living motion by the myriads of black and silver wings that fill every inch of space. They lie strewn about the ground, dead and dying, no doubt struck down by each other, and the very movement of our hands, as we brush at them, knocks them down in numbers. They seem to fancy a certain kind of tree which grows here, as they keep persistently to the one place. Not one can be seen a few feet further on.

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Jack thinks we had better go on, as the tank is now quite close and

there is not much time to spare. The light darts through the trees here and there like lances of fire, and even keeping in the very deepest shade we feel the intensity of a nearly noonday sun. Jack steps yet more cautiously, warning me with a backward wave of his hand, which says, 'lightly tread,' as plain as hand could speak. We are now close to the opening of the jungle on the tank. Jack stops, drops on one knee, and peeps through the bushes. He looks round to me to follow, and, creeping to the spot, I can discern ten or twelve beautiful deer grazing about fifty yards from us. 'Take the heavy rifle,' he whispers, 'and keep still till I fire.' I take the gun, and he stalks with the other under cover of the brushwood, while the boy behind struggles with the dog, whose frantic efforts to escape from his arms nothing will subdue. I watch Jack take his place, level the gun and fire. A sharp cry and a wild rush follow, and in my excitement I forget everything but to hasten with the rifle as quickly as possible. As I hurry forwards there is a sudden shock, a loud report, the rifle swings round in my hand, and the sand is torn up in clouds at my feet. I can remember seeing the dog dart past to Jack, but felt nothing more till his terrified face roused me to what I had done. Thank God, no mischief! but it is in humble and heartfelt gratitude to the mercy that saved us I say so. My brother, panting with fright, was by my side before I moved, and then I found my finger on the trigger, with a grasp I was not myself aware of, until he lifted the gun from my hand. He had given it to me on full cock, and in my haste I forgot everything but the deer. A few hurried words of assurances on both sides that neither were hurt, and we ran on to look for the game. There it lay, quite dead already: shot through the head and neck; such a fine fat young buck, with a skin smooth and shining as silk, and a pair of soft dark tufts on its head. It was a good shot—straight to the mark, leaving scarce a minute for pain or suffering.

'Now then, as all is well, let us get back and send the coolies for it,' says Jack, after we had patted and pitied it to our hearts' content.

'It will be a feast for the men at all events;' and so saying we return along the narrow path through which we had come, while little Jet pursues his researches hither and thither unchecked.

Back again at the rest-house into the shelter. What a relief it is, and how nice breakfast looks, waiting for us!

Our meal is hardly over when the coolies arrive with the deer, which looks nearly half as large again now as it lies on the floor, eliciting grimaces of satisfaction from the surrounding attendants, who know of old how little master ever keeps for himself. So with a small reservation the animal is given over to them, and in a few minutes the skin is stretched in the sun, and the flesh strung in crimson festoons among the branches of a tree to dry. Such is their notion of dainty meat.

There are always some three or four long tedious hours in the middle of the day which it is very hard to get through. The heat seems to weary one's eyes and head, so that reading becomes too distressing to indulge in,

and a sort of excited restlessness banishes the possibility of sleep. It was always with pleasure, therefore, that we found the starting hour had arrived.

It is four o'clock. The sun is still high, but the trees are higher, and the road lay in the soft afternoon shade, promising a delicious ride in another hour or so. We expected to reach a place called Thickavil before evening, where Jack knew there was game. The ponies are both saddled, but loosely, in readiness for a call at any moment, and before very long the call comes. Our bandy steps beside a dark and narrow path turning off the road among thick underwood and large trees, and Jack says Thickavil kulam is only a very little way beyond. That agile son of the soil, the Singhalese Appoo, stands by, gun in hand as usual, and while I mount 'Ruby' Jack starts off on foot, through bush and brier, with his faithful henchman at his heels.

It needs some manipulation to get along without leaving half one's raiment on the bushes, so Jack is far ahead before I emerge on the edge of the tank or kulam. What a splendid stretch of level ground it is! Shirted all round with the deepest, darkest mass of wood, one could lose one's way without trying very hard, and never know on which side of the tank dinner-time waited. The ground all about is broken up into little rough hillocks of mud, hardened by drought and covered with long coarse grass, so that 'Ruby' must just take care of himself and mind where he treads, for I cannot guide him. The little dark morsel of manhood who follows is almost lost, and literally over head and ears in it, but toils cheerfully after me, keeping a sharp look for 'mān.'* A shot rings out in the bushes close by, and the pony throws up his head with a start. Something is down I think, and we push on as near as we can get to the spot. A low whistle warns us to keep still, and we can hear suppressed voices, and rustling footsteps among the leaves and bushes. Presently Jack and his follower come out of the darkness, and I know at once it is a failure.

'Such a noble buck as he was!' Jack pants, wiping the trickling drops from his face, 'and hard hit too, he can't be a hundred yards off.'

'Oh, Jack, can't you find him?' I return, well knowing that in such cases it is nearly always now or never. 'Surely with torches you could easily do so.'

'Oh, I couldn't ask the men to go off looking for torches now; and the chances are that if we rouse him again he'll go beyond reach altogether. We can look for him in the morning.'

'But the leopards?'

'Take chance for them. Come, there is no time to spare now, and one can't see anything; we must get on.'

We are soon out upon the road again where the bandies are waiting for us, and as it is a lonely part, the servants have got 'fire-sticks' to carry. Jack now mounts 'Shabash,' and we jog along quietly together, thoroughly

* Deer.

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enjoying the delicious change from blinding glare to cool, fresh, grateful night. The sand is so soft and deep that speed is impossible, and happily needless; so we are contented to keep pace with the patient plodding of the bullocks, who rock their great heavy good-natured heads from side to side under their poles with every step.

It is a pity one cannot travel all night and sleep all day, such a difference does the change of atmosphere cause in one's energies.

The cook's waggon has hurried on before, and we know the good creature will do his utmost to provide against exhausted nature on our behalf.

Darker and darker it grows, until we can hardly discern the overhanging branches against the blue blackness of the sky, except for the twinkling of a star here and there; and we are not sorry when, after two or three miles more, we turn off the road into a small space of open ground and find ourselves at Palavary ankadee, our second day's stage. There is nothing to see now, but plenty to do, as it is late. Good old Ayah bustles about with a will getting our camp-beds put up, for prudence forbids any traveller that can avoid it trusting his repose to unknown rest-house couches. Cook first sets the table and then covers it with viands, which, if not aldermanic in their richness, are to our hungry appetites satisfaction itself. Dinner over, Jack goes to look after his pets and make sure that they are safely tied up and well rubbed down, and the last thing I hear is the chatter of the servants over their rice, the pawing of the ponies, and the squealing of the baby. I think it was with very thankful hearts we went to sleep that night.

Early, early morning. 'It must be *very* early' think I to myself, unsuspiciously, on first awaking. The doors are all still closed, and the prevailing silence seems to betoken prevailing slumber. On slight reconnoitring, however, I begin to doubt the self-applauding supposition that I am the first awake.

Most assuredly I am not the first up, for Ayah peeps in, and on inquiry I find that 'Master' has been off an hour ago to look for the deer he shot last night.

Well; that is refreshing!

'Missee get up, wash the face?'

'Yes, Ayah; have you got fresh water?'

'Plenty big can of water. Coffee on table for Missee.'

Oh, you blessings! When were master or mistress favoured with such guardian angels?

It is a lovely morning. The rest-house is so prettily situated among large tamarind-trees that a pencil mania sets in, and before another half hour I have got sketch-book, cushions, and umbrella under the shade of a large 'eachum pallum.' Eachum pallums are not the most convenient bushes under which to seek a resting-place, seeing they are formed of long spear-like leaves, strong and thick enough to pierce any dress. However, I have got my back to the newly-risen sun, and to the prickles too,

for that matter, but it can't be helped, and everything else is too pleasant for one to care for a trifle. There are neither ants nor mosquitos to tease one, but then, they are citizens of 'the world' and frequent civilized places.

How lovely those twin tamarind-trees are standing there side by side with the shadowy light flickering through their delicate lacy foliage!

A happy, peaceful silence seems to pervade every place like Sunday morning in a hay-field at home. The bullocks look happy lying under the shade. The ponies look happy standing at rest among their attendants, and the coolies look very happy squatting over their chatties cooking their morning rice.

And there is a beautiful glimpse of the road winding between the thick close green of the jungle near us, and the far misty lines of woodland miles away. That is where Jack shot the deer last night. I wonder will he find it!

Quietly and pleasantly a couple of hours pass, till Ayah bustles out at last to remonstrate in vigorous tones at my sitting in the sun.

It is truly a sun to beware of, one cannot deny the old lady's words, so the sketch must be finished indoors; and reluctantly I gather up my scattered goods and prepare to quit the prickly nook.

Why there is Jack's bandy just turning in! and there is Jack himself the picture of a worn-out bandit lying full stretch inside it; and there is —yes, it is—the deer!

Jack leaps out with a hearty laugh.

'I told you I'd get it.'

And the gun-boy follows, grinning a grin of delight nearly worthy of the death of a rogue elephant.

'Oh, Jack, I am so glad! After killing the creature it would be too bad to lose him. And what a pair of horns! A full-grown buck, and as fat as ever he can be. What a feast for the servants!'

So Jack gazes well pleased at the noble animal, and then calling for his bath, leaves it in the hands of its admirers, while I go to look after breakfast.

'We are getting into the best part of the country for game now,' he continues, while sitting at our nine o'clock meal soon after. 'We must push on pretty early to-day to reach Mulongavil before evening.'

'Is there any chance of seeing elephants?'

'Possibly there may be, or I may get a shot at a leopard. Last time I stopped there a leopard was prowling about the place all night.'

'And why didn't you get a shot then?'

'I didn't know of it at the time.'

'Well, I hope we may see some elephants at a proper distance, but I certainly do not covet a close acquaintance with them.'

Again on the road, the hot mid-day hours disposed of as usual. But it is earlier than we generally start, and for a while we must bear the stifling bandy in patience.

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Jack is growing more eager every minute, for we may meet anything now, from a hare to an elephant, for the next thirty miles.

Wilder and wilder the lonely road seems to grow at every step, and one's heart beats at the thoughts of what one may see. About four o'clock we reach another tank, at which Jack means to have a look, *en passant*. Those tanks are such strange things, such evident provisions of nature for her creatures' wants. What would they do during the long burning months without the refreshment of even a temporary cellar and bath-room? They are all dry now, and after some scrambling through thick thorny bushes we find our way to the edge of this one, and look anxiously for some signs of life. Far away in the very centre of the great solitary waste stands one black speck. The shimmering motion of the air renders it difficult to see distinctly, and for one moment I fancy I am looking at an elephant in its native state for the first time in my life.

But Jack smiles at the idea, and says it is only a buffalo up to its horns in the long grass. Perhaps a wild one. He will go on a little and see. I creep into the shade of a large acacia and wait. Jack and the gun-boy hasten on for some distance, meaning, should the animal be quite wild, to shoot him. It stands like a rock watching them, apparently with more curiosity than fear. I could not help wishing that a friend, whose pencil could do justice to the scene, were there, to get a new idea for her collection of *Illustrations of Nature*. Leaving out our figures, nothing could be more vividly descriptive of 'solitude' than that one lonely animal standing in the midst of the wide, unbroken expanse. It would be a change from the inevitable heron on one leg.

Jack soon turns back. With the aid of his opera-glass he has been able to discern the coarse scars on its skin, indicative of ownership, so abandons the pursuit. Besides, we must hasten to the new grounds. The other carts have gone on, and ours only is waiting. Jack proposes that we should mount the ponies and canter on in front of the carts. At first it is almost too hot to bear, but soon the trees overtop the sunlight, and then we begin to revive. We can have a glorious canter along the soft road, only keeping a watch against hidden roots and stumps, which are sometimes unpleasant. The ponies are quite frisky, and seem not a bit the worse of their long walk; and we dash along at a good pace for a couple of miles or so, only stopping to look about for traces of wild animals. The only token of their presence are a few branches pulled down, which Jack says has been done by elephants; but there is no great allurement to stop. Another merry canter, and we come up with the carts. Of course the bells are jingling, the drivers shouting, and the servants all talking together at the top of their voices. Poor Jack is greatly annoyed, as any chance there is of meeting game will be destroyed by this disturbance. However, having ordered the bells off the bullocks and enjoined perfect silence, we again canter on, and to his surprise, no less than my own, find ourselves in front of the little 'Muddan' at the end of another half mile. We both dismount quietly and quickly,

and give the ponies to the keeper, who has just come up. There is a soft rustle in the jungle before us, and Jack has hardly time to perceive a herd of deer watching us, with every ear and tail cocked, before they are off like a flight of arrows. Gone—disappeared—as if they had never been.

'Come, we will take a turn round the tank,' he whispers, looking to his cartridge case, 'and try what we may find.' So down the little slope leading from the 'Muddan' we proceed, and out on the open.

It is the same as all the others: like a rough emerald in its setting. Nothing to be seen at present but two very tame buffaloes, who do not even move as we pass. Here is a nice shady bush just in our way, and as there is no use in taking a long circuit after nothing, we will sit down under it to watch. Soon Jack sees some moving object coming along through the grass, but so far away that even with the glass he cannot at once decide what it is. At last he declares it to be a peacock; and at the same moment spies another, calmly walking on the edge of the tank, a little on one side of us. He throws the glass to me, and creeps away, stooping double to get into the grass before it sees him. I can distinguish it now through the glass, coming straight towards us, pecking as it comes, and bending its purple neck from side to side, unconscious of danger. Jack advances steadily, and I can just see the top of his grey hat as he crouches. It is a good half mile off though, safe enough, as yet; but even at that distance some unwary movement of mine or his alarmed it. It rose on the wing and flew off to the jungle like a meteor of purple and gold, far beyond the chance of a shot. Poor Jack straightens himself with a gesture of relief and disappointment together. I will sit here and enjoy the still, silent evening air, while Jack takes a stroll along the tank.

'Nothing to be found?' I inquire as he returns, tired and hot, and, throwing himself among the waving grass, tosses off his hat.

'Not a thing. There are tracks of elephants about though. Well, I have but one day more now for a chance of anything. We must reach Manaar the day after to-morrow if we can.'

It was hard to get up from that lonely, lovely scene, where the very trees around looked as if they had known each other all their lives and wanted no better company. Some dark, rich, and handsome, like the strong ones of earth; others fair and fragile, like young girls dressed in summer robes. Some with their hoary trunks and arms covered with a delicate vesture of drapery, hanging in wreaths and festoons around them; others covered with their own luxurious blossoms in the pride of treehood. Dark, narrow passages occurred here and there among them, attracting one's fancy by their mysterious depths, and exciting one's wonder as to what might be met and witnessed in those unknown recesses of this glorious solitude. I wonder, have the wild creatures powers and perceptions of their own, wherewith to appreciate the beauties and wonders that no eyes but theirs ever see? Else, why are such beauties created, unless,

indeed, that God is the God of beauty as well as of everything else worthy of love, and delights in it for its own beautiful sake? I think it is so.

The shadows have disappeared, and the twilight is rapidly descending all round. If we mean to be on the road early, we must be in bed early; so the sooner we get back the better. Half an hour's quiet saunter brings us to the 'Muddan,' which we find surrounded by the carts and other paraphernalia of the road. The shed does not boast of a second apartment, so the Appoo has slung a large mat on cords across the middle, thus improvising a state saloon for us on one side, where cook has set the dinner-table and our travelling-chairs, into which we gladly subside in patient expectation. Meantime a snatch at our books occupies the few minutes of ante-prandial idleness until we are roused to the duties of life by the suave tones of the Appoo, gentle in society, as he is dauntless in the field. Good gracious, what a sight! Table, dishes, chairs, plates, all covered with a living sheet of small black beetles. They tumble down in scores from the tiles overhead into our hair, into our beer, into the gravy, into the lamps, in every unpleasant position they can find for us and themselves. Kicking, struggling, spinning, buzzing, flying into our eyes, and very nearly into our mouths, until we are fairly beaten from the scene, and have to retreat. A cheroot is the only remedy, but even that is not successful in repelling such innumerable armies of small plagues. We cannot read, so the best remedy for all annoyances is to get to sleep as quickly as possible. Jack makes his rounds as usual, and a very pretty sight our encampment presents. The coolies have lit a huge fire, ostensibly for cooking purposes; really, for protection against possible invasion. The flames dance among the branches overhead; for this little 'Muddan' lies like a nest in the very heart of the greenwood. The bullocks are at rest here and there at the foot of the trees among piles of straw, their white coats shining warm and rosy in the firelight, and a faint tinkle rings from their horn-tips as they wink and chew, and turn at a troublesome fly now and then. 'Ruby' and 'Shabash' are tied to the wall of the house, and neigh and grumble contented little grumbles to each other over their paddy and gram. I do not like the idea of their noise so close at night, but Jack says they must be kept there for fear of leopards. The servants are having their rice by the fire sitting among the trees, and the dark overshadowing roofs of the carts loom gloomily at a short distance like gigantic sentry boxes without the sentries.

'Come, be off with you,' cries Jack suddenly, interrupting the contemplation we were unconsciously indulging in. 'We must be on our way before daylight.' So with 'good-night and good-night' I retire to my corner of the partition, and am very soon in the land of mists. The deepest and sweetest of sleeps is suddenly put to flight by a noise as of a dozen cats, and I hear a smothered ejaculation from Jack at the other side of the partition. What is it, but the swarthy babe to whose mother he

had given permission to sleep along with my Ayah at the far end of the shed, as there is no verandah, and the dews now are very cold and dangerous. There is no help for it, for the child will cry, in spite of the agonized remonstrances of the poor mother, who evidently dreads our being annoyed. The moonlight is streaming in now between the roof and the low wall, and so is the chilly night breeze, so delightful if it were not unhealthy. I can see the trees and the stars as I lie, and the flickering of the fire on the leaves. The deer are ringing out their piercing, bell-like cries at intervals through the stillness, far away, as if startled. How pleasant if a large dark, cat-like form suddenly appeared on top of the wall—one takes fancies at night, and the fear of such a thing so banished sleep, that with that, and the baby's cries, who was at length carried away in despair by its mother, it was nearly time to rise before I slept again. On we must go all the same, and Ayah rouses me by daybreak in a very disordered state of mind. Coffee and eggs, however, and the prospect of possible elephants are successful restorations to a ruffled temper, and after 'growling like a tiger-cat,' as Jack says, laughing at me, I begin to feel that there is enough to be pleased at without spoiling the enjoyment of it for a little annoyance. The carts are again packed, and as it is so fresh and early the ponies are saddled, and we start forwards, little Jet barking and racing in front. Every blade of grass, every twig and leaf is hung with dewdrops, and the reviving freshness is something indescribably delicious as we ride along the silent, solitary road. Beautiful flowers like white sweet-pea and woodbine cluster among the bushes, and the horse-keeper, who runs behind, pulls down boughs laden with sweets to offer us as we pass along. Up a long hill we ride slowly step by step, and from the top look down over such a stretch of deep, misty, undulating woodland as would delight the heart of a painter or a hunter. We have to go all that way to-day. The jungle-cocks are beginning to call to each other now. How one learns to delight in that wild, shrill jungle-cry, echoing from side to side, as they challenge and answer each other. Little Jet dashes into the bushes, and in another minute we hear the quick note of alarm from two or three together. 'I'll have a shot,' says Jack, dismounting and running after the dog, while I get down and follow at a little distance. Jack fires from a neighbouring thicket, and next moment runs out with a fine fat hen, at which Jet rushes, tumbling and worrying it, but never touching it with his teeth. Poor thing! its soft, silver-grey plumage is torn out, and its eyes closed, as he lays it on the grass. What a lovely nook! Deep, shady recesses under the trees, and deep, soft grass, like a meadow at home, to sit in. Birds and nests, butterflies and flowers, everywhere. Chirpings and twitterings and flutterings among the branches, all unused to any sights and sounds of intruding man. There is a spirit of greenness in the air; it seems to permeate through one's blood, and breath, and being, with a delight that makes one fancy one could never grow wicked or cross or old in the jungle. No other place feels like it: I am sure there was jungle in Eden.

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(To be continued.)

Notices to Correspondents.

I HAVE *The Churchman's Family Magazine* for 1865—66. Will anyone exchange these with me for books suitable for a Village Lending Library? Address—*Miss Langston, Marston, Pembridge, Herefordshire.*

A lady who has a class of young factory girls will be very thankful to any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* who will send her any useful articles of left-off clothing. The girls are from twelve to fourteen years of age; their earnings are very small; and many of them are unable to go to church for want of proper clothes. Any questions will be answered on application to *S. E. P., Derby Lodge, Woodbridge Road, Ipswich.*

Can anyone oblige *F. W. B.* with the December (1869) number of *Good Words for the Young*? She would be willing to buy it, or exchange the number for December 1871. Address—*F. W. B., Broad Lea, Albemarle Road, Beckenham, Kent.*

Can any lady suggest a home for a girl, aged eighteen, whose education has been so much neglected that she reads and writes badly, where she could learn some means of gaining her living, and at the same time be improved in those points where she is so deficient? A relative would be responsible for a small payment. Address—*E. S., No. 2, Oxford Road, Hammersmith, London*, who will thankfully return stamps for postage paid.

Query.—Can any of your readers oblige me with the number of *The Cornhill* for last February? I am told it is out of print, but perhaps someone, not having consecutive numbers, would allow me to purchase it. Address—*Miss T., Post-Office, Chichester Street, Upper Westbourne Terrace.*

Answer.—Does *Mavis* know a tractate entitled *Pardon through the Precious Blood*, &c., edited by a committee of clergy, and published by G. J. Palmer, 32, Little Queen Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, price 4*d.*?

J. C.—Trüdchen belongs to an Essay Society, in which there are now several vacancies. *J. C.* can obtain the rules by applying to the Secretary, *Miss E. M. Willis, The Rectory, Trimby S. Mary, Ipswich.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me *What Snow conceals the Sun Reveals*, being the Christmas Number for 1873? I offer the one for 1874. Address—*M. Elliott, Daybrook Vale, Sherwood, Notts.*

Will anyone kindly inform *Dorothea* where she can obtain the full text of the ballad mentioned in *Off the Skelligs;* one verse of which begins—

> Mon seul beau jour a dû finir,
> Finir dès son aurore:
> Mais pour moi ce doux souvenir
> Est du bonheur encore,' &c.

whether it is set to music, and where it is to be had?

Could the Editor, or any reader of *The Monthly Packet*, inform *C. B.* of any Society in want of clothes for the poor, which she and her friends would be glad to make, if materials were provided? Address—17, *Ladbroke Terrace, W.*

Margaret.—We should not fear to put in a novel *quâ* novel into a Lending Library; but I would exclude all slang, and all that had not a strain of *high-minded* romance, such as the *Noble Life*. We should, however, object to *Ruth* as likely to do harm; and stories that have much dialect spelt phonetically do not suit such readers. A high deep tone—not Pickwickian jokes—and adventure with romance in it, is much better for them.

Can any of your readers inform *Maggie* what is the origin of the saying 'The Wise Men of Gotham,' and whether there is any story connected with it, also where such a tale is likely to be found?

Can anyone recommend a School, or Charitable Institution, where a girl of ten years old could be received, who is wholly unmanageable at home? Her parents are in poor circumstances, but would try and pay a little if required.

H. R. B. would be much obliged if the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* would tell her why Henry V. is called the Gwentonian hero? and why the old Norman Keep of Raglan Castle is called the Yellow Tower of Gwent? also who was 'The Maid of Saragossa'?——The Maid of Zaragoza was an artilleryman's wife who showed great courage in the siege by the French. Gwent is the ordinary Welsh word for Monmouthshire, and means 'an open plain.' The district of Gwent includes more than the present county.—ED.

Can any of your readers inform *R. N.* where the lines commencing—

> 'Mary! the name most honoured in the realms of heaven,
> Whose rays of thought terrestrial subjects leaven;
> The name in womanhood esteemed and blest,
> The name that England's poet loved the best;
> The fairest queen that Scotland ever knew,
> The Quartet maids of honour to the shrew,'

are to be found, or who is the author of them?

The Daisy.—Roscoe's *History of Venice*, 2 vols. Murray's *Family Library.*

F. M.—Lord Stanhope's *History of England from the peace of Utrecht* and Alison's *History of Europe.*

Adeline.—*Our Mother Church* (Rivington) would tell much of what you want.

Three Friends.—We should recommend dividing the characters.

Hope.—We are very sorry, but we know of no such magazine.

The Advertisement of Roman Catholic publications will not be repeated; but it seems hardly worth while to observe that we are no more responsible for the books advertised on our wrapper than we are for the tea, cocoa, wine, corn-flour and sewing machines.

An English Churchwoman.—You are mistaken in thinking that books exclusively Romanist are recommended by *R. F. L.* Those which are Romanist in contradistinction to Catholic he decidedly condemned. Pearson *On the Creed* and other Anglican books he recommended. Protestant was not used by any means as implying merely non-Romanist. Good Church of England books are Catholic in the true sense of the word, not Protestant, for they are not sectarian. Another mistake that you make is to suppose that books said not to serve for a particular class are fit for no one. It is not despising a nursery tale to say it is not food for the sixth form; and the very fact of Bogatzky's pleasing uneducated readers shows that he is read without the attention here recommended.

November 19th.—*Prayers for the Dead among the Jews.* See Bishop Forbes on the XXXIX Articles—Article XXXII.; also the Jewish Prayer-book (Philips), and *The Authorised Eight Service Books of the Jews.*

A Constant Subscriber.—The teaching accords with that of Bishop Andrewes, with a letter of Bishop Heber, and of Bishop Forbes. A strong body of sound authority is cited in his book on the XXXIX Articles.

Mary.—Do you mean *The Pillars of the House?*

Can the Editor, or any reader of *The Monthly Packet*, recommend a school for a little girl, about twelve, whose parents are in very reduced circumstances? Her friends do not know whether there is any charity which would reach such a case, or whether there may not be any school (middle-class) in connection with a charity where the terms are low. Address—*Mrs F. B., The Manor House, Walton-on-Thames.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* tell me where an aquatic plant called the Water Violet is to be found? Postage would be gladly paid for a small root by *T. La T., Green Park, Rostrevor, Ireland.*

Will the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* be so kind as to inform *F. R.* where the ballad is to be found, the two last verses of which run thus—

> 'That's all my tale, and all the fun,
> Come turn your wheels about;
> The worsted see—that's nicely done—
> Just held my story out.
>
> 'Poor Judy! thus Time knits or spins
> The worsted from life's ball;
> Death stopped thy tales, and stopped thy pins,
> And so he'll serve us all'?

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Gertrude.—Fletcher of Saltoun is reported to have said, 'Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws.'

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* suggest an Industrial Home or Orphanage where a full-sized treadle Wheeler and Wilson sewing machine would be of use? It is in good repair. The owner is unable to work it, having fallen into ill-health. She would rather *give* it to a newly started Home to whom the expense of buying it new would be impossible. Address—*Mrs. Robins, Bishopstone, Hereford.*

Will you kindly put under the Notices to Correspondents in the January Number of *The Monthly Packet* the following?—The rules for the Society for the Encouragement of Practical Music may be obtained of *Miss Wasteneys, Thornville, Knaresboro', Yorkshire*, for four stamps and a directed envelope.—*A Constant Reader.*

Mrs. George Bigge, Ingestre Rectory, Stafford, would be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* would kindly lend her the sequel to *Heartsease*, by Miss Yonge. She will pay the carriage both ways or purchase.

Will any kind friend send me a copy of the following, or lend me the book? It is from John Mason's *Spiritual Songs*, 1683. *Penitential Cries*, by T. Shepherd, 1692, and published by Daniel Sedgwick, 93, Sun Street, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

'Shall Simon bear the cross alone.'

N. Y. E.

'Look in my face, dear, openly and free
Hold out your hand, dear, have no fear of me;
Thus as friends old loves should part,
Each one with a quiet heart.
Oh, my lost darling, say farewell and go!

'*Never to meet more while day follows day,*
Never to greet more while these lips are clay;
Angry hearts grieve loud, a while
Broken hearts are dumb or smile—
Oh, my lost darling, say farewell and go—and go—'

Verses of a song inquired for by *Mavis.* It is said to be composed by Lady Munster. I can send the music. Address—*C. L. T., St. Hilarie, Cowbridge.*

Veridi answered before.

A. H. D. would be much obliged if any correspondent of *The Monthly Packet* would kindly tell her who is the author of the following lines—

'Sin can never tempt thee more, nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ and His Holy Spirit fail;
From the burden of the flesh, and from toil and care released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

Can anyone kindly tell me of a 'Practising Society,' where prizes are given, and the year begins in January or February? Address—*Miss M. Gwyn, South Repps Rectory, Norwich.*

I am anxious to form a German class, conducted by correspondence, for those who have not made much progress in the language. Any ladies wishing to join it please communicate with me. Address—*Miss W. Hooper, Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor.*

Any young lady wishing to join an Amateur Essay Society, in which good criticism and prizes are given, can have the rules and particulars on application to the Secretary, *Miss Stansfeld, Moor Cottage, Ilkley, Yorkshire.*

The Lincolnshire Harvest Home ditty given in the last month of *Weather Wisdom* is very much less in use about Lincoln than the following—

'Mr. Smith is a very good man,
He's got in his harvest as well as he can!
Well sown, well mown,
Never stuck fast nor yet overthrown.
With an old sheep's head and a bacon bone;
And we will shout to his Harvest Home,
With a hip, hip hurrah!'

If *A Willing Worker* will take in *The Net*, edited by Anne Mackenzie, one penny per month (Benrose), she will see a choice of Foreign Missions where clothing is needed, and where to send it to be taken charge of.

A Lady wishes to know if any readers of *The Monthly Packet* would kindly send her weekly, *The Graphic, Illustrated News* or any other paper that would be suitable for the use of the Infirmary Wards of a Union. Magazines that would be nice for the same purpose will be most gratefully accepted. Address—*Miss Wyndham, Hampton Court Palace, Kingston-on-Thames.*

R. S. V. P. is anxious to use the Editor's own books on History in the education of her children, and would find it a great help if the Editor would be good enough to give a list of those published, arranged to succeed each other, as far as is possible, and beginning with a History suited to children of five. Would she also suggest a course of Religious Teaching, beginning at the same age? *R. S. V. P.* believes such lists would be useful to many who wish to train the minds of their children that they may become sound Church people.

R. S. V. P.—Course of Religious books suited for children.—Mrs. O'Reilly's *Children of the Church*, five or six years old; Aunt Charlotte's *Scripture Readings*, five or six years old; Rev. H. Gordon's *Scripture History*, seven years old; *Questions on Catechism*, ten years old; *Questions on Prayer-Book*, ten years old; Dr. Neale's *Sermons for Children*, and *Church History for Children*; Miss Yonge's *Readings from Scripture, with Comments*, ten to twelve years old; Miss Wilbraham's *Kings of Israel and Judah*; Mrs. Mercier's *Our Mother Church*; Miss Yonge's *Conversations on the Catechism*; Crayke's *Church History*. Secular History.—Aunt Charlotte's *Stories from English History*, four years old; Miss Yonge's *Landmarks of Ancient History*; *Kings of England*; Miss Sewell's *History of Greece*; *History of Rome*; Aunt Charlotte's *History of France*; *Landmarks of Mediæval and Modern History*; Miss Yonge's *Cameos of English History*; *Worthies of Ancient History*; Miss Sewell's and Miss Yonge's *Selections from History*.

Will the Editor of *The Monthly Packet* kindly acknowledge for S. Saviour's Priory, from *A Reader of the Monthly Packet*, 5*s.*; and 2*s.* 3*d.* from *C. B. S.*, received with hearty thanks!

Could the Editor or one of her correspondents inform me where the legend of *Brynhild* referred to in the *Pillars of the House* is to be found? Also what is the allusion to 'Montjoie' and the 'Little Master' on page 122, vol. iii. of the above-mentioned delightful work?—*Rectorin.*

The legend of *Brynhild* is to be found in the *Volsung Saga* and the *Nibelungenlied*. There is a short account of it given in the Spider Answers in Vol. XVII of *The Monthly Packet* after page 104. For 'Montjoie' and the 'Little Master,' see Fouqué's *Sintram*.—Ed.

M. G. would be much obliged if anyone could tell her the origin of the following quotation—

> 'Too solemn for day, too sweet for night,
> Come not in darkness, come not in light;
> But come in some twilight interim,
> Where the gloom is soft, and the light is dim.'

M. G.—Can your readers tell me if there is any book published of questions on the Daily Lessons, which might help a village schoolmistress in giving the daily Bible Lesson?——We know of none on the Daily Service Lessons. Miss Yonge's *Scripture Readings with Comments* (Macmillan) are meant to assist teachers.

In answer to *Tomtit* as to an 'Improvement Society' of questions and answers,' being sent round, *J. F.* begs to say she is the head of one of the kind for ladies, and will be happy to answer any questions respecting it. Address—*J. F.*, *Post Office, Falfield, Gloucestershire.*

Sintram.—Would anyone kindly inform me when finger-rings were first worn; and whence arose the old custom of dividing them as troth pledges; also what was the origin of the Gimmel ring, and why was it so called?

S. E. A. is thanked for 5*s.* for the Daisy Chain Cot.

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Spider Subjects.

THE LIFE OF THE EARL OF WARWICK.

IT is a curious thing that the Spiders seldom excel in those simple matters of history which require some thought and combination, while they do essays on abstract subjects *con amore*. ALMA's is the best of these Lives of the King-Maker, as she has best discerned that the War of the Roses had its origin much more in his jealousy of the Beauforts than in York's designs on the crown. These were an afterthought, when a son was born to the king. Before, it was merely a struggle for power in the government. ALMA too has understood the character of Warwick best; CAPE JASMINE, good, but not detailed; L. S. R., discursive; MARTINA, correct, but confused; YOLANDE, too fond of 'the stout earl'; HECLA, too minute; OWL, fair; A. F. B. O., careful, but disrespectful to Henry the Sixth; TADPOLE, too moralizing; RUBY makes him cousin instead of nephew to York; FILIA, confuses Edmund of Lancaster son of Henry the Third, with Edmund of Langley, son of Edward the Third; JOHANNES and ETHEL both confuse him with his father-in-law, and say he fought under Henry the Fifth when he was not born; ETHEL is disrespectful to 'the holy king.' Also received OPAL, HAZEL NUT, EMILIE, EUSTACIE, CORNISHWOMAN, CATHARINA, MIGNONETTE, BEATA, SEWING MACHINE, GERALDINE.

RICHARD NEVIL, Earl of Warwick, the 'King-Maker,' was born soon after the accession of Henry VI. His father, the third son of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, had married Alice, only child and heiress of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, who was killed at the siege of Orleans, and in consequence of this marriage, he was created Earl of Salisbury in 1422. Richard Nevil was his eldest son, and married Anne, daughter of Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who on the death of her infant niece, daughter of Henry Duke of Warwick, inherited the large estates of her family, and her husband was therefore created Earl of Warwick; he thus represented three noble families, and it was in a great measure his immense wealth and powerful family connections, which gave him such great influence in the kingdom.

The Nevils had always sought to strengthen themselves by noble alliances; the most important of these was the marriage of Cecily, daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland, and aunt of Warwick, to Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, who being descended from Lionel of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third, had a better claim to the throne than Henry the Sixth; and it was probably owing to this connection that the Nevils used all their vast influence to advance the cause of the House of York.

The Earl of Warwick seems to have possessed many of those qualities which cause a man to be regarded as a popular hero; he was bold and ambitious, eloquent, frank, and courteous in his bearing; he lived in a style of the greatest splendour, and kept open house at his Castles Warwick and Middleham, and at Warwick House in London. Stow relates that six oxen were daily slaughtered for breakfast, and any of the friends or kindred of his servants might come in and take away as much meat as they could carry upon the point of a dagger; exclusive of knights and squires his following consisted of 600 yeomen, all clad in red jerkins, upon which were embroidered the Bear, and ragged Staff, the Beauchamp cognizance, it was this magnificence, combined with his liberality and graciousness, which won for the Earl the affection of the Commons of England.

The Earl of Warwick seems first to have distinguished himself as a soldier in an expedition under his father over the Scottish border in 1448 In 1455, the Duke of York took up arms, ostensibly to demand the dismissal of the Duke of Somerset for mis-government. He was joined by Warwick and Salisbury, and their united forces met the

king's army at St. Alban's, and gained a complete victory which was greatly owing to the valour of Warwick; King Henry was taken prisoner and Somerset killed. The Parliament proclaimed a general pardon, and Warwick was rewarded with the government of Calais, to which was afterwards added the command of the fleet for five years. In 1458 he was summoned to London to answer for an attack which he had made upon some ships belonging to the free town of Lubeck, and a quarrel which broke out between his retainers and those of the king, rekindled the flames of civil war. Salisbury defeated the queen's army at Bloreheath, but the Yorkists shortly after sustaining a discomfiture at Ludlow, they dispersed; Warwick and Salisbury retired to Calais. An act of attainder was passed against them, and the young Duke of Somerset was appointed governor of Calais, but when he tried to take possession of the town, he was repulsed; and Warwick was such a favourite with the sailors, that they deserted to him with their ships. In 1460, Warwick with York's eldest son Edward landed in Kent, and marched through London with a great following to meet the king's army at Northampton; a battle was fought, the Yorkists were victorious and Henry was again taken prisoner and conducted to London. Parliament met and declared York Protector and heir to the throne; this arrangement was, however, rejected by Queen Margaret, who assembled an army and an engagement took place at Wakefield, the Duke of York was killed and Salisbury and other noble prisoners were beheaded without trial; but Warwick soon compelled the queen to retire to the north, and the young Duke of York was proclaimed king as Edward the Fourth. The Nevils had now reached the height of power, and it was Warwick who conducted Henry the Sixth through London and threw him into the Tower, but the insults and indignities to which he subjected the unfortunate king have cast a shadow of disgrace upon his name; the horrors and bloodshed of the civil war seem to have had a hardening influence upon his character, and his fierce domineering temper could brook no opposition, his anger was great at finding that Edward was secretly married to Elizabeth Woodville; a contest for influence arose between the Nevils and Woodvilles, and Warwick retired in disgust from court. Edward was much displeased at the marriage of the Duke of Clarence to Isabel, Warwick's eldest daughter; and reports were circulated that the Earl had incited a revolt in Yorkshire; a reconciliation however took place and lasted for a time, but another insurrection breaking out, Warwick and Clarence were declared traitors, and fled to France. Warwick now felt that his only hope of regaining ascendency in England was by espousing the cause of the House of Lancaster; he met Queen Margaret at Amboise in 1470, and the compact between them was sealed by the betrothal of the young Prince Edward to Warwick's second daughter Anne. Warwick and Clarence returned to England, numbers flocked to their standard and entering London they again caused Henry the Sixth to be proclaimed king. But Warwick's triumph did not last long; Edward the Fourth had gathered together his forces, and advanced against the Nevils; the two armies met at Barnet where on Easter-day 1471 the Lancastrians were routed and Warwick fell on the field.

Thus died the last and the greatest of the English Barons, who since the Conquest had risen to such a height of power in the kingdom that they often exercised greater influence than the sovereign himself. So many of the old nobility perished in the Wars of the Roses, that the feudal system could no longer press so heavily upon the people, and the Commons began to be felt as a real power in the realm.

Warwick's life on the whole may be considered as a sad one and a failure, for though possessed of many noble qualities he always sought his own aggrandisement; he seems to have been devoid of true patriotism, and ambition, not principle, guided his course of political action. The Earl of Warwick left no son, but his daughter Isabel's son, Edward, Earl of Warwick, after a long imprisonment in the Tower, was beheaded in 1499, and his sister Margaret, created Countess of Salisbury, was beheaded in 1541; both paid dearly for their Plantagenet descent, and were doomed to expiate their grandfather's ambition by their blood. ALMA.

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THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF POETRY.

ON Poetry GRIZEL is very good and clear; SPINNING JENNY has dwelt more on metre than subject; ALERT, LIEBCHEN, RUBY, good; THE MUFFINMAN, TRAUMEREIN, BESSIE, E. C., fair; ETHEL, too fond of fine words; FRIDA, can hardly have seen *Paradise Lost* if she thinks it is a lyric; and why does she make the drama always melancholy?

THE word 'Poetry' is derived from the Greek, and means—creation or invention. According to this definition the poet's art will consist in bringing together the beautiful traits, both physical and moral, which he sees in nature, and combining them in a perfect whole, which, though not copied from nature, shall yet be true to it, and be expressed in all the perfection of which the artist conceives it to be capable. What has been said of the poet applies equally to the sculptor, the painter, or the musician; they express in stone, on canvas, and by the combination of sound, their conception of perfect beauty, which the poet does by the aid of language. Now there are higher and lower degrees of beauty, which are perceived by writers according to the character of their own mind. 'The tendency to imitate,' says Aristotle, as quoted by Professor Masson, 'is natural to us, as is also the love of melody and rhythm . . . . those who were most strongly inclined to these things by nature . . . . originated poetry out of their impromptu fancies. Poetry thus originated, was broken into departments corresponding to the peculiar character of its producers; the more serious imitating only beautiful actions and their issues, while the more thoughtless imitated mean incidents.' In this way then the different styles in poetry were formed. They may be divided into three classes—1. Greater poems, including epic and dramatic, and also didactic poetry. 2. Smaller poems, which include, lyric, elegiac, and pastoral poetry. 3. Fugitive poems, such as madrigals, epigrams, sonnets, &c.

The *epic* is perhaps the noblest form of poetry, since while tragedy has all the variety of action and dialogue to engage and sustain our interest, the epic poem must do so by the unassisted beauty of its subject, and the language in which it is presented to us. The epic sets before us in simple narration some great and interesting event, complete in itself, increasing in interest as the plot develops, and leaving us at its close, with a clear idea of the fate, whether happy or otherwise, of the different personages concerned. There is usually a supernatural element in the epic poem. The ancients employed the intervention of their gods, while modern authors have introduced angels, saints, spirits, or personified moral qualities. The chief epic writers are—Homer, Dante and Milton, who stand on a level by themselves, and in a lower rank, Virgil, Lucan, Camoens, Tasso, Spencer, Klopstock, Scott, and Tennyson.

Dramatic poetry holds the next place, and derives its name from the Greek word, drama (action) signifying that instead of simply relating an event, it represents it by the aid of action and dialogue. Tragedy, which is the highest form of dramatic poetry, represents some notable and signally disastrous event, the actors in which are usually distinguished persons. Some tragic authors deal with the outward calamities common to man, others show us the rise and development of passions in the human mind; Hamlet and Othello are good examples of the latter. Shakespeare is pre-eminent among writers of tragedy; his comedies are also much to be admired. Comedy deals with every-day life, and by its ridicule of what is foolish, vicious, and absurd, tends, if rightly used, to the correction of abuses and the appreciation of what is good and true.

Didactic poetry, (from the Greek 'didaskein'—to teach) has for its object to instil the principles of some art or science, or to lay down some moral law. The *Georgics* of Virgil, Pope's *Essay on Criticism* and *on Man*, and Cowper's poems are examples of this style.

We now come to the smaller poems, among which *lyric* verse holds the first rank. It comprises all those lesser works which have for their theme an action or a person, some great event (such as a victory) or any of the feelings and emotions, and derives

its name from the fact that these compositions were sung by the Greeks to the music of the lyre. As, for example :—The Ode, Cantata, Dithyrambus, Chorus, Song.

The Ode deals with a variety of subjects : it may celebrate some great action, or sing the praises of some distinguished man, in which cases it is called heroic ; or its subject may be religious, philosophical or moral : the Psalms and all hymns are religious odes. A Cantata is simply an ode for a musical accompaniment. The ancient Dithyrambus was a hymn in honour of Bacchus, 'full of transport and poetic rage,' though this was not allowed altogether to overstep the bounds of metre. The name has been applied in our own day to hymns in praise of glory and liberty. The song is a short and simple poem, divided into couplets and intended to be sung, it deals with almost every subject, from the higher feelings of patriotism, love, friendship, and admiration, to the trivial and comic. It is in its song that the true feelings and distinctive character of a people are usually expressed.

Elegiac poetry is an expression of mournful and melancholy feeling, usually written in a metre, the cadence of which harmonises with the sadness of the sentiment. Gray's Elegy in our own language, and the Elegies of Malherbe, Chenier, and Alfred de Musset, among French writers, are good examples of this style.

Pastoral poetry includes the Eclogue—a composition written (as the name implies) in a finished, but simple and natural style, in which the converse of Shepherds is introduced ; and the Idyl, a poem in the same style, but without the introduction of dialogue. The Eclogues of Virgil are masterpieces of their kind ; those of Collins are the best in our own language. Tennyson has written many beautiful Idyls, such as that of *William and Dora*.

In Satirical poetry, vice and folly are unmercifully attacked and unsparingly ridiculed. The Satires of Horace and Juvenal, and those of Pope and Boileau are among the most celebrated.

The Epigram, which may be classed under the head of fugitive poems, is short and pointed. It is generally satirical, and treats only of one subject.

The Sonnet, is a poem consisting of fourteen lines. Those of Petrarch are the finest specimens of the style. Milton's Sonnets, especially that on his blindness, are beautiful examples in our own language.

The Ballad is an historical song, or a poem which narrates some exploit or adventure, either serious or comic. It is one of the oldest forms of poetry ; and to almost every nation belong a number of these songs, which delighted its forefathers, and which have often exercised considerable political influence on the people. Modern writers, such as Sir Walter Scott, have frequently and successfully imitated the old ballads.

The Madrigal is a short poem, usually consecrated to love, and contains the elegant expression of some tender and delicate thought. GRIZEL.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JANUARY.

From Hyperion.

Enumerate and classify the sounds, both vowels and consonants, used in standard spoken English.

Make a collection of the most celebrated women who have borne the name of Margaret.

*** Answers would be more sure of reaching ARACHNE in time if sent as early as the 26th or 27th. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

ARACHNE has received Stamps from ALMA, HECLA, JOHANNES, E. C., HAZEL-NUT, LIEBCHEN, RAGGED ROBIN.

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FAITHFUL IN SMALL THINGS.

'Mother, why feed the sparrows?
You are hungry you know yourself,
And there's nothing left for dinner—
Not a crumb on the cupboard shelf.
I know you are hungry, mother,
For, indeed, I am hungry too;
Tho' you gave me the largest piece of bread,
As, mother, you always do.'

'My child,' said the lonely widow,
And a sigh was blent with her smile,
'We shall cease to be hungry, darling,
In our Father's own good while.
But as He was pleased to-day, my child,
To remember our daily bread,
I love to think that the hungrier still
At our threshold have been fed.'

'Yes, had they been robins, mother,
Or a goldfinch, or tiny wren,
I think even I could spare some crumbs
To feed them with now and then.
But the sparrows, the common sparrows,
So many and greedy withal;
Nobody cares for the sparrows,
Nobody loves them at all.'

'Oh, hush! my child,' said the widow,
'Remember what late we read,
How He who has made the sparrows
Still careth that they should be fed.
And how, to encourage His people
When their faith was weak and small,
He told them without His Father's will
Not even a sparrow should fall.'

'But if, as you say, He has promised
That the sparrows should be fed,
There can be no need, my mother,
To give them our scanty bread.

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You say He is great and good, mother,
And whatever He pleases can do,
Then sure, if He feeds the sparrows,
There *can* be no need of *you*.'

'Ah! my child,' said the widow, softly,
And her eyes thro' their tears did shine,
'To think that the Lord should condescend
To work thro' such hands as mine!
And if now in the least of all little things
To His service we are true,
Perchance He'll give in His own good time
Some higher work to do.'

JETTY VOGEL.

Notices to Correspondents.

THE writer of *Womankind* has been reminded that the reference to the Offertory sentence respecting 'those who wait at the altar' does not technically hold good, since the families of the Mosaic priesthood partook of the breast and shoulder. It must be remembered, however, that they were an hereditary priesthood, so that there was no secularity in thus apportioning a part of what was to support the priests, as there must be if a clergyman's family is to be maintained in the position of gentlefolks *wholly* out of his clerical income.

The Mother Superior of S. Margaret of Scotland's Convalescent Home, Aberdeen, begs to acknowledge with thanks 1*s.* in stamps from *Norma of the Fitful Head*. The smallest sums are welcome; at this season of the year they are especially needed.

A lady has twenty or thirty Psalters, *Monk and Ouseley*, with music, to dispose of at 1*s.* each. They are in good condition. If any reader of *The Monthly Packet* wishes for them please address, *L. D.*, 7, *Barbican, Barnstaple*.

For S. Saviour's Priory, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, acknowledged with thanks, *E. C. E.*, 4*s.* 4*d.*; a parcel of clothes from *The Kingsgate Eleven*; clothes from *J. C.*; *A Constant Reader of The Monthly Packet*, 3*s.*; *A. M. A.*, 10*s.*; *From a Friend*, two photographs of Exeter Cathedral; *M. L.*, 15*s.*

Can any of your readers suggest to the *Hon. Sec., S. W. I.*, what representation of Our Blessed Lord would be most suitable for painting or embroidering on the chief banner of a religious association under the designation of 'Society of the Word Incarnate!'

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly inform *M. A. M.* if there is any sick fund for governesses to which she could belong.

B. F. would be much obliged if anyone could advise her as to the best way of disposing of a collection of coins to raise money for a foreign mission. There are thirty-two copper coins and four small silver ones, varying in date from 1673 to 1852 and of different countries.

J. E. H.—Josephus states that Matgenes, the father of Dido, was son to Ethbaal, father of Jezebel. Virgil was acknowledged by all the ancients to have committed anachronism by sending Æneas to visit Dido.

R. W. R. wishes to express his thanks to the very kind readers of *The Monthly Packet* who have sent him pictures for his scrap-book. His notice has been so warmly answered that it is impossible to mention all by name. *R. W. R.* hopes, therefore, that his friends will accept his general thanks. Many kind wishes having been expressed for his health, *R. W. R.* is glad to say he is much better. *Rampisham Rectory, Dorchester.*

Knitting and Crochet Society.—Mrs. W. Shuttleworth has been enabled, through the exertions of friends, to send a good supply of articles of warm clothing for distribution by the secretaries of the 'Poor Clergy Relief Societies,' in London and Bristol, who both acknowledge the gifts with thanks. A copy of the rules can be sent to any who would like to become members.

An Associate of S. Thomas the Martyr, Oxford, and of the Bloemfontein Mission, would be very grateful for any coloured prints from the *Queen, Graphic, Illustrated London News Almanacs*, Old Christmas and New Year's Cards, S.P.C.K. Prints, Valentines, &c. &c., to enable her to make scrap-books for the Bloemfontein Mission. Any contributions will be most thankfully received and (if desired) acknowledged by *G. W. H., 7, Bouverie Square, Folkestone.*

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* lend me *A Maiden of our own Day*, by Florence Wilford, as I find it is out of print? I will pay postage and return carefully. My address is—*Miss E. Maud Carter, Wickham, Fareham, Hants.*

Ten applications having been made to *Mrs. Burkitt* for the loan of *Events of the Month*, she wishes to state that some must wait, but all shall have attention in course of time.

Will anyone buy, at the third of cost price, second-hand magazines, between a month and six weeks old?—*Blackwood's; Cornhill; Quarterly; All the Year Round; Gentleman's.* Please to communicate with *Mrs. Street, Temple Balsek, Hugrale, Birmingham.*

Pussy Cat will be glad to know in which of Cooper's novels she will find the account of the sun setting and rising at the same time, as seen from a certain point in Scotland. She was told the fact was asserted in one of Cooper's novels, but her informant could not remember in which one it was.

Eleanor Wilson has received several parcels of pictures for her picture-screen; she hopes the kind senders of them will accept her warmest thanks. In addition to those already acknowledged, she has a parcel from *H. G.*, one from Rugby, and another, containing pictures from *The Queen*, with no name or postmark.

In looking through a book of quotations, I found the origin of the expression 'To pick a bone.' 'It was an old marriage custom in Sicily for the bride's father to give the bridegroom a bone, saying: "Pick this in order to show that you can manage your wife, which is more difficult than picking a bone."' This is the common explanation; but the practice of throwing bones to dogs is a more natural method of accounting for the saying.

B. would be much obliged if anyone could tell her where a labourer's son, who has lost his right arm, could find employment, or be put into the way of earning his living. He is seventeen, but small for his age, can read and write, and has some knowledge of arithmetic. Address—*Miss Lewin, Widford, Ware, Herts.*

Order of St. John of Jerusalem.—In reply to your correspondent *J. L.*, in the November part of *The Monthly Packet*, it is stated that 'The Order of St. John still exists, but not in Malta, and it is little more than a name given by courtesy.' Will you allow me, as Secretary of the Order of St. John in England, to correct this mistake, as the Order not only still exists, but instead of being a mere title it is actively engaged in carrying out its motto, '*Pro utilitate hominum.*' With regard to its history, since the Order was ejected from Malta, I may briefly state that the English branch was never regarded as extinct, and that it was formally revived in 1826 by a Commission of the French Knights, which first assembled in Paris in 1814, and was confirmed by a Pontifical Bull issued by Pope Pius VII. Since that time there has been a regular succession of Priors, and the Duke of Manchester is at present the head of the Order in England. With regard to its work, I may mention that it is engaged in Hospitaller work both in London and in the country. It also initiated the National Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded in War, and the Metropolitan National Nursing Association for providing Trained Nurses for the Sick Poor. It has been the means of introducing an ambulance for conveying sick and injured persons, and has recently instituted a system of honorary rewards for bravery in saving life

on land, especially in mining and colliery accidents. I shall be glad to give further information to persons desiring to know more of the Order and its charitable work.—*Edmund A. H. Lechmere, Secretary, Order of St. John in England, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.*

Can any one furnish particulars of the 'Society for Holy Living,' mentioned by Canon Walsham How at the Church Congress? Address—*Miss Keighley, 31, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park, W.*

Mrs. Temple Frere, 143, *Harley Street, W.*, wishes to buy or borrow (the former preferred) Vol. XXV. of *The Monthly Packet*.

F. asks leave to remind *Monthly Packet* readers of the good works carried on at S. Stephen's Home, Lewisham. It affords a home for invalid servants, for young girls who are training for service, and for the pupil teachers of the parish schools; and under its roof are a day-nursery, a dispensary for the sick poor—for whom invalid dinners are also provided—a middle-class school and a laundry; while mother's meetings, &c. &c., are also held within it. The various branches of the work have each outgrown the room available for them, so it is now proposed to erect a suitable building, but that will cost £2,000, and it is important that the sum should be got together quickly, as a plot of ground well suited to the purpose is now to be had. It is proposed to combine with the nursery a home for motherless infants, but as the profits of the laundry and the needlework of the industrial girls are the only sources of revenue, apart from subscriptions, this cannot be done unless fresh help comes in. The smallest sums will be gratefully received by the Sister Superior, or by the Treasurer, whose address is, *E. Norton Harper, Esq., Northbrook House, Manor Park, Lee, S.E.*

Would anyone kindly lend me Vol. XVII. of *The Monthly Packet*? Of course I will pay postage each way. Address—*Mrs. Mee, Westbourne Rectory, Emsworth, Hants.*

Miss Helen Goulder will be much obliged if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* will be kind enough to lend her *The Heir of Redclyffe* or *Heartsease*. The greatest care should be taken of them, and other books can be offered in exchange. Address—*Great Cressingham Priory, Thetford, Norfolk.*

Acknowledged with thanks, for the Wilberforce Window, 1*s.* from *L. N.*; 5*s.* from *Dorking*; for S. Saviour's Priory, a parcel of clothing from *N. E. L.* and a Christmas offering for Christ's poor; for the Daisy Chain Cot, 2*s.* 6*d.* from *Desdemona*; Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, knitted crossovers, from two friends.

The stanza—

'Shall Simon bear thy cross alone,'

inquired for by *N. Y. E.*, is by the Rev. Thomas Shepherd, M.A., formerly Congregational Minister at Braintree, Essex, and is Hymn XXIII. in his *Penitential Cries*, reprinted by Daniel Sedgwick in his *Library of English Hymn Writers*, 12mo. cloth, price 3*s.* 6*d.* London: Daniel Sedgwick, 93, Sun Street, Bishopsgate, E.C.

A. G. informs *Mavis* that the words 'Say farewell and go,' are set to music very prettily by Plumpton, but she cannot recollect the publisher. What is the origin of the saying, 'Hobson's choice?' I believe it is in a piece of poetry, but cannot remember the author.——We believe Hobson was a man who let out horses for hire at Cambridge—the one he chose to let out being always kept in a particular stall, and his customers were obliged to have that or none.—ED.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me *Evening Hours* for December, 1874, or copy from it for me the poem by the Rev. Edward Bickersteth—

'Hush! blessed are the dead.'

Address—*Miss Rawson, Mill House, Halifax.*

Are there any readers of *The Monthly Packet* who would like to join an excellent Essay Society in which there are vacancies? the year begins March 1st.—*Ivy.*

Could the Editor or any reader of *The Monthly Packet* inform *E. V.* if any poems have been written on the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or on the Huguenots, and if so, where they may be found?——Among Southey's *Lyric Poems* there is a short one on St. Bartholomew's Day.

H. S. would be much obliged if any readers of *The Monthly Packet* could tell her of an institution where a fatherless boy, aged nearly two years, could be received. The mother (a widow), a domestic servant, is willing to contribute something towards

his support. Address—*Mrs. A. G. Scott*, 25, *Marloes Road, Kensington, W.*—— Probably he would be received by Miss Beckinsale, St. Anne's Street, Salisbury, where there is a kind home for children of both sexes and all ages.

The Sisters at Kilburn are glad to have 'poor work' done for them, and where required will provide the material. Your correspondent could obtain further information from the *Hon. Sec.*, *Miss Ayckbourn*, 27, *Kilburn Park Road, N.W.—Sœur Monique.*

The verse *A. H. D.* inquires about is, I believe, from a hymn written by Henry Hart Milman, 1822, beginning—

'Brother, thou art gone before us.'

If *A. H. D.* wishes, I will send it to her, or she will find it in Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise.* Answered also by *M. R.—Sœur Monique.—Sintram.——E. G. W.* has sent a copy.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* contribute books for lending among fishermen, lads, and others in Scarborough? A Bible Class formed for their benefit now numbers nearly eighty members, from fourteen upwards; and the books already in use are not at all sufficient for the demand. An effort is being made to form a more permanent library in connection with the class, and any books suitable for boys would be gratefully accepted. They need not be necessarily of a religious character, provided they are good and useful books. It is desirable that they should be in moderately good condition. Address—*W. Armitage, Woodville, Scarborough.*

Brownis.—Declined with thanks.

Can any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* inform me whether there is any institution for convalescent children of the better classes, and if so, how it is supported and managed? There surely must be many mothers—gentlewomen—to whom change of air and nourishing diet are unattainable luxuries, whether required for a chronic sick child or for those recovering from some acute illness.—*Queen Bee.*

J. G. G. would be glad if anyone can tell her where these lines, said to have been quoted by the late Bishop Wilberforce a few days before his death, are to be found—

'From the saddle to the ground,
Mercy sought and mercy found.'

We have always heard 'Betwixt the saddle and the ground,' but we do not know where it comes from.'—ED.

Miss Richards would be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* could lend her for a short time *The Friendship of Books*, by Maurice. Address—*Roxley Vicarage, Maidstone.*

J. I. Fernshaw, Dungannon, would be greatly obliged to any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* who would kindly tell her where she can find the rest of the poem from which the following verses are taken, and who is the author—

'Mortal, they softly say,
Peace to thy heart.
We, too, yes, mortal,
Have been as thou art:

'Hope lifted, doubt depressed,
Seeing in part;
Tried, troubled, tempted,
Sustained as thou art.

'Our "God" is thy "God,"
What He willeth is best,
Trust Him as we trusted,
Then rest as we rest.'

THE CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—*Dear Mr. Editor*, I believe that many of your readers may be interested to know some few facts concerning these examinations, which are rapidly gaining favour, as affording to well-educated women an aim in home study, and as giving to teachers a status of which they often have felt the need.

Dating from 1869, the Higher Examination for Women has increased the number of its centres from three or four, to ten; the number of candidates entered last year was 251, of whom twenty-one, however, did not present themselves. A significant proof of the value of the Examinations is that they have now been extended to men, who gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of testing their knowledge.

This *testing* power is the great gain to be sought for. Distinction above others is a secondary aim. But it is a great boon for a woman to be able to feel, and, if need

be, to say—'I have proved myself a competent student in such and such subjects.' The *cram* system should be always discountenanced, but fair, honest study cannot be too highly encouraged. The subjects as seen below * are not beyond the scope of ordinary minds; the questioning, though thorough, is not abstruse.

In order to help those who wish to pass this examination, but who have no opportunity of obtaining instruction in their own neighbourhood, a system of *Instruction by Correspondence* has been instituted. Besides tutors, certain qualified women are engaged in this effort. It is now four years since the former offered their aid to students; the ladies have been at work for more than two. The fee for the whole course of instruction in any one subject (from October to May) is £4 4s., and half that sum for teachers. The number of pupils who join these correspondence classes increases regularly, and the position which they have taken in the class lists proves that the system works well; several have taken first class honours. I may add, that all such pupils express themselves with the utmost kindness, as having derived much benefit from the constant intercourse with teachers whose interest in them is uniformly considerable.

I may perhaps be allowed to point out to ladies now teaching or intending to teach, the value *even in actual money* of a certificate proving their competence for the profession. It is a thing which should be sought for by all who feel an honest pride in doing *thorough* work.

Secondly, I cannot but add a word of advice to any who are preparing themselves for the University Examinations, on the subject of the Study of Religious Knowledge. As will be seen in the list of subjects, it is *not* compulsory. It cannot be so, because exception must be made in certain cases, such as that of Jews, who cannot conscientiously take up this study. But it has become a habit in certain centres to take advantage of this exception with no other reason than that of obtaining more time for subjects which *tell in a certificate*. May I be so bold as to say that whatever the worth of a certificate, neither that nor any other worldly advantage can make it worth while to do a thing which is not strictly honest, nor can any other study excel in interest and value that of the Bible. Those who know that sacred book well, will never shirk the examination in it; those who do not know it, are little aware what a treasure for life they are wilfully throwing away.†—I am, dear Editor, yours faithfully, *Anne Mercier*:

The Lady Superior of S. Mary's Orphanage, Morningside, Edinburgh, thanks her friends, old and young, for the help given to her work during the past year. She asks for a continuance of their prayers and of their alms on behalf of a little work which God has hitherto blest. There are now eleven children in the Home and the work must be transferred to a larger house.

Ivy had better send her address.

Tom Ponce will be much obliged to any reader of *The Monthly Packet* who will send a copy of the *Derby Ram* to the Editor, who has an addressed envelope ready to forward it in. The ballad begins—

'As I was going to Derby, sir!
All on a summer's day,
I saw the finest ram, sir!
That ever was fed on hay.'

* *Essential Subjects*, Group A.—Arithmetic, English History, English Literature and Composition. *Non-Essential:* Religious Knowledge. *Optional Subjects* (which can be taken up later). B.—Latin, Greek, English, French, German or Italian. C.—Euclid and Algebra. D.—Political Economy and Logic. E.—Botany, Geology and Physical Geography, Zoology and Chemistry. F.—Music or Drawing.

† Information concerning the classes by correspondence can be obtained from Mrs. Pelle, Trumpington, Cambridge; or, from Miss Shore, Fir Grove, Sunninghill.

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Spider Subjects.

ARACHNE is convinced that owing to some delay in the transmission of the MSS. she has not received all the replies to the account of the Religions, Ancient and Modern. There must have been more and better than the five she has received, but it is unfortunately impossible to wait for them. Of the five received, CAPE JASMINE'S is good and painstaking as far as it goes, but it would be possible to write one so much better that it is better to wait than to put it in. Something of the same kind applies to NUMBER FOUR. Her view is more general and thus better, and much is *very* good. She is not right, however, in making the Hindoo divinities *become* the Greek ones. The truth was that the same original idea branches into Hindoo, Greek, and Teutonic mythical personages. Her conclusion about Christianity is excellent, but she has not gone into the unhappy divisions of Christendom, as one of the other answers shows us is needful. OPAL is pretty good, but confused and wordy.

CATHARINA.—ARACHNE cannot understand what is meant by the first sentence: where the *Phœnicians*, Arabs, and Jews, are said to have founded the Christian, Mohammedan, and Jewish religions. Did the Phœnicians found the Christian? Why are the Greeks said to be idolaters and the Romans heathens? as if there were any difference. Where did she find that St. Paul converted all Athens? The Acts say that he had only two converts there; and was the Roman Empire converted immediately on the Christian era? There are rather strange things about the Middle Ages and the 'religion promulgated by the Popes,' but it is a surprise to find that Henry VIII. was the first Englist monarch to embrace the Protestant religion. First, there is no such thing as a Protestant *religion*—negation of error is not a religion; and secondly, Protestants only date from the Confession of Augsburg, seventeen years before his death. Thirdly, he was so far from embracing it that he burnt everybody who did. What too, can be meant by the English being alternately Catholics and Protestants between Henry VIII. and William III.? and the cruellest cut of all is to find that Lutheranism—yes, the Lutheran schism—is the established religion in England. ARACHNE did not think we were fallen so low as that!

KNITTING PIN seems to have taken shreds from different cyclopedias, and worked them up, dropping many stitches. The Persian Fire-Worship was not extinguished by the Parthians. It was dominant under the Sassanids, and is still professed by the Parsees in India. She seems to think that the ancient religion of Egypt was Islam, which became sectarian and was extinguished by Mohammedanism, from which she seems to think it different. We advise her to take up many stitches here; and her skein is in a hopeless tangle between the beliefs of Greece and Rome.

The sentences given for translation were taken from a French book, so that it might be possible to compare the translations with the original. The original French is here given, and it will be seen that in order to make it good English, without the smack of French idiom, a few somewhat misleading forms were used. First, making the furrow plural—using 'produce' instead of make to grow—the not giving the full force of *ne veut que cela*, and translating *purement* by sincerely, because purely does not give the same idea.

Creusons tranquillement et joyeusement ce petit sillon qu'à chacun de nous la Providence a confié. Ne nous laissons ni arrêter ni distraire par les pensées ambitieuses qui nous disent: 'Tu pourrais faire autre chose,'—par les désirs trompeurs d'un zèle qui nous pousserait à quitter notre tâche quotidienne, par l'envie ridicule de faire germer de plus belles fleurs que nos voisins.

Occupons-nous d'une seule chose, de bien faire ce que nous faisons, parce que Dieu ne veut que cela de nous.

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Or, ce bien faire se résume en quatre mots—Purement, activement, joyeusement, complètement.

By this it will be seen that MISS IMMEDIATE, EMMELINE, AGNES, EAST KENT, RAGGED ROBIN, PARISINA, PENELOPE, E. A. C. P., ALICE, TADPOLE, W. A. T., A. C. R., are all really good French scholars, and have done it as like the true version as was possible, though each varying here and there, but A. C. R., RAGGED ROBIN, and ALICE have not the right plural of *trompeur*.

BANBURY CROSS, REMUERA, TINY, JENNY GEDDES, HOPE, SPINNING JENNY, F. M. L., MIGNONETTE, good, but MIGNONETTE has made *Providence* masculine. GEM, *les pensées d'ambition* does not mean ambitious thoughts. ETHEL, *être* cannot stand for be doing, WEASEL took third person singular instead of second plural. FIRENZE forgets that *Let* is merely the sign of the imperative. Not literal enough, LINNIE, MORNA, E. M. H., A BEE, TRAUMERIN, SULLA, MARTINA, THE MUFFIN MAN, MARIONETTE.

OF the German translation the best is BRUCE'S; next best, MUGUET, ALICE, LOTCHEN VON KONIG, SIMPLE SUSAN, HOPE, PINKIE; good, HOFFNUNG, MARCHEN, F. M. L., LETHE, MILDRED, A BEE, BROOK, CEDAR, HAZEL NUT, MARY C., MARGARET. Answered also by F. E. P., METELILLE, E. M. H., THE MUFFIN MAN, BUBBLES FROM THE BLACKADDER, MAUSLEIN, FIRENZE, MARIONETTE, TRAUMERIN, M. S. M., JEANIE GEDDES, MIGNONETTE, A BEGINNER, EMILIE, E. E. H., DAWN, BANBURY CROSS. STICKLEBACK, 'Wir wolleng raben,' is not 'Let us dig.' 'Lassen Sie uns,' is quite wrong in the sense of 'Let us dig.'

LASST UNS ruhig und fröhlich an den kleinen Furchen graben, welche die Vorsehung einem Jeden von uns zuwiesen hat.

Hüten wir uns, uns durch ehrgeizige Gedanken, die uns sagen 'Du könntest etwas Anderes thun,' zurückhalten oder stören zu lassen; weder durch die trügerische Sehnsucht eines Eifers welcher uns zwingt unsere tägliche Aufgabe aufzugeben, noch durch den thörichten Wunsch schönere Blumen hervorzubringen als unsere Nachbarn.

Bekümmern wir uns nur um ein Ding, nämlich; Recht zu thun, was wir unternehmen, dann das ist was Gott will dass wir thun sollen.

Und dies 'recht thun' ist in wier Worten abgekürzt—Aufrichtig—Thätig—Fröhlich—Gründlich. BRUCE.

Received too late: AGNA, J. M. B., OWL, no signature, MODESTY, F. St. G., KNOWLES, EMERALD, ESPERANCE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

ARACHNE asks two short questions this time, to leave room for a better account of the religions of the world, which she hopes to receive next time.

A flock of wild geese divided into three parties. One of them, being ten times the square root of the whole, flew to a lake, another, the eighth part of the whole, flew among some water-lilies in a stream that flowed into the lake, and three couple were seen playing in another part. Tell me, O young maiden with the beautiful locks, the whole number of geese. (A question from the Panchandiata quoted by Longfellow.)

Give the history and meaning of Leap Year.

*** Answers would be more sure of reaching ARACHNE in time if sent as early as the 26th or 27th. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

ARACHNE has received stamps from MISS IMMEDIATE, PUSSY CAT, LUCILLA, BUBBLES FROM THE BLACKADDER, A SPINNER, KNOWLES, A WILD IRISHWOMAN, DAWN, F. M. L., PINKIE, F. E. P., MARY C., HOFFNUNG LOTTCHEN.

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Notices to Correspondents.

THE Aquatic Plant called the Water Violet grows in a ditch at Sonning, Berkshire. *Mrs. Wells, Reading*, will try and send a root by post to *T. La T.*, when it comes up in the summer.

A. H. D.—The lines—

'Sin can never tempt thee now,' &c.,

are by Milman.

What is the origin of the saying, 'If a lady should make a gentleman an offer during Leap Year, and he refuses, she can demand £10 or a new gown?'—*B. M.*

Jessie.—Good-night.

Miss Wyndham acknowledges with many thanks *F.'s* kindness in sending her the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News*, also *India and the Prince of Wales*, for the Men's Infirmary Wards of a Union.

Would any of your readers be disposed to join an Amateur Illuminating Club, with good professional critic? Any who are tolerably advanced in the art may obtain a copy of the rules by sending a stamped envelope to *M. K., Goodrest, Malvern.*

Anna will be much obliged if anyone will tell her where to find the following quotations—

'Below the surface stream, shallow and light
Of what we *say* we feel; below the stream,
As light, of what we *think* we feel; there flows,
With noiseless current strong, obscure and deep,
The central stream of what we *feel indeed*.'

'Too lofty is his place in glory now,
For hands like ours to reach to wreath his brow;
A few poor flowers we plant upon his tomb,
Watered with tears to make them breathe and bloom.'

Could any readers of *The Monthly Packet* send me the address and rules of a Society of which the members read history, biography, and travels, &c., for six hours a week, and in which prizes are given? Address—*R. A., Greenpark, Liberton, Edinburgh.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly inform *C. H.* when cartridges were first used?

Eleanor Wilson heartily thanks the readers of *The Monthly Packet* who have sent her parcels of pictures for her picture-screen.

The verses *F. R.* inquires about in the last number of *The Monthly Packet* are the concluding ones of *The Horkey, a Provincial Ballad*, by Robert Bloomfield. I have a little old volume of Bloomfield's *Poems* with a preface by Capel Lofft, which I will gladly lend *F. R.* if she will send me her address. Address—*E. B. Rice, Tamar Terrace, Launceston, Cornwall.*

M. G. will be much obliged if any correspondent of *The Monthly Packet* will kindly tell her where to find the following line—

'The hand that has written it lays it away.'

The Curfew, by Longfellow.—ED.

E. F. T.—Write to the Superior of the S. John's Sisterhood, King's College Hospital, or to the Matron of the Hospital at Winchester.

Can anyone sell or give me the January number of *The People's Magazine* for 1871, or the December number of the same for 1873, or both? Address—*Miss Day, 2, Larne Villas, Rochester.*

A Working Society for the manufacture of clothes for the poor is in much need of more members. If any reader of *The Monthly Packet* should care to join, a copy of the rules may be had by applying to the Secretary, *Mrs. Churchill, Woodlands, Yotton, Southampton.*

I have a few vacancies in my Amateur Illuminating Society, and would be glad to admit any ladies who are desirous of joining such a Society. The subscription is 10*s.* 6*d.* a year, and the critic is a very experienced artist. Address—*Miss H. Hooper, Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor.*

I should be very much obliged if anyone would give me the remaining verses of a song beginning—

'Vous ne voulez pas m'aimer ;
Eh bien, ne m'aimez pas,
J'en aurai du regret,
Mais je n'en mourrai pas ;'

or tell me by whom the words and music were written. Address—*D. F., Upton Lodge, Henley-on-Thames.*

Aglaia.—Can the Editor or any reader of *The Monthly Packet* tell me if it is possible to get a photograph of Bishop Patteson anywhere, and where to get it?—From Miss Patteson, Weston, St. Mary's Church, Torquay.

Will anyone exchange *The Monthly Packet* of 1874 or 1875 for *Swiss Family Robinson* and *Madam How and Lady Why*, by Rev. C. Kingsley? Both well illustrated. Address—*Miss E. Chapman, Devon House, Hampton Court, Kingston-on-Thames.*

In Wales the east wind is called 'the wind from the dead men's feet,' because the dead are buried with their feet towards the east to meet their Lord at His second coming.—*Handbook of Weather Wisdom*, 226.

M. C. H. has several odd numbers of *Children's Friend, Children's Prize, Child's Companion* and *Missionary Gleaner* for the last three years, which she would like to send to any Children's Hospital at which they would be acceptable.—*M. C. H.* had better send her address.—Ed.

Can any lady kindly give me any wide flannel list for petticoats, also cuttings of coloured flannels to bind the same? I make the petticoats and sell them at a low price towards the fund for the restoration of our Parish Church. I will gladly pay postage or carriage. Address—*Miss C. Dick, Dawlish.*

Could any reader of *The Monthly Packet* lend *Isabel* the numbers of *Events of the Month*, containing the continuation of *Heartsease*? She would take the greatest care of them, and return them in a fortnight. She would pay postage. Address—*I. F. R., 20, Thicket Road, Anerley, London.*

In Todd's edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* the derivation of Gemel or Gimmel ring is given justly as derived from the later Gemellers (twin) it being a ring with two or more links ; secondly, as a corruption of geometrical, which term appears to have been formerly applied to anything connected with joints in machinery. It is also a term in heraldry for armulets interlaced. I think some information on the subject would be found in Jeaffreson's *Book about Bridals*, and that the derivation there preferred is from 'joints.'—*A. S.* to *Sintram.*

E. M.—The 'Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green' is to be found in *Percy's Reliques*, and in every other collection of old English poetry.

Can any reader furnish me with the ballad in which every verse ends with the refrain—

'In the North Countrie?'

It was mentioned in *Odds and Ends of Folk Lore and Weather Wisdom*, in (I think) the April *Monthly Packet* for last year. Address—*W. M. James, Clarghryll, Alston, Carlisle.*

C. S. S. L.—Declined with thanks.

Anon.—Probably the Saints you mention were omitted from want of room. We do not know who was permitted to illuminate the *Changed Cross.*

Miss Pearse, Harlington, Dunstable Beds, offers lending library books in fairly good condition, to be disposed of at half price.

I have *Six to Sixteen*, Mrs. Ewin; *Wild Mike*, Miss Montgomery, and several others; all quite new. Will anyone exchange these with me for books suitable for a Village Lending Library?—*E. H.*

Acknowledged with hearty thanks for S. Saviour's Priory :—*2s.* 4*d.* from *A Poor Lady* ; £5 from *A Lady*; parcels of clothes from *M. J. N. H.*, and *S. L.*, and *A. S. K. C.* Gloucester Dobson's Schoolroom ; *2s.* from *S. E.* ; 5*s.* from *E. N.* ; £1 from *J. S.*

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions to the Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea :—*Miss R. S. Turner*, 5*s.* ; *Lady Menzies*, 10*s.* ; *H. B.*, £1 ; *Brother Jack*, *2s.* 6*d.* ; five parcels of useful clothing and pictures. For the Hospital for Sick Children, 49, Great Ormond Street, acknowledged with thanks four knitted vests from *E. F.* ; parcel of clothing from *H. H.*, Yorks. House of Charity, Johnston Terrace, Edinburgh, £1 from *C. C.*, *Cannes.* The Lady Superintendent of S. Monica's Home for Sick and Incurable Children acknow-

ledges with grateful thanks parcels of old linen, books, &c., from *Eleanor*, *A Well Wisher*, *Capel S. Mary*, *Sedbergh*, and *S. Austell's*. Acknowledged, with many thanks, a hamper from *K.* for Sisters of the Poor, Mark Street, Finsbury.

Sigma.—Five hours do not appear to be over much for a child, but much depends on health, and kind of work, and no person can judge without seeing the effect upon the child.

Received sixteen stamps from *M. W. B.* for Confirmation Memorial Window, and *H. M. S.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

C. H. A. would thank any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* who would send a copy of Sir Francis Doyle's *Ode on the Loss of the Birkenhead* (now out of print) to the Editor.

R. W. R., *Rampisham Rectory*, *Dorchester*, is very much obliged for the pictures so kindly sent him.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly inform me if there is an edition of F. Blockley's song, entitled *Maude*, published for Mezzo Soprano, and by whom? The lines run, 'Maude is here, here, here, in among the lilies.' Address—*F. Lowder*, *Wood Bank*, *Lordship Lane*, *Surrey*, *S.E.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* lend me *Le Récit d'une Sœur*? I will take great care of it. I also very much want to see another book by the same author, but do not know by what title to ask for it. I believe it has been translated into English under the title of *The History of a Soul*, but I wish to read it in French. Address—*Miss Daniel*, 124, *High Street*, *Ramsgate*.

In one of the very interesting papers on *Weather Wisdom and Folk Lore*, the writer mentions the Herefordshire Harvest Home cry of, 'I have her—What have you? A *Mare*, a *Mare*.' In Cornwall the cry is, 'I have her—What have you? A *Neck*, a *Neck*,' and the bunch of wheat profusely decorated is hung up in the farmer's kitchen. I have seen several old Necks hanging at one time. Can the writer tell me the origin of the terms *Mare* and *Neck*?—*Inquirer*.

Will some one tell me which is the only word in the Italian language which ends in a consonant?—*B. C.*

Will anyone kindly lend me the sequel to *Heartsease*, by Miss Yonge? I will pay the postage both ways. Address—*Miss M. H. Johnson*, 49, *Queen's Gate Gardens*, *London*, *S.W.*

A. N.—Answered recently.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* give a hand sewing-machine to a poor orphan girl, who with it could soon earn her own living? And could any kind friend send coloured scraps for a screen? Address—*Miss Rumph*, *Bluntisham Rectory*, *St. Ives*, *Hunts*.

Miss Wyndham has to acknowledge with grateful thanks the *Illustrated* sent to her weekly with the postmark 'Newport Salop.' She has also to thank some one for a *Graphic* with a 'S.W.' post-mark, and two numbers of the *Illustrated* with post-mark not plain. She will be very grateful if these could be continued.

Will any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me the numbers of it containing 'Aunt Cecil's Music Lessons,' postage being paid both ways, and great care being taken? Address—*Miss F.*, 15, *Castle Street*, *Edinburgh*.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me the numbers for the year 1874 which contain the beginning of the 'Three Brides?' I will pay postage both ways, and take great care of them. Address—*Miss Oliver*, *Alfred Street*, *Bath*.

A correspondent thinks St. John's Convalescent Home for Children, 9, Sudeley Place, East Cliff, Brighton, might suit *Queen Bee's* purpose.

The poem referred to by *J. I. Fernshaw* is to be found in *Poems and Pictures*, published by Sampson Low and Co. in 1862. The author's name is not given, and it was originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The subject of it is 'on the removal of some old family portraits,' and the first verse is—

> 'Silent friends, fare ye well,
> Shadows, adieu;
> Living friends long I've lost,
> Now I lose you.'

A. M. H.

E. L. is happy to send the words of the rhyme of the *Ram of Derby* so far as she can from memory, not having any written copy. In the pretty quaint town of Richmond in Yorkshire, it used to be the custom many years since for the "Ram of Derby," in the form of a boy covered with a sheep's skin, and going on all fours, to

go round from house to house some evening about Christmas time, others accompanying the Ram, and one would sing the song, the Ram occasionally bleating. The custom appears to have died out.

'As I was going to Derby,
All on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay,

Chorus—Indeed, sir, it's a truth, sir,
I never was taught to lie,
And if you go to Derby
You'll see it as well as I.

'The tail upon this ram, sir,
Was full five yards and an ell,
Of it they made a rope, sir,
To toll the parish bell.
Indeed, sir, it's a truth, sir, &c.

'The wool upon its back, sir,
Reached up unto the sky,
The birds they built their nests there,
I heard the young ones cry.
Indeed, sir, it's a truth, sir, &c.

'The space between its horns, sir,
Was as far as a man could reach,
In it they built a pulpit,
But no one in it preached.
Indeed, sir, it's a truth, sir, &c.

'The butcher that killed this ram, sir,
Was up to his knees in blood,
And all the old women in Derby
Were carried away in the flood.
Indeed, sir, it's a truth, sir, &c.'

Other versions have been sent by several correspondents, but this appears to be the best. *F. E. B.* says it is set to music as a glee by Dr. Callcott.

Aunt Feeley.—Well known already.

F. P.—Declined with thanks.

Kindly acknowledge for S. Saviour's Priory in *The Monthly Packet*, *S. B.*, 5*s.*; 7*s.* 6*d.* from *N. D.*; *J. C. N. B.*, 5*s*; for the Daisy Chain Cot, *Rose Emma and her Sisters*, 4*s.*; for the Children's Hospital in Cumberland Street, Eccleston Square, 5*s.* from *E. S.*

Could any of your readers inform *S. N.* whence the following quotation—

'Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces;
Those who enter there, must enter on their knees.'

A reader of the *Monthly Packet* would be much obliged if the Editor can tell her where *The Village School*, a story of Mrs. Bell and her scholars, can be found.

In *A Storehouse of Stories* (first series), edited by Miss Yonge (Macmillan).—ED.

Many thanks from the Sisters of St. Peter's Mission House, Plymouth, to *E. P.* for the stamps sent for their sick and suffering poor.

Will *B. F.* send her address?

'Betwixt the stirrup and the ground'

will be found in Camden's *Remaines Concerning Britaine*, 1636, p. 392, where the story is thus given:—A gentleman falling off his horse, broke his neck, which sudden hap gave occasion of much speech of his inner life, and some in this judging world judged the worst. In which respect a good friend made this good epitaph, remembering that of S. Augustine, 'Misericordia Domini inter pontem et fontem:'—

'My friend judge not me,
Thou seest I judge not thee;
Betwixt the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy I askt, mercy I found.'

A more modern version of the story is given in *Notes and Queries*, fourth series, vol. viii., p. 479, where it is said that an inveterate atheist, finding himself carried over a precipice by his horse, in his extremity called upon God; and the epitaph, 'Between the stirrup,' &c., was placed on his tomb-stone. The last line has been sometimes altered to

'Mercy I sought, and *perchance* found.

I have a strong impression that the lines are quoted by Sir Walter Scott, probably in the notes to one of his poems, but I have not been able to verify the quotation.
—*B. C. C.*

Spider Subjects.

CLASSIFICATION OF SOUNDS USED IN STANDARD SPOKEN ENGLISH.

ANSWERED best by SPINNING JENNY; also by P. E. G., CAPE JASMINE, and BUBBLES.

ENUMERATE and classify the sounds, both vowel and consonant, used in standard English.

After dividing letters into the two classes, vowel and consonant, we classify vowels as pure and semi-vowels, and their sounds as simple and diphthongal:

I. *Pure vowels and their simple sounds.*

1, 2, 3, 4. *A* has four sounds, which may be distinguished as (1) broad, (2) middle, (3) long, (4) short—(1) *fâll*, (2) *fäther*, (3) *fāte*, (4) *făt*.

5, 6. *E* has two, a long and a short sound—*glēbe*, *gĕt*.

7, 8. *I* has two, a long and a short—*hīnd*, *hĭm*.

9. *O* has four, a kind of self-doubled one as in—*lōse*.

10, 11, 12. And a long, a middle, and a short sound—*lōne*, *love*, *lŏt*.

13, 14. *U* has two, long and short—*fūll*, *lŭll*.

II. *Semi-vowels.*

15. *W* has what may be termed a rough and a smooth breathing, though the sound may be classed as one—*whine*, *wine*.

16. *Y*, as a semi-vowel, has the sound heard in *yet*; it moreover has the sound, as a pure vowel, of *ĕ* or *ĭ*, as in—*merry*.

III. *Diphthongal sounds.*

Ai has the sound of *ā*—*rain*.

17. *Au* and *aw* a broad, open sound—*clause*, *raw*.

18. *Eu* and *ew* the sound of *ū*—*feud*, *renew*. *Ei* the sounds of *ā* and of *ē*—*rein*, *receive*. *Ie* is sounded like *ē* in—*believe*.

19. *Oi* and *oy* are sounded alike—*boisterous*, *joy*. *Ou* and *ow* possess their open sound in common—*house*, *vow*. But *ou* has two other sounds, one like *au*—*ought*. Another like *oo*, the same as *o* in *move*, *lose*—*ghoul*. *Ow* is sounded as *ō* in such words as—*low*.

IV. *Consonants.*

To classify the different *kinds* of sounds of the consonants we arrange them thus :—

Labials.	*Linguals.*	*Gutturals.*
B. F. M. P. V. W.	D. T. N. L. S. J.	C. J. K. Q. R. H. Y.

In order, however, to enumerate easily the individual sounds of these consonants, together with the sounds some of them form when combined one with another, we make another classification :—

Mutes.	*Liquids.*	*Sibilants.*	*Aspirate.*
B. P.; V. F.; D. T.	L. M.	S.	H.
G. Q. J. C. K.	N. R.	X. Z.	

Mutes.

20. *B* has a flat sound to be heard in—*Banc*.

21. *P* is the sharp to *B*—*Pane*.

22, 23. *F* and *V*, sharp and flat, have each one sound—*Fane*, *Vane*.

24, 25. We hear the sounds of *D* and its sharp *T* in—*Din*, *Tin*.

26. *G* has two sounds, one hard, one soft—*Gun*, *Gin*; but the sound of *g* soft is the same as that of *j*. *Q* is a redundant letter, having the sound of *kw*; thus *queen* might be spelled *kween*. *C* also is redundant: the three sounds it possesses are those of *s*, *k*, and *sh*. *City* might be spelled *sity*, but that we do not want to hide the derivation of the word, and for the same reason we spell *crown* with *c* instead of with *k* as the Germans do. *C* has the sound of *sh* in such words as *social*.

27. The sound of *K* cannot be heard to better advantage than it is in the good old word—*King*.

Liquids.

28. *J* has but one sound, even when it begins two such opposite words as—*Jumble* and *Jewel*.

29. We only get one little musical sound from *L*—*Listen!*

30. The sound of *M* comes to us in—*Mist*.

31. That of *N* fastens itself in our mind by *a*—*Nail*.

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32, 33. An ornithologist would give us the two sounds of (32) *R* in such words as—*Rook*, *Stork*. Followed by *h*, *r* takes a rough breathing like the Greek *ῥ* as in—*Rhyme*, which, of course, was originally written *hrime*.

Sibilants.

34. The one sound peculiar to *S* is brought to our ears by that very word—*Sound*. Another sound of *S*, that heard in—*raisin*, is the same as that of *Z*; and the third is like that of *sh*, and comes to us with—*pleasure*. *X* is a redundant letter. The sharp sound it has might be supplied by *eks*, the flat by *egs*; the third sound by *z*: *extreme* might be written *ekstreme*; *exist*, *egsist*; *Xeres*, *Zeres*.

35, 36. The two sounds of *Z* are heard in—*Zine*, *Azure*.

Aspirates.

37. *H* has but one sound, and yet alas! it is often robbed of that. How often is *head* literally *beheaded!* *Wh* has the sound of *h* in such words as—*Whole*, *Whoop*.

Combined Consonants.

Ph has the sound of *f*—*Fillip*—*Philip*.

38, 39. *Th* has two sounds, sharp and flat—*Thin*, *Thine*.

40. To exemplify the sound of *ch* we cannot do better than—*Choose*.

41. And for *sh* we say—*Hush!*

42. *Ng* has a nasal sound, and it is heard in—*Song*.

If I have been able to enumerate and classify the letters of our English language rightly, the number of their sounds is forty-two. SPINNING JENNY.

CELEBRATED WOMEN OF THE NAME OF MARGARET.

Answered best by STICKLEBACK, who has 13, a few are added to hers. Good, BALDERDASH, 25; HEATHER, 23; HOPE, 16; TIGER, 18; CAPE JASMINE, 24; FRISKY, 14; TADPOLE, 11; AGNES, 7; HELGA, 21; SINTRAM, 12; MARGARET O. K., 15; THE MUFFIN MAN, 9; ALMA, 13; BANBURY CROSS, 17; STELLA MARIS, 14. ANGERONA, 18; Margaret of Burgundy was daughter to Richard of York; A SPINNER, 14, makes St. Louis's wife daughter of King Réné. LITTLE HEDGEHOG, 15; rather long, and introduces Margarets of Fiction. CRANKLY BORE, SINTRAM, HEATHER, STICKLEBACK, bring in the Countess of Montfort. Some historians have inadvertently called this brave lady Margaret, but her name was certainly Jane. HECLA, 42, the largest number, but a mere list. THE TURK, TITANIA, the mother of Lady Jane Grey was Frances Brandon. Answered also by—S. A., ROBIN, 6; AYACANORA, 8; CORNISHWOMAN, 19; MAID OF VALE, 13; ALBERT, 12; BUBBLES, 12; RUBY, 6; CHINESE COUSIN, 11; PUSSY CAT, UNDINE, 9; METELILLE, 21; WILD IRISHWOMAN, 19; CATHARINA, 23; QUILLY, 13; LILY, 11; F. St. G., 38; HOFFNUNG, 26; TRAUMERIN, 3. JENNY GEDDES, is unreadable, being written on both sides of very thin paper. A SPINNER has Margaret van Eyke.

MARGARET is a Christian Greek name, derived from the Persian term for the pearl, 'mervarid' or 'child of light.' It has been used more or less in Europe, especially in the West, ever since the Christian era, and has supplied the daisy with its French title of 'Marguérite.' It figures considerably in the history of the Middle Ages, having been borne by numerous wives, mothers, and sisters of kings. A list follows of the principal Margarets, who by birth, character, or historical association, have a claim on our interest.

S. Margaret, virgin and martyr, is supposed to have been the daughter of a heathen priest, and to have owed her conversion to a Christian nurse. She suffered martyrdom about the end of the third century at Antioch in Pisidia, and is generally represented as overcoming the dragon by the aid of the Cross.

Margaret Etheling, sister of Edgar Etheling, and grand-daughter of Edmund Ironside, though of English parentage, and Hungarian birth, belongs properly to Scotland by her marriage with Malcolm Cean Mohz, king of that country. She used the influence attached to her high position nobly, by setting herself to reform the court, tame the lawless Scots, then in a state of semi-barbarism, and diffuse the blessings of Christianity throughout the land. The sick and poor were relieved by her personal ministrations, hospitals owed their foundation to her, captives and fugitives their ransom. Margaret Etheling closed her holy life with a holy death on the 16th of November, 1093.

Margaret, the Peace-Maiden, a Swedish princess, obtained her cognomen on account of her marriage with Magnus Barfod, King of Norway, in 1101, healing a rupture between the Kings of Norway and Sweden.

Margaret of Bohemia, the first wife of Valdemar II., King of Denmark, was much loved by the Danes, who called her 'Dagmar' or 'Day's Maiden,' and delighted to

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represent her in their ballads as a fragile, golden-haired saint. It is related that when on her death-bed, being urged by her chaplain to confess her sins, she could think of no transgression but that of plaiting her long hair with bright ribbons and decking herself in her best boddice, before going to mass! Strains of heavenly music were supposed to float over her grave at midnight.

Margaret of Provence, wife of Louis IX. of France, followed her husband on his crusades, and survived him fifteen years.

Margaret, daughter of the French king, Philip the Bold, became Queen-Consort of England in 1299 by her marriage with Edward I., at the age of twenty. This Margaret seems to have been a kind, good-hearted woman, intervening more than once between the wrath of the king and his subjects. Most of her married life was spent in following Edward's camp in time of war. After his death, she lived chiefly at Marlborough Castle, till her own death in 1317.

Margaret, the 'Maid of Norway,' heiress to the crowns of Scotland and Norway, was destined by Edward I. to marry his son, Edward of Carnarvon, but on her way from Norway to be placed in the hands of the King of England, she suffered so much from the rough sea-voyage that she was obliged to be landed on the Orkney Islands, where, quite a child, she died.

Margaret Widemouth, heiress of the Tyrol, ceded her dominions to the House of Hapsburg in 1359, in whose possession they have ever since remained.

Margaret, the 'Semiramis of the North,' united the kingdoms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark under her sway, by the Union of Calmar in 1397. She was greatly respected by her subjects, and the three kingdoms flourished wonderfully under her rule.

Margaret of Anjou, cruel to her enemies, faithful to her friends, was the wife of the good but unfortunate Henry VI. of England. She took an active part in the Wars of the Roses, herself heading the Lancastrian armies against the Yorkist faction. After the battle of Tewkesbury, and the death of her husband and son, Margaret was detained a prisoner in the Tower for five years, at the end of which time she was ransomed by Louis XI., and returned to France.

Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV., married Charles the Bold, fourth Duke of Burgundy. She was a friend of learning, encouraged printing, and opened her court as a refuge to her English friends in distress.

Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, was the great grand-daughter of John of Gaunt, and the mother of Henry VII. A great heiress, she married at the age of fourteen Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, by whom she had one son, Henry. Edmund Tudor died a little more than a year after his marriage, and Margaret, again marrying, was again left a widow. Her third husband was Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby. The closest affection existed between Margaret and her royal daughter-in-law, Elizabeth of York. In her later years, the Countess of Richmond withdrew from court, and passed the rest of her life in retirement. It was her habit even when quite young to rise at five, and spend her time in prayer and meditation until ten. After that hour she occupied herself with study, charitable works, and other duties. Her attainments being beyond the average of her day, she translated several French books into English, and took great interest in the success of the printer William Caxton. Two lectureships of divinity were founded by her, one at Oxford, and one at Cambridge, and also St. John's and Christ's College, Cambridge. 'The venerable Margaret' died in 1509, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The epitaph on her tomb is the work of Erasmus.

Margaret Tudor, the beautiful daughter of Henry VII., called after her grandmother Margaret of Richmond (whom unfortunately she resembled in nothing but name), became Queen of Scotland by her marriage with James IV. James, being killed on Flodden Field in 1513, Margaret was made Regent of the kingdom, which office she exercised up to the time of her second marriage with the Earl of Angus. Her death occurred in 1541.

Margaret Douglas, daughter of Margaret Tudor by the Earl of Angus, married the Earl of Lennox, and had two sons, Lord Darnley, afterwards the husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lord Charles Lennox, the father of the unfortunate Arabella Stuart.

Margaret Plantagenet, made Countess of Salisbury in her own right, was the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, Edward IV.'s brother, and through her mother Isabel Nevil, grand-daughter of the Earl of Warwick, called the King-Maker. She married Sir Richard Pole, and being mixed up in a conspiracy against Henry VIII. was confined in the Tower for more than a year, and then beheaded.

Margaret, the brave daughter of Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England in the reign of Henry VIII., was the wife of a young lawyer called William Roper. Margaret had grown up in her father's house on the banks of the Thames at Chelsea, whither congregated all the wit and wisdom of the time, and sometimes even

royalty itself. When Sir Thomas for conscience' sake was kept in disgrace at the Tower, Margaret was his chief earthly support, cheering him by visits and letters. After the sentence of death had been passed on him in Westminster Hall, and he was returning by river to the Tower, the faithful Margaret waited on the wharf for the last look, and then, breaking through a line of armed soldiers, ran to say farewell to her father. The execution over, the head of the once-favoured Lord Chancellor was set up on London Bridge. Margaret somehow managed to get it away, and was summoned before the Council to answer for her temerity. She boldly avowed the deed, and was dismissed unhurt. She had the head embalmed, and took it about with her wherever she went until her death in 1544, when it was buried in her coffin in the church of St. Dunstan at Canterbury.

Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, is known chiefly by her part in the treaty of Cambrai, which she concluded with Louisa of Savoy, thereby procuring for it the name of 'Paix des Dames.' Margaret also acted for some time as Regent of the Netherlands.

Margaret, daughter of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, married Ottavio, Duke of Parma. Not without talents for governing, she was appointed Regent of the Netherlands by her brother Philip II. of Spain. She possessed a good amount of energy, but was proud, bigoted, and artful.

Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I. of France, and by her marriage with Henri d'Albert, Queen of Navarre, was called from her beauty, talents, and accomplishments, 'La Marguérite des Marguérites.' This princess favoured the Reformation, and devoted much of her time to the writing of religious works, besides poetry and tales.

Margaret, daughter of Henry II. of France, married Henry IV., King of Navarre, The marriage did not prove a happy one to either party, and after a time a divorce was procured. Margaret's character was gay and dissipated.

Nor must we omit Mickle-Mouthed Meg, who was so ugly that when the handsome young William Scott of Harden (in James VI.'s reign), was offered his choice between her and the gallows, he chose the latter, and only relented in favour of the fair lady when the rope was actually round his neck. She proved a clever, faithful wife, saving his life once when in danger, but her distinguishing feature is said to be still observable in her descendants. She was the ancestress of Sir Walter Scott. TIGER.

Margaret, daughter of the Count of Holland, lived in the thirteenth century. In a church near the Hague there are two brass basins in which, it is said, 365 children belonging to Margaret were baptised. This report was circulated from some old chronicles which stated that 'Margaret of Florent had as many children as the days of the year,' which meant that on March 26 (the second day of their year) she had a boy and a girl, which event the old chronicler worded somewhat quaintly. FRISKY.

The next Margaret appears as an incarnation of spite and wickedness. She was the daughter of the famous Constable Olivier de Clisson, and married Olivier de Blois, Count of Penthièvre. Determined to obtain the Duchy of Brittany for her son, she stopped short at no deed of cruelty or treachery. Not content with urging her father to acts which he abhorred, she caused her sons to play a disgraceful part in the civil wars that desolated Brittany for years.

'Margaret Stuart,' daughter of James I. of Scotland, shared to the full the misfortunes of her house. She was born in 1425, and married the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. She resembled her father in her taste for literature and poetry, and during her brief life encouraged poets and artists, particularly one named Alain Chartier. But Louis's jealousy and suspicion embittered her life to such an extent that when she was dying at the age of nineteen, she welcomed death as a deliverer.

CAPE JASMINE.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

Parse the following lines—

'But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed:
Or like the snow-fall in the river
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.'

Write a history of the 'Cid!'

*** Answers would be more sure of reaching ARACHNE in time if sent as early as the 26th or 27th. Address—ARACHNE, CARE OF THE EDITOR.

ARACHNE has received stamps from STICKLEBACK, QUILLY, S. A., HELGA, P. A. M., THE TURK, ANNA C. B., HEATHER, SINTRAM, SPINNING JENNY, CHINESE COUSIN, CRANKLEY BOBE, MONEY SPINNER, STELLA MARIS, CAMELLIA, S. G.

Notices to Correspondents.

We receive many notices of articles or work for sale. It would save disappointment to say that none of these are admissible.

A. P. M. would be glad if anyone could tell her where to find the following quotation—

'Far away on the lone billows
As I wander I think of my home,
Where unrest hovers o'er my lone pillow
And the winds lash the waters to foam,
O, call it not weary repining
If I sigh for the old meadow lea,
But my heart's ever landward inclining,
The home of my childhood for me.'

Horseshoe wishes to know where to procure Sir Francis Doyle's poem.

N. would be glad to hear from anyone wishing to dispose of story books written fifty to one hundred years ago. Address—*Miss Walker, Elm Hall, Wanstead.*

Will some one kindly lend me the numbers of *The Monthly Packet* containing the commencement of the present Serial Tales up to January 1876? I shall be happy to lend other magazines in return, and pay carriage or postage. Address—*Miss Clara Griffiths, Bishop's Castle, Salop.*

Can any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* lend me from May to December (inclusive)? I will pay carriage both ways. I shall want the numbers for about two months. Address—*Miss Davis, Bampton Street, Tiverton, Devon.*—I want a cheap edition of the *Silver Skates*—where can I get one? no matter if shabby.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly lend me the numbers from February to June (inclusive) for 1874, containing from Chapter II. to Chapter VI. of 'The Three Brides?' They shall be carefully used, and postage paid both ways. Address —*Miss M. Godfrey, Abingdon, Berks.*

Mrs. Churchill, Woodlands Lodge, Eling, Southampton, wishes to borrow the number of *The Churchman's Companion* containing Florence Wilford's 'Christina.'

Can any of your correspondents kindly tell me what is the origin of the expression 'frightened out of my seven senses,' and what the seven senses are said to be?—*M. A. P.*

A Novice may find what she requires by writing to *M. S., Post-Office, Kenilworth.*

'Last Heartsease Leaves,' will be republished in the June number of *The Monthly Packet.*

Having time and not money at my disposal, I should be much pleased to embroider altar frontals, pulpit hangings, &c., for churches in the Colonies or elsewhere, provided the cost of materials is supplied. For futher particulars apply to *M. H., 2, Guildford Lane, Dover.*

Theodora, Backwood, Neston, Cheshire, wishes for a copy of *The Wanderer*, by Owen Meredith. She will either pay for it or give in exchange any new book of the value of 6*s.*

H.—Did you actually never hear of a tragedy called *Hamlet*, written by a not quite unknown poet called Shakespeare? It is lamentable that people should be so utterly ignorant of the most celebrated passages of our greatest poets.

If *E. J.* would send her address, *J. I.* could send her a poem on an incident occurring during the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Will the Editor or any correspondent of *The Monthly Packet* inform *Christine* where the following verse is taken from—

'And do the hours slip fast or slow,
And are ye sad or gay?
And is your heart with your liege lord, lady,
Or is it far away?'

A lady has formed a small society for the purpose of systematic practice of classical music on the piano, under the superintendence of a competent musical professor.

There are still some vacancies. Any lady who may be desirous of joining the Association is requested to write to *Miss Mina Rooper, Ouseley Lodge, Old Windsor.*

Amanda, Hartshill Vicarage, Atherstone, would be glad to buy the numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for 1875, or to exchange for it a volume of the *Waverley Novels.*

L. F.—Readings for Lent, by Dr. J. M. Neale. Miss Sewell's *Thoughts for Holy Week.* The Rev. T. T. Carter's *Footprints of our Lord.*

Miss Bowlby has several books belonging to a Lending Library in connection with a mothers' meeting, which she would like to exchange for others of a similar character, which would be new to her readers. A list will be sent to anyone who will write for it. Address—3, *West Mayfield, Newington, Edinburgh.*

W. J. wishes to know the name of a book containing lives of the Saints, with their names placed alphabetically for each month.

The learned antiquarian, *James Orchard Halliwell*, informs us that the earliest notice of Gotham that he knows of occurs in the mention of William de Gotham, Master of Michael House at Cambridge in 1336, who was also twice Chancellor of that University; but the myth of the stupidity of the inhabitants of that town is very ancient, as it is referred to in the *Widkirk Plays* (what their date is does not appear, but I should infer early in the fifteenth century). The tales of the *Wise Men of Gotham* were formed into a cheap book early in the sixteenth century, a work 'attributed to Dr. Andrew Borde, the well-known progenitor of *Merry Andrews.*' The proverb, 'As wise as the men of Gotham,' is said to have had its origin in this way. Gotham is a village seven miles from Nottingham, and the inhabitants having displeased King John on the occasion of his passing through it, he sent to inquire and punish their ill-behaviour. Knowing no other way of escape they feigned themselves fools, and were found by the king's officers employed in various ridiculous ways—one set endeavouring to drown an eel, another to hedge in a cuckoo, &c., and the officers reported accordingly that it was a village of fools. Norfolk, Essex, and Wiltshire have all at times suffered ill-repute for the stupidity of their population, but the inhabitants of the aggrieved districts have always explained the charge as the evidence of superior wit, the folly being feigned to deceive their enemies. The Greeks and the Germans, and probably all nations, have collections of the tales of simpletons, the satisfaction derived from their perusal being possibly gained from a subtle appeal to the self-complacency of superior understanding. The tales of the *Wise Men of Gotham* are, many of them, too coarse for repetition.—*Isis.*

One who wishes to be useful would be glad to be employed in copying MSS. if there is any demand for such work. She would also gladly receive suggestions about any other kind of employment.

M. T. L., 25, *Portman Square, W.*, would be greatly obliged to any reader of *The Monthly Packet* if they would tell her how she could procure Byrd's *Psalms, Sonnets, &c.*, 1588. She wishes particularly to have the hymn beginning—

'My mind to me a kingdom is.'

E. H. begs to inform *Maria Margaret* that the lines for which she inquires are the beginning of a hymn of four verses which occurs in *Agincourt*, a novel, by G. P. R. James.

V.—Christian Art is published by Mozley and Smith by the name of *Schools of Art of Mediæval Christendom*, by Alice Owen.

Members are wanted for an Essay Club, in which a first and second prize is given annually, and which has been established two years. Rules and all particulars may be obtained from *Miss M. Grayling, Sittingbourne, Kent.*

Anselm would be glad to buy a copy, in good condition, of Ruskin's *Elements of Drawing*, also one of Aunt Judy's Christmas or May-Day volumes, published before 1868.—*Anselm.*

Can anyone tell me if there is any society for making grants to village libraries? I have applied to one or two but they only grant tracts, which is not the kind of reading required. If any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* have any old books to give away, tales, travels, adventures, &c., they will be most acceptable, and I shall be very grateful for them. Address—*Anne Pavey, Nailsworth, Gloucestershire.*

The meaning of the word Rococo was asked in the August number of *The Monthly Packet*, 1875. The *Dictionnaire de l'Academie* gives the following description of it:—'Le genre Rococo, ou substantivement le rococou, est une style d'architecture, d'ornémentation d'ameublement qui régna en France dans le XVIII. siècle. Bernini fut

le père de ce mauvais gout. C'est un mot formé de *Rocaille*, à cause de la Rocaille qui figurait.'

In reply to the inquiry of *Queen Bee*, whether there is any institution for convalescent children of the better classes, the Lady Superintendent of the Children's Hospital, Rhyl, begs to say that one distinct portion of the building is set apart for the children of the better classes. Many clergymen and professional men have gladly availed themselves of it for their children.

Answer to *Queen Bee.*—A Convalescent Home for children of all ages of the higher classes, was opened at Weymouth last summer, and has proved most satisfactory in renewing them with health and strength. For particulars apply, *Miss Michell, Waterloo House, Weymouth.*

If anyone discarding the old edition of *Ancient and Modern Hymns*, would like to give their old books to a Mission Chapel in a poor country place, they would be gratefully received. Address—*Mrs. Brodie, Rowington Vicarage, Warwick.*

Miss A. M. Potts would be much obliged if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* would kindly send her some pictures for a scrap-book being made for a bazaar in aid of the restoration of a church. Address—*Miss A. M. Potts, Heron Bridge, Chester.*

M. T. and *B. M. H.* are anxious to make a Sunday scrap-book for some poor children. Any Sunday pictures, pieces of reading, or scraps of any kind, would be most acceptable. *M. T.* and *B. M. H.* would also be *much obliged* if any kind reader of *The Monthly Packet* would send them a scrap-book, it would not matter its not being quite new, to put the pictures in. Will anyone who is kind enough to help them send as soon as possible?—directing to *M. T.*, 7, *Kensington Gate, London, W.*

M. M.—St. Joseph's Star is the yellow star of Bethlehem, *Ornithojalum Luteum.* St. Alice's Primrose is *Primula Acaulis.* St. Alice was a German Abbess who died in 1012. St. George's Bells are the wild hyacinth, *Hyacinthus Non Scriptus.* See 'A Garland for the Year,' in the second volume of the first series of *The Monthly Packet.*

Acknowledged thankfully for the Daisy Chain Cot, 5*s.* from *Fred* and *Ella.* For the Wilberforce Window, *Miss Ashwin*, 2*s.* 6*d.*; *E. Riddle*, 7*s.* 6*d.*; *Money Spinner*, 2*s.* 6*d.* Acknowledged with many thanks from *S. P. B.*, 2*s.* 6*d.* for S. Stephen's Home, Lewisham, E. Norton Harper, Hon. Treasurer. *Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt* acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions to the Nursery of the Good Shepherd, Portsea, *Mignonne*, 2*s.* 6*d.*; *Brother Jack*, 2*s.* 6*d.* *Romeo* encloses twelve stamps for the poor at S. Saviour's Priory, hoping they will be accepted by the mother; parcel of clothes from *Meridian.*

The following sums have been received with many thanks by *Miss G. Stewart*, 5, *Cambridge Square*, towards the education of the Haïtian girls by the All Saints' Sisters at Baltimore:—*Miss Brown*, £2 2*s.*; *Mrs. W. S. Nicholson*, 5*s.*; *K.*, 2*s.*; *Miss G. M. Arrowsmith*, £1; *Bella*, 1*s.*; *S. A.*, 2*s.*

Inquirer.—I think the Herefordshire Harvest Home cry, 'a Mare, a Mare,' may be explained by means of a clue furnished in the answer to the second 'Spider Question,' in the same (the March) number. It is there stated that the Danish name *Dagmar* means *Day's Maiden.* In Adelung's German Dictionary I find accordingly that the word *Mähre*, now obsolete, was used in the northern languages for *a maiden.* It is very likely that some reaper should have taken it into his head to tie up a bunch of wheat into the shape of a doll; and it is certain that there is a strong infusion of the old Danish language in our own.—*S. S. G.*——Mawther is provincial for a girl in the North West Counties.—ED.

E. M. M.—The practice of the Universal Church is the authority for turning to the east. The eighteenth Canon for bowing at the Holy Name.

E. A.—What is not made compulsory is not forbidden.

Mrs. Tait writes to say that the Sisters of St. Peter's Orphan and Convalescent Home, Broadstairs, can at times receive children of the better classes. Convalescents are received on payment of the sum of 7*s.* per week. Application for admission of Orphans to be made to *Mrs. Tait, Lambeth Palace;* for Convalescents, to the Sisters in charge of the Home.

Elise.—Things intended for the depôt for clothes for the families of the poor clergy, should be addressed to the Committee, 32, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

Does *M. A. M.* know of the Harley Street Institution for Governesses? An Insurance Society is connected with it, and relief in some way is given in time of sickness.

Could anyone kindly inform *Miss Cooper, Weybread Vicarage, Harlestone, Norfolk*, of any good Home where an incurable invalid youth could be received on payment of about 5*s.* per week? Or, *Miss Anna Bramston, Deanery, Winchester*, of a Home where a delicate and much neglected child of eleven could be taken in permanently, and for what payment.

Mercy would be much obliged if some one would give her the third, fourth, and fifth verses of *The Marseillaise*, and tell her where to find the words and music of *Ça ira*.

Mannec.—Erastus was a German heretic of the 16th century, who taught that the clergy are only officers of the state, and that there is no spiritual power, only political. Erastianism is subservience of the Church to the temporal power.—Ed.

The following is an extract from a work printed in the year 1606, that is, 270 years ago, when the privilege is spoken of as so old as to have become 'part of the common law':—'Albeit it is nowe become a part of the common lawe in regard to social relations of life, that as often as bissextile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by wordes or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper, and moreover no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy who dothe refuse to accept the offer of a ladye, or doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely.'—The above extract was communicated by the Rev. John Thorn, Vicar of Stoneleigh. Sent by the Rector of Whitnash.

Wilberforce Window, *E. A. Maurice*, 10*s.*; *A Reader of the Literary Churchman*, 10*s.* For the Confirmation Window, 1*s.*; *Catherine E. Oldfield*, 2*s.* 6*d.*; *Rev. H. F. Johnson*, £1 1*s.*; *Marian Ashwin*, 1*s.* 6*d.* Daisy Chain Cot 5*s.* from *E. A. A. G. W. H.* returns grateful thanks to *Reseda, W. H. M., S. E. B., E. B. C., A. B. P., A. A. S.*, and to *very* many anonymous contributors, post-marks, Brighton, Bath, Chester, Lewes, Dungannon, Aberdeen, London, Carrickfergus, &c. The *Rev. John Scarth* on behalf of the 'S. Andrew's Waterside Church Mission,' begs to offer best thanks to *L. S.* for the parcel of capital and most welcome books, which, with 1*s.*, arrived safely on the 23rd of February.

Will anyone lend the Christmas Number of *The Monthly Packet* for 1873, on the proverb 'What the snow conceals, the sun reveals,' on payment of the full price for it and postage? Address—*Mrs. Langdon, Glenside, Cotham, Bristol.*

A. M. C. wishes to exchange either of the three following books for *Misunderstood. The Romance of the History of France*, by Leitch Ritchie. *The Romance of the History of Italy*, by C. Macfarlane. The Third Volume of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, by Mrs. Cowden Clarke.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* lend *Rubia, Our Mother Church*, by Mrs. Jerome Mercier? Will pay postage both ways. *Carlisle Villa, Selhurst Road, South Norwood.*

Could any of your readers lend me Rev. S. Hole's *Book about Roses*? I will pay postage both ways, take great care, and return in a short time. I will also gladly send a list of books which I can lend in return. Address—*Miss Moffett, Foyle College, Londonderry.*

Catherina begs to inform *S. N.* that the quotation—

> 'Heaven's gates are not so highly arch'd
> As princes' palaces; they that enter there
> Must go upon their knees—'

is by Webster.

M. C. M. is glad to be able to tell *Anon* that the *Changed Cross* is illuminated by Miss K. Keene only, and may be bought through any bookseller.

G. M. will feel very grateful to any reader of *The Monthly Packet* who will recommend to her *Leaflets*, or simple tracts, suitable for distribution among the poor at Good-Friday and Easter-Day. Hymns in good type would do.

Will anyone kindly give *Dewdrop* a few directions for colouring photographs? She finds it so difficult to get the colours to lie smoothly. Is there any preparation with which the photographs could be washed over previous to painting? Please send answers to the Editor.—*Dewdrop* must send the Editor her address.

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* give me some scraps? I am making a scrapbook for a West Indian Mission. Address—*Miss E. E. Johnson, Barton Fields, Canterbury.* I will gladly pay postage.

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Spider Subjects.

THE NUMBER OF THE GEESE.

EVERYONE has answered right, but many Spiders have begun the sum at the wrong end—guessing the answer and working backwards. Others have sent no working at all. Of those who have worked it in the right way many have ignored the negative sign. Very good, Geometrical Spider, by Algebra, and Arithmetic, Simple Susan and Gertrude, by Arithmetic; good, B. M. G. A. R., Mountain Dew, Hanover, W. A. T., Pinkie. Poetical, F. M. L., Maiblume, E. W.; answered also by Lunoplylax, (*Qy.* What does this name mean?) Asophos, Oakleaf, Guy, Foxglove, Punch, Bubbles, The Muffin Man, Alert's Friend, Darmstadt, Tommy, B. A. S., Le Capitaine, Rabbit, no signature, Tag, Myfanwy, Hoopoe. Given without working by Lord Archy, Constance G., Lillie, Peggotty, Jenny Wren, Lottchen, Filia, G. E. W., Heron, Brentwood, T. N. M., B. F. C., Two Cheshire Cats, Johannes, Espérance, Loriston, Lilla, Liebchen, Helvellyn. Euroclydon, much too long a story. We give the shortest way of working by Algebra, and Arithmetic. Money Spinner wrote a capital conversation which we cannot insert for want of room.

Let x^2 be the number required: then $10x$ is the number in the lake, and

$$\frac{x^2}{8} + 10x + 6 = x^2$$

$$\text{Therefore} \quad 7x^2 - 80x = 48$$

$$x^2 - \frac{80}{7}x = \frac{48}{7}$$

$$\left(x - \frac{40}{7}\right)^2 = \frac{1600}{49} + \frac{48}{7}$$

$$= \frac{16 \times 121}{49}$$

$$x - \frac{40 \pm 44}{7} = 12 \text{ or } -\frac{4}{7}$$

The second root of the equation does not suit this problem. The answer is therefore the square of 12, namely, 144. S. S. G.

By Trial.

Observing that the number must be a square number, and divisible by 8, the lowest numbers that fulfil these conditions are 16, 64, 144, &c.

Trying these successively we shall have, if right—

$$\text{first,} \quad 10 \times 4 + \frac{16}{8} + 6 = 16$$

$$\text{secondly,} \quad 10 \times 8 + \frac{64}{8} + 6 = 64$$

$$\text{thirdly,} \quad 10 \times 12 + \frac{144}{8} + 6 = 144$$

The third of these, being the only one that is true, is the solution.

GEOMETRICAL SPIDER.

THE HISTORY AND MEANING OF LEAP-YEAR.

LEAP YEAR has been done by Cape Jasmine, The Muffin Man, Water Wagtail, Number Four, Augusta, Hope, Ruby, Pussy Cat, Sapphire, Catherina, Opal, Loriston, Bruce, Tadpole, Grizel, Chinese Cousin, Sintram, Bubbles, Heracles, Esquimaux, Rabbit, Titania, Tag, Quilly, Alert, Mignonette, no signature, Judith, Pinkie, The Turk, Moss Agate, Gertrude, T. M. F., Two Constant Subscribers, Margareto too late, D. C. H. The Turk's is the best, the others are arranged in order of merit.

BISSEXTILE, or Leap-year, is the name given to every fourth year, and has in it an extra day, February 29th.

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Till the era of Julius Cæsar time was divided according to a calendar, called the

Roman calendar, formed, as the tradition runs, by Romulus. Numa made some alterations in it upon the Greek model. Among others to make the lunar year correspond with the course of the sun, he inserted an extra month every alternate year.

In the course of years owing to imperfect arrangement of time, much disorder arose, and months got transposed from their proper seasons.

In B.C. 47 Julius Cæsar caused Flavius, with the help of Sosigenes, an Egyptian astronomer, to reorganize the year by the course of the sun, reckoning it at 365 days 6 hours. In consideration of the quarter of a day which was thought needful to complete the true year, a day was added every fourth year. Those attending to the calendar, reckoning according to the Roman system (which included the first and last year in every fourth) made the intercalation take place every *third* year, after the last leap-year. This error prevailed undiscovered till twelve leap-years had taken place, where there should have been only nine, and three days consequently had been gained. Augustus decreed that the next twelve years should be reckoned as common years, each having only 365 days, after which every fourth year was again to have an extra day. The first leap-year after the correction was 49 of the Julian era, and A.D. 4. The Julian or Solar year began on the 1st of January, and each month had the same number of days as at the present time. This method of registering time is the same now in use in most countries.

In A.D. 1582, Pope Gregory XIII., noticing that the vernal equinox, which at the Council of Nice, in 325, was on the 21st of March, fell on the 10th, threw ten days out of the current year, so that the day following October 4th was called October 15th. With the advice of astronomers and scientific men he adopted the propositions of Aloysius Lilius, who observing that the insertion of an extra day every fourth year made the years a little too long (as they then consisted of 365 days 6 hours, when they should only have had 365 days 5 hours and 49 minutes) rectified this by ordaining that three leap years in every four centuries should be as common years, and that only those years divisible by four should be leap-years. Thus 1800 was not a leap-year, neither will 1900 be.

The alteration of style according to the Gregorian calendar was almost universal in Europe, but Great Britain did not adopt the new style, as it is called, till 1752 (when eleven days were omitted) though an effort was made to do so as early as Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Russia and Greece retained the use of the old style till the present year; there is therefore a difference of twelve days between their reckoning of time and those countries using the Gregorian calendar.

Leap-year is so called from its leaping a day more than the common years.

THE TURK.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FORMS OF FAITH.

ARACHNE has taken R. L. C.'s answer because it gives a general view in a most useful and brief manner, though Islam, or the faith, is hardly to be called an ancient religion, but rather a heresy. She demurs too to Presbyterianism being mentioned as a branch of the Church. There is no united Presbyterianism. There are two great schismatical bodies, the Lutheran or Protestant, and the Calvinist, both of which have kept up the order of Presbyters, or Elders, believing this possible without Bishops. Next best, I. S. R. A Catholic's ancient part was good, but where was her Catholicity when she made Gregory the Great first Bishop of Rome? What has become of S. Peter and Linus? Spinning Jenny, Alert, are fair; Helvellyn is rather in a mist; Frederica is bewildered among the sects.

THE value of correct knowledge on so important a subject is always great, but most especially now, when Mr. Philosophy, and his daughter Mental Energy,* are doing their utmost to induce all whom they can influence to look on the true faith as only *prima inter pares*, and when it is hardly too much to say that of those who Sunday after Sunday profess their belief in the Holy Catholic Church, three-fourths would

* See *Progress of Pilgrim Good-Intent*, a book which deserves to be read and remembered thoughtfully

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find it very hard to explain what it really is that they believe or intend by those words.

There is in Max Müller's *Lectures on Comparative Theology*, a very close statement of the great religions of the world; showing how those that he calls book-religions (those that possess records of the foundations of their belief) have endured, and also how in the chief among them a second book has grown out of, or been added to, the original one.

But he fails, or seems to me to fail, in perceiving that the Old and New Testament of our Holy Bible are not two books, but one continuous whole. The root could not be called a tree, nor could branches exist without a root, and this continuity is most clearly shown in a sermon by Rev. T. T. Carter, to be the witness to Himself, of which our Lord spoke when He explained to Cleophas and his companion the 'things concerning Himself,' beginning with Moses and going on through all the Prophets.

I have no book of reference, so can only sketch from what I recollect to be lists of the principal forms of belief in old times.

The worship of fire, handed down to the present day, and now called Parseeism, in connection with which the beautiful legend of Abraham and the Fire-worshipper is told.

The worship of nature, alluded to in the Book of Job, spreading from the countr where Sanskrit was a spoken language, to Egypt, Greece, Rome and Scandinavia—Brahmanism, Buddhism—the Chinese, Lama-ism, Islam or Mohammedanism.

I feel no more doubt that all these are only broken lights reflected, or it would be better to say refracted from the one, only Source of Light, than that the coloured rays of the prism all have their starting-point in the light of the sun.

In modern times our interest is chiefly fixed on the different forms in which faith in the One Most Holy is expressed, and many of us shut our eyes far too readily to the awful fact, that Christ's flock, after so many hundred years, is still a little flock, that the numbers professing Christianity under its different forms all told, are far out-numbered by the followers of Mahomet and Sakya Mouni. 'Brethren, these things ought not to be.'

The Church, the Holy Catholic Church, is like a river which must at last find its own level in the charity of Christ, and which did indeed at first flow pure and unpolluted, though even in the very earliest days there seem to have been differences between Antioch and Jerusalem, Corinth and Rome, colouring their teaching as the rays of lights are coloured by passing through stained glass, it is only the consequences of that free will with which it has pleased God to endow man. Unity is a blessed thing, but as Vinet has pointed out, there has been in these later times, *un besoin exageré d'uniformité*—a very different thing, though mistaken far too often for real unity; the one being, as S. T. Coleridge has said, like frost, which freezes together sticks, stones and all sorts of heterogeneous things; while the other is like heat, which first dissolves, and then fuses into one, whatever yields to its action.

The chief branches of our Living Vine are—the Greek, the Roman, and the English Churches; and of these our English Church is, in truth, whatever may be said by controversialists on either side, the same as that of Rome, only purified from Romish exaggerations as are the exhalations from a great river which rise by the force of the sun's rays and return to earth clear and bright, in the rain or the dew.

That our own Church is perfect no one would venture to assert. All of us need to pray, as Bishop Lancelot Andrews bids us, that in it whatsoever is wanting may be supplied, and whatsoever is wrong may be corrected; but we may boldly assert, that no one can really study the Book of Common Prayer, and follow our Church carefully through all her ordinances without perceiving that she is really the King's daughter, all glorious within; we do not claim for her that she alone is *the* daughter—that glorious title is for the Bride, the whole Catholic Church.

It is, indeed, high time that among the sons she has brought up, some should arise and claim for her a higher position than she has as yet claimed for herself. Hitherto she has, so to speak, waited in patience, till the Church of Rome would perceive how far she herself has drifted from the Truth, which is the Way, and would join cordially with her as the virgins that be her fellows joined in loving ministry to the bride. And

so she has never made it sufficiently plain, even to the mass of her own children, that she can date back to the Day of Pentecost, as clearly as the Greek, or the Roman Church, or even the Church of Jerusalem, were it still existing, so that it is Romish not English Churchmen who are really Dissenters.

But we had, and still have, much to be grateful to Rome for, as we have also to Wesley and Whitfield; but for the Latin services of Rome, most of the treasures of our Common Prayer Book would have been lost in the shifting forms of language during the mediæval times; but for Wesley and Whitfield the Church might still have slumbered and slept as she was doing in many places when they sounded the alarm.*

Nevertheless, in these days of secular education it is our bounden duty more than ever before, to go round the towers, and mark well the bulwarks of the Church, not only for our own safety against the ever-watchful enemy, but that we may 'tell them that come after.'

It would well repay any of the Spiders to read carefully the Lectures by the Principal of the Lichfield Theological College, published two or three years ago, on the Church in her relation to Dissent, where what could only be hinted at here is fully explained.

R. L. C.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

What tokens do you find in the Books of Judges, Ruth, and Samuel, of the knowledge and observance of the Levitical Law?

What striking scenes have taken place at the Tower Wharf and Traitor's Gate?

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

ARACHNE has awarded the Prize to *The Island of Progress*. Spiders must remember that the stories on the new proverb, *Noblesse Oblige*, must be sent in good time, before the 1st July, with name and address fully written on them, and stamps for return.

* Works of Alexander Knox.

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Notices to Correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS for scraps and odds and ends of wool are not fit for this place, and cannot be continued. What is fitter for the *Queen* or the *Exchange and Mart* must be sent there.

J. F., Post-Office, Falfield, Gloucestershire, has several books in good condition fit for a Lending Library which she would be glad to dispose of.——It depends upon their merits.—ED.

The compiler of *The Poetical Reading Book*, in Philip's *Series of Reading Books*, begs to apologise to Miss Yonge for having, through a mistake, affixed her name to the poem on Maximilian on page 132 of that selection.

Emma.—All regular succession ended in the time of Herod. Simon was the last who called himself High Priest. The Priesthood is not kept up, but the Jews named Cohen are of the priestly families.

Hardanger.—The Lord Chancellor's seat is really a woolsack.—ED.

K. H. C.—A short Catechism on the Holy Communion edited by a committee of clergy.

E. H.—Brett's *The Office of the Most Holy Name.*

Three Inquirers.—The ride from Ghent is wholly imaginary. The Cavalier is from Scott's *Rokeby.*

They would be glad to know where to find—

'Evil is wrought by want of thought.'

The 5 A's. ask for the two first lines of the Epigram ending—

'But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Will waft you swifter to the Stygian shores.'

Also whether 'I do not want *to*,' or any sentence of a similar construction, is admissible in conversation.—The *Dean's English*, by Dr. Alford, allows it.—ED.

The passage to which *S. N.* refers, and which stands in the original,

'Heaven's gates are not so highly arched as princes' palaces; they that enter there must go upon their knees,'

occurs in Webster's tragedy of the *Duchess of Malfi*, Act iv. Scene iii.—*Penelope.*

E. M. P.—All Queen-Consorts are distinguished by their maiden appellations, as Katharine of Aragon &c. It is only a matter of custom as to Lady Jane Gray's name.

Audley asks whence 'the sword in myrtles drest,' is quoted in the *Christian Year.* We think it is from a classic author, but do not know.

A.—*A Handbook of English Ecclesiology* (Masters). Bloxam's *Gothic Architecture.* Most of the English cathedrals were begun between 1000 and 1200, and finished at different dates before the Reformation.

A Stranger.—No one spoke of *doles*; but if a clergyman is hindered by a heavy family from keeping up a good school, having curates sufficient for providing for the needs of the sick &c., without depending on his richer parishioners, he recurs to the evils of the voluntary system. One gentleman's child costs as much to bring up as twenty poor ones.

Eslie.—Before the 6th of the month.

Weilford.—Declined with thanks.

R. L. A. tells us that in the parish of Brighton the *Ram of Derby* is still sung every Christmas; and two or three rival Rams, there called *tups*, perambulate the parish.

Ethelreda.—Talleyrand.

C. C. C.—It is in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; but it is a horrible story, and had better not be inquired into.

E. N.—Shickshack is not Shishak, and Rehoboam is not Jeroboam.

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E. C. C.—The quotation was from *Paillettes d'Or*, a book with beautiful bits in it, but too Romish to be recommended.

L. G. M.—From Skelton. It has been answered many times before.

F. W. will be much obliged if anyone can tell her who is the author of some lines on S. John xx. 11, addressed to M. E. E., and beginning—

'Rejoice with me, sweet Mary, that to one
Who bore thy tender heart-endearing name,
At dusky morn, the Lord, new-risen, came
Ere the world saw the radiance of the sun.'

In a manuscript album they are signed A. J. W., but those may be only the initials of the copier.

Mrs. Brown.—Aunt Cecily's Music Book has not been separately published. Wanted *The Village and the Vicarage*, by G. Mogridge (Old Humphrey).

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* inform me if there is any place from which I could procure the loan of books suitable for reading to my Sunday School children? —*Miriam.*

Mr. J. G. Talbot, in answer to a recent query in *The Monthly Packet* as to obtaining books for Institutions, says that it is worth while to apply to *J. M. Clabon, Esq.*, 21, *Great George Street, S. W.*, for the rules of Mrs. Rebecca Hussey's Book Charity, under which grants of books are made on easy terms for such purposes.

Can anyone sell or give me the following numbers of *The People's Magazine* to complete volumes for a Village Library? January, July, September, 1870; January, February, March, December, 1871; January, July, August, September, October, November, December, 1872. Address—*Mrs. Bulkley, Woodlands Vicarage, Brimpton, Reading.*

I have some books that would do for a Village and School Library, which I wish to exchange for others suitable for reading aloud to classes of children from seven to twelve in a Village Sunday School. List on application to *Mrs. Hill, Romanby, Northallerton.*

Will anyone kindly send a few books suitable for a Choir Boys' Library to, *L. D., 7, Barbican Terrace, Barnstaple*, who will gratefully receive them?

Will anyone kindly lend me a book called, *The Tempted Life of Our Blessed Lord*, by Rev. C. Hutchings of Clewer? I will take great care of it and pay postage. Address—*R. H. C., Post-Office, Sutton Valence, Staplehurst, Kent.*

I am anxious to join a German class conducted by correspondence; can any of your readers tell me of one in which there is a vacancy? *X. Y., Hargrave, St. Neot's.*

The second year of the 'Busy Bee Drawing Society' begins in April. Drawings are done from copies and criticized. Rules may be had from *Miss A. M. Crellin, Orry's Dale, Isle of Man.*

Will any gentleman kindly undertake the office of 'critic' to a Mutual Improvement Society, in which five questions upon subjects of general interest are answered by the twelve lady members each month? Answers to be sent to *Miss E. Shuttleworth*, 2, *Belgrave Place, Clifton, Bristol.*

'Silent friends, fare ye well,

is from a poem by Caroline Bowles (Mrs. Southey), in a volume called *The Birthday, and other Poems.—E. R. E.*

Mr. W. F. S. would be glad to know where to find the *Martyr of Prusa*, and where can a copy of the book be obtained? *W. F. S.* has not read it since he was a child, but he recollects that it contained graphic descriptions of the destruction of Pompeii and of some early Christian Martyrdoms.

Will anyone recommend a Home where a blind girl, aged twenty-one, can be admitted? She has had five years' good training at the Norwich School for the Blind. She would be thankful to help towards her own maintenance, and some payment could be made. Address—*Mrs. Ogle, Sedgeford Vicarage, King's Lynn.*

I shall be very glad if anyone can tell me why the *nine of diamonds* should be called the *Curse of Scotland*. I have heard two reasons for it. One story is that during some battle a Scotch general wrote an order upon the back of that card. The order was fatal; the Scotch lost the day, and so the card obtained its name. Another

account states that it originates from 'a Scotch Member of Parliament, part of whose arms was the nine of diamonds, having voted for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland' (Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates*). The latter reason does not seem very probable, and my own impression was that it was connected with some act of treachery.—*Filia.*

R. D.—At the depôt for clothing for the families of the poor clergy, 32, *Southampton Street, Strand.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* tell me of a good school where a little boy could be well educated free of expense or at a very slight expense? He is a gentlemanly though delicate little fellow, good voice. A Foundation preferred, or as a chorister. Address—*M. W. S., Post-Office*, 100, *Brompton Road, London.*

W. M., Post-Office, Gloucester, having much time at her disposal, would be glad to know of any charitable institution or society requiring the gratuitous help of a lady—not menial employment, but secretary, or something of the kind.

Acknowledged with thanks for the Wilberforce Window, *Miss A. P. Taunton*, 15*s.*; *Rev. G. R. Hadow*, 5*s.*; *W. S. S.*, 5*s.*

Miss C. Dick is much obliged to *S. M. P.* and others who have so kindly responded to her appeal for materials for Church Work.—*Dawlish.*

Mr. Samuel Ford Allnutt begs to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of two dozen holland pinafores from *Miss Emily Patteson*, and £2 2*s.* from *J. R. E.*, for the Nursery of the Good Shepherd. Please kindly acknowledge for S. Saviour's Priory, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, 10*s.* from *E. Y. Miss E. Stewart*, 5, *Cambridge Square, W.*, begs to acknowledge with many thanks the following further contributions towards the Church Work in Haïti:—*Miss Jones*, 10*s.*; *Mrs. Farmer*, 10*s.*; *F. A. L.*, 5*s*: *Miss C. Fraser*, 10*s.* 6*d.*; *L. S.*, 10*s*; *A Constant Reader of The Monthly Packet*, 5*s.*; *Miss M. Hopkins*, 5*s.*

FRIENDLY CLUB (OR READING-ROOM) FOR YOUNG SHOPWOMEN, MEMBERS OF THE 'GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.'—Some of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* may be interested to hear that it is proposed to start a Club (or Reading-Room), for Young Shopwomen who are members of the 'Girls' Friendly Society.' Two rooms have been engaged at 207 Marylebone Road, and it is to be hoped that the weekly payments of the members (3*d.* per week) will nearly pay the rent. Tea and coffee, which it is proposed to supply at 1*d.*, will not be entirely self-supporting, and the following furniture, &c. will be required, towards which any kind help would be thankfully received (either in kind or money)—Piano, cupboard with shelves, twelve chairs, one long seat, one small table, one large tin teapot, coffeepot, milk jugs, games of all sorts, pictures for the walls, flowers, books for lending, and especially newspapers, which would be most valuable, either illustrated or daily. Any further information will be gladly given by *Mrs. Symes Thompson*, 8, *Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.*, Working Associate for Marylebone of the 'Girls' Friendly Society.'

Received with many thanks for the Home of the Sisters of the Church, 29, Kilburn Park Road, S.W., a parcel of clothes from *C. H. B., Emily*, Mother Superior. *S.* is thanked for 5*s.* for the Daisy Chain Cot, *R. E.* for 1*s.*, *C.* and *J.* for clothing.

Yolande begs to inform *Mercy* that the third, fourth, and fifth verses of the *Marseillaise* are these:—

'Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis.
Tremblez, vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
Aux armes, &c.

'Amour sacré de la patrie
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accens,
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, &c.

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'Que l'amitié, que la patrie
Fassent l'objet de tous nos vœux
Ayons toujours l'âme nourrie,
Des feux qu'ils inspirent tous deux
Soyons unis, tout est possible.
Nos vils ennemis tomberont,
Alors les Français cesseront
De chanter ce refrain terrible.
Aux armes,' &c.

Nettie asks where to find—

'A light that never shone on land or sea.'

Christina.—The remainder of the poem is—

'The lady raised her calm proud head,
Her tears fell one by one,
Life counts not hours by joy or pangs
But just by duties done.

And when I lie in the green kirkyard,
With the mould upon my breast,
Say not, she did ill or well
Only she did her best.'

Ella asks for the author of a poem on flowers, beginning—

'In Eastern clime.'

M. S. asks for a book on the lives of the apostles to use with a class of boys.—We know none so good as the Saint's day volume of Jackson *On the Collects*.

E. S. B.—As French reading for a girl of fourteen, the works of Madame de Witt and Madame de Pressensé.

R. A.—*Off* is understood.

A Country Clergyman having a cottage in his parish, in which are bed and sitting-room, plainly but comfortably furnished, is willing to lend them *gratis* for the inside of any one week (from Monday till Saturday), to any hard worked brother clergyman desiring a few days' rest in the country. Board can be had at the parsonage with the clergyman's family at an almost nominal rate. For further particulars, write to REST, care of *Rev. A. R. Cole, Hursbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hants. No profit is desired*, but this offer is made simply with a wish to afford an opportunity for retirement and entire rest to any brother clergyman in actual, and active work.

Have any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* the numbers for August and September 1874, which they would kindly dispose of for half-price, to make up the set? Address—*Miss Evans, St. Albans.*

Ladies wishing to join an Essay Club are requested to write to *Miss Gilbert, Cautley Manor, Norwich.*

H. S.—The answers are, *Good-night* and *Restore.*

S. M. will be much obliged if any reader of *The Monthly Packet* can tell her of a Home or Sisterhood for sick children in one of the Midland Counties, similar to St. Lucy's in Gloucester. Answers to the Editor will greatly oblige.

Sparrow having received thirty letters asking the names and meaning of the Gems for the months, sends the following list—*January*—Jacinth, or garnet, constancy and fidelity. *February*—Amethyst; preserves mortals from strong passions and insures peace of mind. *March*—Bloodstone; courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises. *April*—Sapphire, or diamond; reputation, or innocence. *May*—Emerald; successful love. *June*—Agate; long life, and health. *July*—Ruby or Carnelian; forgetfulness, or cure, of evils arising from disappointment in love or friendship. *August*—Sardonyx; conjugal happiness. *September*—Chrysolite; preserves from or cures folly. *October*—Aquamarine, or opal; misfortune and hope. *November*—Topaz; insures fidelity in friendship. *December*—Turquoise, or Malachite; the most brilliant success and happiness in every condition of life.

In reply to *W. J.*, in April number of *Monthly Packet*, *E. B.* thinks *Holy Men of Old*, Mozley or Masters, would answer his purpose.

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Spider Subjects.

THE CID.

THE Cid's life is best of all done by Scheherazade; Audley has charming legends but is too long for the space; Penelope's is good and thoughtful; Robin and Wild Irishwoman have depended too much on Corneille; Tiger, Turk, Letty, Bath Brick, Brainless Spider, Bee, very good; Pinkie, Edith Plantagenet, Green Goose, The Muffin Man, Cape Jessamine, Mary Adelaide, Lauriston, Water Wagtail, Mignonette, Mercy, and Catherina, all have done fairly; Knowles and Frederica have both sent in untidy papers.

BURGOS, the capital of Castile, was already an ancient city, when it was rendered for ever illustrious by the birth there (about 1040) of the famous hero, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar. 'El Seid' (the Lord) as the Moors called him, which the Spaniards corrupted into 'El Cid,' calling him in their ballads, 'El Cid Campeador'; and as the Cid we know him best even in these times. His father was Don Diego Lainez, his mother Donna Teresa, daughter of Don Rodrigo Alvarez. From the united testimony and consequent comparison of history and romance, one is forced to the conclusion that Rodrigo was twice married, and that both his wives were named Ximena. This seems a curious coincidence, but in those days, and in that country the name was far from uncommon. Romance has blended the two into one, and the Ximena of fiction combines the virtues of both Ximena Gomez and Ximena Diaz.

Indeed, the old Spanish ballads are our chief authority for the actual existence of the former. While Rodrigo was still a mere boy, his father was insulted by a blow given by Lozano Gomez, Count of Gomez. That the blow was given in the presence of King Fernando I. and all his court was an additional disgrace; Diego Lainez bitterly bewailed his shame to his sons, and the youthful Rodrigo resenting the insult with all the pride of a Spaniard, and all the rash anger of youth, challenged the Count to single combat, and slew him. All that is matter of history; the sequel we learn from tradition, which tells us how the Count's daughter, Ximena, loudly and continually demanded vengeance from the king; until, the Cid having defeated and captured five Moorish kings, the damsel comprehending all the probabilities of greatness for the future of the young hero, changed her demand for vengeance into a claim for compensation, asking the king to give her the Cid for her husband. Rodrigo himself was by no means adverse to this arrangement, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp, the king giving away the bride. It was probably soon after this that the Cid was knighted by the king in the conquered Moorish city of Coimbra (in Portugal) the Infanta Urraca fastening on his golden spurs, while the queen, her mother, held his horse.

In 1063 the young knight accompanied the Infant Don Sancho, against Ramiro, King of Aragon, who was defeated and slain. Two years later Sancho succeeded King Fernando on the throne of Castile, while by his father's will, Alfonso took Leon, Garcia had Galicia, and the Infantas each a city, Urraca having Toro, and Elvira Zamora. Before very long, however, Sancho aspired to the possession of the whole kingdom, and during the ensuing sieges and skirmishes Rodrigo was ever foremost in both council and war, until in 1072 the king was slain by treachery outside the walls of Zamora, and Alfonso succeeded him, being first forced by the Cid to make solemn oath that he had no hand in his brother's death.

Somewhere before this time the Cid's wife must have died, and in 1074 he married

again, Ximena Diaz, a cousin of the king, if one may trust the testimony of her tomb-stone, which styles her, 'grand-daughter of Alonzo V. of Leon.' By this marriage the Cid had two daughters.

King Alfonso could not forgive his subject's exaction of the oath of innocence of his brother's murder, and when the Moorish King of Toledo made complaint that the Cid had ravaged his territory, Alfonso banished the brave knight, and confiscated all his goods, and amidst the general but silent sorrow of his countrymen, Rodrigo quitted Burgos, and a band of knights went with him. His wife and children were left behind in the Convent of San Pedro de Cardeña. It was then that the Cid, at his wits' end for ready money, borrowed 2,000 florins from two Jews, leaving as pledge two large chests; in reality filled with sand, but which he stated to contain a great treasure. Rodrigo made himself so famous by his hostilities against the Moors that in a few years Alfonso recalled him, begging the hero to regain the fortress of Nueda for him. This was accomplished in 1081; a few years later the Castilian army, commanded by the Cid, besieged and took Toledo; the Cid being appointed governor there.

About 1092 we find Rodrigo again banished, at which time, gathering around him a band of adventurers from all parts of Spain, he laid siege to the city of Valencia; which, having wrested from the Moors, the famous Cid settled himself there as a petty sovereign in 1094. He then sent to Burgos 200 marks of gold to redeem his chests of worthless sand, acknowledging his deceit to the Jews and explaining the matter by saying that his word, which had never been broken, was the treasure hidden in the sand; he also sent to the king a portion of the spoil of Valencia, and demanded that his wife and daughters should be sent to him. The Cid being now too powerful and wealthy a noble to be slighted, was restored to favour once more; he was a king all but in name, and it was only his own innate sense of loyalty which caused him still to acknowledge Alfonso as his liege lord. When 50,000 Moors, led by the King of Tunis, made an attempt to re-capture Valencia, they were repulsed with great slaughter, and so wide-spread was the fame of the Cid, that, Soliman, Sultan of the East, sent an ambassador to solicit the favour of his friendship. It was at Alfonso's request that he gave his daughters Elvira and Sol in marriage to the brothers Gonzales, Counts of Carrion, the Cid and the king meeting at Requena to confer on the subject. The double marriage was celebrated at Valencia with great pomp, but the Counts, having first proved themselves arrant cowards, and then in anger of the Cid shamefully ill treated and deserted their wives, the lord of Valencia in fierce anger demanded vengeance from the king; and at a Cortes held in Toledo, after a trial by combat, the Counts of Carrion were banished for ever. Later Elvira was married to Don Ramiro, son of the King of Navarre, and Sol to Don Sancho, son of the King of Aragon.

After five years' possession of Valencia, the Cid died there, and the ballads relate how his dead body on horseback was led against King Bucar and his Moorish hosts who were utterly routed, and so conveyed to Burgos, accompanied by all his followers and their families, Valencia being left empty and deserted. For ten years the body of the Cid was kept seated in state in San Pedro de Cardeña, and then buried there. His famed steed, Barbieca, survived the noble hero four years; his two favourite swords, Tizona and Colada, we are told, still remain in existence; Colada was won from Kemon, Count of Barcelona, Tizona, from the Moorish king Bucar.

SCHEHERAZADE.

We add a few of the legends from Audley, Hoffnung and Penelope :—

Soon after the celebration of his marriage, the Cid, having committed Ximena to the care of his mother, set out on a pilgrimage to the church of St. James the Apostle; during his journey the following incident took place. His attention and that of his companions, was arrested by the cries and lamentations of a poor man who had sunk deep into a morass, but as he was a leper, no one volunteered to go to his assistance but the Cid, who, dismounting and extricating him from his perilous situation, set him behind him on his horse, took him to the nearest inn, and there shared with him both food and lodging. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a gentle breeze, and saw instead of the leper, a man clothed in white and surrounded by a

supernatural brightness. 'Rodrigo,' said the figure, 'I, the leper whom you so generously rescued, am St. Lazarus; the Divine Master recompenses richly all that is done for Him; to you it is accorded, not only to succeed in all your warlike enterprises, but even to gain a victory after your death.' With these words he disappeared. Five years after his conquest of Valencia, he heard that the Moorish king, Bekir, was preparing to invade his territories with a large army. It is said, that one night as he was thinking on these things, he suddenly saw a bright light, in the midst of which was an old man, with keys in his hand, who said, 'I am St. Peter, and am sent to announce an event which concerns thee more than that which now occupies thy mind; thou must leave this world, to enter on the life eternal, and in thirty days from hence thou wilt be no more. But God loves thee, Rodrigo, and He has granted that though dead, thou shalt vanquish the Moors; and profit thou by my warning, and repent of thy sins that thou mayest inherit eternal glory.' On hearing this, the Cid sought to kiss the Apostle's feet, but he said, 'Touch me not,' and disappeared. On the morrow, knowing he had so short a time to live, he went to the church of St. Peter, where he confessed, and received absolution. That which was first make known to him by St. Lazarus and afterwards by St. Peter was accomplished.

AUDLEY.

In the church of El Christo de la Luz, at Toledo, hangs a crucifix over the altar, which recalls a curious legend, telling how, when the Cid rode by after the conquest, at the head of his troops, his faithful steed, Barbieca, fell on his knees before this mosque. Barbieca needed no guidance and never did wrong, so when he knelt, all knew some holy relic must be concealed there. The wall was therefore pulled down, and as the stones fell a stream of light poured forth and the crucifix was disclosed where it had been placed for safety before the invasion of the Moors, the lamp which was then lighted still miraculously burning. HUFFNUNG.

When we read the beautiful story of the leper, and of how the City of Coimbra was won from the Moors more by prayer and miraculous help than by feats of arms, and of the knighting of the Cid in the mosque of Coimbra with the royal kiss only, and not the blow—because the Cid needed no arousing to knightly deeds—and of many other such testimonies to Rodrigo's claim to love and admiration, we cannot wonder that, whether actually true or not, they should have made him what he is, the darling of Spanish romances. PENELOPE.

What are the Turk's authorities for the account she gives of the Cid's victories over the Germans and the Pope?

Angerona's Cid received too late. Answers must be sent before the end of the month in which the questions are asked.

THE parsing stands thus; Best, Agfa, A. M., Cedar; very good, Spinning Jenny, Hope, Penelope, Audley, Polypheme; answered also by Maimuna, The Muffin Man, Pryf Copyn, Opal, Filia, Träumerin, Chankley Bore, Rose, Brenda, Psyche, Oakleaf, Chinese Cousin, Cornish Girl, Scheherazadé I., Scheherazadé II., Tadpole, T. D. A.

Chief mistakes.—Calling 'but' a copulative, instead of a disjunctive conjunction. Taking the verb as 'are like' or 'are spread.' Making 'poppies' be governed by the verb so taken instead of 'to' understood. Calling 'like' an adverb whereas in this sense it is an adjective. Putting 'poppies' in the nominative case after the verb 'to be' which would be right if the meaning was not 'like *to*' and 'to' governs objective. Calling 'spread' a past participle, whereas it is used in the sense of full-blown and so is an adjective. Calling 'its' a personal, instead of an adjective pronoun. Calling 'shed' an adjective. Calling 'moment' an adverb. Making 'melts' a transitive verb—it is so sometimes, but not here. Calling 'ever' a noun. Calling 'borealis' a noun and 'race' an adjective. Calling 'ere' a conjunction or a preposition, 'Evanishing' an adjective. One spider makes 'poppies' nominative to 'seize'

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Word.	*Part. of Speech.*	*Kind.*	*Mood and Tense.*	*Person and No.*	*Gender and Case.*	*Offices in Sentence.*
But	conj.	disj. A.M.				introductory word
pleasures	noun	com. abst		3rd plural	neut. nom.	to 'are,'
are	verb	subst. irreg.	Ind. pres.	3rd plural		agreeing with its noun 'pleasures.'
like	adj.					qual. 'pleasures.'
poppies	noun	com.		3rd plural	neut. obj.	after prep. 'to' (understood)
spread	adj.	particip.				qual. 'poppies' (in the sense of 'full-blown. Audley')
You	pro.	per.		2nd plural	com. nom.	to verb 'to seize,'
seize	verb	act. trans. irreg.	Ind. pres.	2nd plural		ag. with its noun. 'you' in per. and no.
the	art.	def.				def. flower.
flower	noun	com.		3rd sing.	neut. obj.	after trans. verb 'to seize.'
its	adj.	poss.				qual. 'bloom.'
bloom	noun	com.		3rd sing.	nom.	to 'is shed.'
is shed	verb	pass. irreg.	Ind. pres.			ag. with 'bloom' in per. and no.
Or	conj.	disj. A.M.				separating phrases A.M.
like	adj.					qual. 'pleasures.'
the	art.	def.				def. 'snowfall.'
snowfall	noun	com. comp.		3rd sing.	neut. obj.	after prep. 'to' (understood).
in	prep.					show relation between snowfall and river.
the	art.	def.				def. 'river.'
river	noun	com.		3rd sing.	neut obj.	after prep. 'in.'
a moment	adverbial phrase					
white	adj.					qual. 'snowfall.'
then	adverb	of time				modifies 'melts.'
melts	verb	act. in-trans. reg.	Ind. pres.	3rd sing.		agrees with nom. 'which' (understood).
for ever	adverb	of duration				modifies 'melts.'
Or	conj.	disj. A.M.				separating phrases A.M.
like	adj.					qual. 'pleasures.'
the	art.	def.				def. 'race.'
borealis	adj.	prop. (from Boreas) A.M.			neut. obj.	qual. 'race.'
race	noun	com. coll.		3rd plural	neut. nom.	gov. by 'to (understood).
that	pro.	relative				to verb 'to flit.'
flit	verb	act. in-trans. irreg.		3rd plural		agrees with nom. 'that' in per. and no.
ere	adverb	of time				modifies 'flit.'
you	pro.	pers.		2nd plural	com. nom.	to verb 'can.'
can	verb	defect and irreg.	Ind. pres.	2nd plural		agrees with its nom. 'you' A.M
point	verb	neak intrans.	Inf. pres.			omitting the sign of the infin. after the verb 'can.'
their	adj.	poss.				qual. place.
place	noun	com.		3rd sing.	neut. obj.	
Or	conj.	disj.				separating phrases A.M.
like	adj.					qual. 'pleasures.'
the	art.	def.				def. form.
rainbow's	noun	com		3rd sing.	neut. poss.	
lovely	adj.	general				qual. form.
form	noun	com.		3rd sing.	neut. obj.	after prep. 'to' (understood).
Evanishing	verb	act. in-trans. reg.	Pres. parti.			
amid	prep.					governing storm A.M.
the	art.	def.				defining storm.
storm	noun	com.		3rd per. sin.	neut. obj.	governed by prep 'amid' A.M.

AGFA.

There was a misprint in the Algebra last month :—

$$x = \frac{40 \pm 44}{7}.$$ Should have been $$x = \frac{40 \pm 44}{7}$$

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

Give an account of the plants mentioned in *Lycidas* (in not more than 1,000 words).

Write the history of the City of Orange (not exceeding 2,000 words).

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ARACHNE has received stamps from Hope, Espérance, Euroclydon, Opal, Lord Archy, Fanny, L. S. K., E. W., Sapphire, E. F. C., Little Hedgehog, Simple S[illegible] Number Four, Leviston, Ruth, Rainbow, [illegible]

Notices to Correspondents.

Maesther (correspondence for April, p. 3, twelfth line from bottom) *may* be provincial for a girl in the North West counties, but it certainly *is* in the Eastern counties; and Forby, following Sir Henry Spelman, considers it 'peculiarly an *East Anglican* word.' '*Leap-year* (*ibid.* p. 6) is so called from its leaping a day more than the common years.' Wheatly on the *Common Prayer* quotes the following rubric from the Prayer-Book of 1559: 'When the years of Our Lord may be divided into four even parts, which is every fourth year, *then the Sunday letter leapeth*.' *E.g.*, the Sunday letter is B this year in January and February, and A for the rest of the year. This derivation of Leap-year seems more likely than that given by 'The Turk,' which by the bye is not very clear.—*C. J. Evans.*

I think the book which *W. J.* inquires about must be *The Calendar of the Anglican Church* published by Parker. It contains:—Part 1. The Calendar, with a short account of each Saint. Part 2. Brief accounts of the Saints who have churches named in their honour in England. Part 3. On Emblems. It is a 12mo vol. very nicely illustrated.—*Farnsfield.*

Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* inform *S. M.* who is the author of the following lines?—

'The path of duty is the way to glory:
He who walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.'

S. C. wishes to purchase, second-hand, the numbers of *The Monthly Packet* containing the first six chapters of 'Disobedient Cecil.' Address—*The Editor.*

Can anyone kindly inform *Mrs. Durst, St. Margaret's Vicarage, King's Lynn*, of any 'Home,' where a young woman suffering from serious spinal disease can recline for three years, her only hope of recovery? Sea-side or country preferred. She has been some years a valued nurse in a clergyman's family, and now, as her parents are too poor to maintain her, Mrs. Durst is anxious to raise £50 to enable her to pay 5*s.* or 6*s.* per week to some Institution where she can have the needed rest. The smallest contributions would be thankfully received.

Can anyone tell me of a Home for an English governess, over fifty years of age? She cannot meet with any employment, and is reduced to great distress through the loss of her small savings by unfortunate investments. Highest references and recommendations can be offered.—*E. B.*

Will anyone who has an old self-propelling chair let a poor man have it at a moderate price? He is partly paralysed but can use his arms. Address—*Miss C., Riversdale, Leamington.*

Has any reader of *The Monthly Packet* an old wheel-chair they would give or part with at a moderate price, in which a poor cripple woman could move herself about? The husband being out at work, she now remains helpless in her chair all day. Address—*O. M. C., The Priory, Stroud, Glos.*

Elizabeth would be much obliged if any of the readers of *The Monthly Packet* would tell her of some Institution or Home where, for a small sum, a young woman of weak intellect could be placed, kindly treated and given some easy occupation.

There were *eleven* High Priests after Simon Cantheras. The last was Phanniah Ben Samuel. Josephus, *Jewish Worship*, book iv., chap. 3, sect. viii.

'Evil is wrought by want of thought,' &c., is in Thomas Hood's *Lady's Dream.*

There is a third reason given for the nine of diamonds being the Curse of Scotland. It is said that on the back of that card the Duke of Cumberland wrote the order for the massacre after Culloden.

'*The* light that never *was* on sea or land,' is in Wordsworth's poem on *Pecle Castle.*

'The sword in myrtles dressed,' is a citation from an Athenian song in honour of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, who slew Hipparchus, tyrant of Athens, with swords

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hid in myrtle boughs (B.C. 514). The song is preserved by Athenæus, xv. 50. Here is a version of a few stanzas, as literal as I can make it, line for line:—

'In a myrtle bough I will bear the sword,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton,
When they slew the tyrant
And made Athens ruled by equal laws.

'O dearest Harmodius, thou hast not died at all,
They say thou art in the Isles of the Blest,
Where is Achilles, swift of foot,
And, as they say, Diomede, son of Tydeus.

'In a myrtle bough I will bear the sword
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton,
Where, amidst the sacrifices of Athena,
They slew the tyrant man Hipparchus.'

R. F. L.

Will any reader of *The Monthly Packet* kindly contribute books for a Lending Library which we are anxious to open in our parish? Any books suitable for either children or adults would be thankfully received. Address—*Miss Moberly*, 16, *Kingsgate Street, Winchester*.

M. T. and *B. M. H.* return grateful thanks for the many kind answers to their appeal.

There is a Lending Library being started for the girls belonging to the Guild of S. Michael, Exeter, and as at present the resources are limited, we are anxious to get our books as inexpensively as possible. We particularly want to get the works of Miss Yonge, or Miss Sewell, or of any other author of a similar character. Can any reader of *The Monthly Packet* help us in this matter? We do not ask for them gratis, but we want them at a reduced rate. Address—*L. M. T.*, *The Guild House, Chapple's Terrace, St. David's, Exeter*.

Can anyone tell me of a Home to which a respectable aged widow can be admitted upon the weekly payment of 7*s.*? I have applied without success to those of All Saints', Margaret Street, St. Peter's Kilburn, and the Home of the 'Good Shepherd.' Address—*E. T. J.*, *Enfield*.

Anne would be glad to know if old muslin is of any use in hospitals. She thinks she has seen it mentioned as useful, and having a quantity, dresses, curtains, &c., would be glad to know where to send it.

Will some one supply the missing word in the following—

'No pain, no palm,
No , no balm,
No cross, no crown.'

Can anyone inform me if there is any nursing establishment in London where a nurse can be procured for cottage nursing, in case of severe illness—*E. R. K.*

R. Sinister.—Authorities for S. Peter's having been at Rome, are, Ignatius, Papias, Dionysius of Corinth, S. Irenæus, Caius, Origen, Tertullian and other Fathers. Linus is believed to have been bishop under him. The matter was never disputed till Protestant times, when the claim of Rome to supremacy was supposed to depend on it.

S. M.—See *Monthly Packet*, vol. 19, p. 519.

Declined with thanks.—*Monie, Alba*.

M. J. M.—Clarke's *Comparative Grammar*, or Adam's *Grammar*.

Miss B. A. S. Bevan.—See vol. xix., p. 7.

Harriet suggests that the Curse of Scotland is a mistake for the Cross, the nine of diamonds forming a S. Andrew's Cross.

S. M., *T. R. W.* and *Inquirer*, who do not understand why Easter-Day was kept this year on April 16, rather than on the preceding Sunday, are recommended to get Dr. E. B. Denison's *Astronomy without Mathematics*, published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

The *Castle Builders* is begged for as a loan by *Miss Petty, West Willow, Romsey, Hants*, who will pay the postage both ways.

The 5 A's. will find in the *Edinburgh Review* for October or January last, an article on 'The Cleasby-Vigfusson Icelandic Dictionary,' in which the origin of the idiom inquired about is shown, and its use defended.—*F. McPherson*.

The *Dean's English* was printed by mistake for the *Queen's English* by Dean Alford.

Received with many thanks for S. Saviour's Priory, *An Easter offering from Lent Lily. Miss E. Stewart*, 5, *Cambridge Square, W.*, acknowledges with many thanks the following further contributions towards the Haïti Mission Fund: *Miss Swansborough*, 5*s.*; *E. J. C.*, 5*s.*; *H. D. N.*, £1. *F. S.* and *Ethel Sophy's* four years' old subscription to the Daisy Chain Cot.

Mrs. Badenall, Depôt, 32, Southampton Street, Strand.

Anne Pavey returns her grateful thanks for the many kind answers she has received in reply to her inquiries in the April number of *The Monthly Packet*, which, from their number, she regrets to have been unable to answer personally.

A lady having the volumes of *The Monthly Packet* bound for 1866, containing Miss Yonge's tale of the 'Six Cushions,' and also a copy of *Winifred Bertram* nearly new, would be glad to exchange them for the twelve numbers of *The Monthly Packet* for 1874, either bound or in loose numbers. Address—*A. G., care of Miss Dyott, 8, Great Stanhope Street, Bath.*

Is there any Society expressly to find employment for those of the poorer classes who have been injured for life by various accidents? I should be very glad if anyone could give me information on this subject.—*Titania.*

THE CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.—*Dear Editor*,—May one who is preparing for the ensuing examination add a few words to what Mrs. Mercier has said on this subject? I think it is not only as teachers, but still more as Churchwomen, that we are bound, if possible, to provide ourselves with these certificates.

I know not how it may be in other centres, but I fear that, in London certainly, a large majority of those who have taken the highest honours hitherto have been either actual non-religionists, or sectarians of various denominations, especially Unitarians. The question of education seems to be now the chosen battlefield of the Church and the world; and believing, as we do, that not merely religious, but Church teaching is an essential principle in the training of a child, it seems to me grievous that a great educational power should, through our negligence, be left mainly in the hands of those who will certainly not use it for God and His Church.

Besides, we expose our profession of faith to the reproach, constantly implied in the manner, if not expressed in the words, of these 'clever women,' that it is owing to our intellectual inferiority that we are believers.

It is a terribly sad fact that with the growth of a higher education, the deadly plague of scepticism is spreading among the women of England, and I think it behoves every Churchwoman to do all she can to show that the highest intellectual power is compatible with the fullest faith. I need not say how heartily I endorse what Mrs. Mercier says of the 'Divinity!' and I am sure that the close study of dogmatic writers, such as Hooker and Butler, is in itself most valuable, especially to a teacher.—I am, dear Editor, yours faithfully, *A Church Teacher.*

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Spider Subjects.

THE LEVITICAL LAW.

THAT on the Levitical Law is best answered by Money Spinner, and almost equally well by Chinese Cousin. These shine as much by what they leave out as what they put in. Sacrifices were universal, not specially Mosaic. Jephthah's vow was heathenishly kept, showing ignorance of the law in Lev. xxvii., which provided for the redemption of persons, though it is true that Num. xxx. 2 makes vows binding. If he had kept it rightly, he would have redeemed her for so many shekels at Shiloh. Micah's teraphim again showed ignorance or disregard of the Law. Duet began well, but became confused; Annie and Helvellyn followed commentators who confine the word Levitical to the ceremonial law; Ruby, Stickleback, Cedar, Cape Jasmine, are commended. Also received, Hoffnung, Filia, Bubbles, Alert, Liebchen, Stella, A Bath Brick, Bois de Frène.

THE tokens of the knowledge and observance of the Levitical Law which we find in the Books of Judges, Ruth, and Samuel, relate to the following particulars:—

I. The worship of God and the arrangements in the tabernacle.
   1. Keeping the feasts.
   2. Making offerings.
   3. The priest's portion of the offerings.
   4. The reverential treatment of the ark.
   5. The supply of shewbread.
   6. The burning of the lamp.

III. Inquiring of the Lord for guidance in difficulties.

III. Destroying idols and those that had familiar spirits.

IV. Setting apart Nazarites.

V. The law of vows.

VI. The sacredness of blood.

VII. The duties of kinsmen to each other.

VIII. The gleaning of the fields at harvest.

I. 1. Elkanah went up to worship at Shiloh, the place the Lord had chosen, Deut. xii. 5.

2. There he made his offerings, Deut. xii. 6, 7.

3. Eli's sons disregarded the law that all the fat of the offerings was the Lord's, Lev. iii. 16; and they were not content with the portion appointed for the priests, Lev. x. 12—16. By this and their other wrong-doings they drew down on themselves the punishment proclaimed in the Law for presumptuous sin, Num. xv. 30.

4. The punishment denounced on those who touched the ark, Num. iv. 15—20. was inflicted on the men of Bethshemesh when they looked into it on the Philistines sending it home; and also on Uzzah, because he presumptuously put out his hand to steady it when David was removing it to Jerusalem on a cart drawn by oxen. David evidently knew that this way of moving it was not that ordered by the Law, for when he removed it again he commanded the priests to carry it in the manner ordained, and said, 'Because ye did it not at the first, the Lord our God made a breach upon us, for that we sought Him not after the due order.' 1 Chron. xv.

5. The shewbread was renewed before the Lord by Ahimelech as commanded, Ex. xxv. 30, and Lev. xxiv. 5—9, and he gave to David and his men that he had just taken away, which belonged to the priests.

6. The lamp which 'was not gone out' when Samuel was called, was that which the priests were commanded to light every evening in the tabernacle, Ex. xxvii. 20. 21.

II. The high priest was commanded to ask counsel of God for the people, Num. xxvii. 21. We have tokens of this command being obeyed in Judges i. and xx., and also constantly by David.

III. Gideon cut down the grove of Baal; but as this was by special command, perhaps it is hardly a token of the observance of the order in Deut. vii. 5.

Saul obeyed the law which related to those who had familiar spirits, Ex. xxii. 18, Lev. xix. 31, xx. 27, in his good days at the beginning of his reign, though he afterwards consulted the witch of Endor.

15. Samson and Samuel were both set apart as Nazarites according to the Law, Num. vi.

V. Hannah's vow was confirmed by her husband, as was necessary to make it binding, Num. xxx. 7.

VI. The sacredness of blood was taught by the carrying on of the law given to Noah: 1, That blood must not be eaten, Lev. vii. 26; 2, That the blood of the murderer must be shed, for blood defiled the land, Num. xxxv. 33.

The first of these commands was broken after the battle with the Philistines mentioned in 1 Sam. xiv., when Saul checked the disobedience of the people. The second was kept by David consenting to yield up seven of Saul's descendants, who atoned by their deaths for the massacre of the Gibeonites; also when he put to death the murderers of Ishbosheth.

VII. The duties of kinsmen are exemplified in the Book of Ruth, when Naomi laments that she has no more sons, to marry her daughters-in-law, Deut. xxv. 5. Also when Boaz, in default of the nearest of kin, redeems Naomi's land and takes Ruth to wife to raise up the name of the dead on his inheritance, Lev. xxv.; Deut. xxv.

VIII. The merciful law which provided that the poor and stranger should be allowed the gleanings of the field, was observed by Boaz in gathering in his harvest, Lev. xix. 9, 10; Deut. xxiv. 19.

Thus we have many indications that the Law given by Moses was in force among the Israelites of those days, and ruled their actions, while the neglect of it brought punishment. MONEY SPINNER.

Also when David had gone to Bethlehem without the knowledge of the king, 1 Samuel xx. 26, Saul thought that he must have been kept away from his table by having touched some unclean thing, and it is well known that the Levitical laws on cleanliness were very severe.

Also in 2 Samuel, v. 21, David keeps the law contained in Deut. vii. 5, by destroying the idols of the Philistines by fire. BUBBLES.

In the story which the woman of Tekoah told David of the two sons struggling together and one killing the other, she says, the revenger of blood is pursuing the remaining son to kill him according to the Lord's command concerning revengers of blood. Numbers xxxv. 15—28; 2 Samuel xiv. 11. CHINESE COUSIN.

WHAT STRIKING EVENTS HAVE TAKEN PLACE AT THE TOWER WHARF AND TRAITOR'S GATE.

STRIKING Scenes at the Tower Wharf and Traitor's Gate are best worked out by The Turk; Cape Jasmine and Bubbles are good; also answered by Helvellyn, Mignonette, Catherina, Träumerin.

TILL the time of Henry III. the Tower Wharf was an unwholesome strip of strand in front of the fortress, but by the skill of Adam de Lamburn it was won from the river and kept up by masonry and piles. This work was the king's delight, but it was highly unpopular with the people. Twice, owing to high tides, it was washed away, and the barbican or water-gate fell; but finally all was made secure. The Wharf is 1,200 feet long, and was formerly a place of traffic and recreation. It has three principal landing-places, the Queen's Stair, Gallery Mainstair, and Traitor

Stair. This latter was used for the reception of great prisoners; the Traitor's Gate has lately been restored by Salvin.

In early times, when the river was the highway to the Tower, which was both a royal residence and state prison, the Wharf must have been the scene of many striking landings and embarcations.

Soon after the making of the new Wharf, Eleanor of Provence, the witty and high-born but unpopular wife of Henry III., who much disliked the Tower as a residence, proudly stepped over the Wharf to her galley, that she might go by water to the Palace at Windsor; but the Commons would not permit of this step, and great must have been her anger at being forced again to re-enter the Tower.

Edward III. and Queen Philippa landed at the Wharf on their return from France, but were unable to gain admittance to the Tower and their children, as the Constable De la Beche, in whose charge they had left them, had forsaken his post, for which act he became prisoner instead of Constable.

From the Tower Wharf the young king Richard II. took barge to Rotherhithe to receive the petitions of Wat Tyler's insurgents. During his absence next day at Mile End, Tyler with 400 men forced their way into the Tower, murdered the Archbishop, and penetrated into the apartments of the king's mother, who, fainting with fright, was carried by her attendants across the river. Twenty-two years later, Richard, then a prisoner in the Tower, went by water to Westminster Hall to resign his crown to Henry of Lancaster.

The day after Henry VI. was found dead in the Tower, his body was taken by water for burial at St. Paul's.

It was on the Tower Wharf that Henry VIII. awaited in state the arrival of Anne Boleyn, surrounded by his court. When the new queen alighted from her barge Henry received her with a gracious kiss. Scarcely three years later, on the 2nd of May, as Anne Boleyn was in her barge going to Westminster, three or four lords of the Council, headed by her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, entered, and charged her with treason and misconduct, and conducted her to the Tower. On landing at the Wharf the queen fell on her knees and declared her innocence in the strongest terms, saying, 'O Lord, help me, as I am guiltless of this whereof I am accused;' rising, she asked if she should be placed in a dungeon. The Constable, Sir William Kingston, told her she would be lodged in the rooms where she was at the time of her coronation. 'It is too good for me,' she replied; adding, 'Jesus, have mercy on me.' She again knelt down, upon which, her sudden misfortunes proving too much for her, she fell into a fit of hysterics.

When Sir Thomas More returned to the Tower after receiving sentence of death, his faithful daughter, Margaret Roper, was awaiting him at the Wharf. No sooner did she see him than, breaking through the guards, she ran and threw herself upon his neck. After he had given her his blessing she retired, but, overcome by filial love, she ran back and kissed him repeatedly 'most lovingly,' after which she left him with a heavy heart.

Among the scenes of state and splendour which occurred on the Wharf was the landing of the Bishop of Evreux, and other French nobles, after the conference of Guynes and Ardres, in the reign of Henry VIII. These noblemen were received at Greenwich by the Earls of Essex and Derby, and conducted by them to the Tower in the royal barge; on landing at the Wharf they were received by a discharge of artillery. After partaking of a splendid banquet prepared for them at the Tower, they re-embarked, going first to the Bishop of London's Palace, and from thence to Hampton Court, where they ratified a treaty between England and France.

The Tower Wharf was the scene of the gentle Lady Jane Grey's brief acknowledgment as queen. A few days after Edward VI.'s death she was conveyed to the Tower, where sovereigns usually resided before their coronation. As she left her barge and entered the Tower, her train was carried by her own mother, whilst her husband walked bare-headed beside her, and all the nobles bent the knee as she passed.

The Princess Elizabeth, when kept prisoner by her sister, Queen Mary, was at one time sent to the Tower, on suspicion of favouring Wyatt's rebellion. She reached London on Palm Sunday. Having to enter the Traitor's Gate, she remonstrated, but one of

her conductors told her she was not at liberty to choose, and offered her his cloak, for it was raining; but she flung it from her, saying as she entered the Tower, 'Here lands as true a subject as ever landed at these steps. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone.' The warders who received her knelt down and prayed for her safety, for which next day they were dismissed. Very different must have been the feelings of Elizabeth when next she entered the fortress, an acknowledged queen, on which occasion she fell on her knees and returned thanks to Heaven.

Sir Thomas Wyatt (whose father was for a time also a prisoner in the Tower) was twice imprisoned there, the last time for heading an insurrection to depose Queen Mary. Several of his faction were committed at the same time, and were conducted to the Tower by water. As Sir Thomas Wyatt passed the gate, Sir John Bridges, the Constable, took him by the collar, saying, 'Thou unhappy traitor, but that the law must be passed on thee, I could stick thee with my dagger.'

When the unhappy Arabella Stuart, though expressly forbidden by James I., secretly married William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, the king became alarmed (they both being descended from Henry VII.), and placed Arabella at Lambeth under the charge of Sir Thomas Parry, and sent Seymour to the Tower, where he was lodged in St. Thomas's Tower over the Traitor's Gate. Arabella, hearing her husband had been ill, managed to get a barge and go down the river and visit him, most likely speaking with him through his grated window, which gave on to the Wharf. This being repeated, the visits were discovered and prevented. On a plan of escape from England being arranged by these two, Seymour left the Tower disguised as a carter in a tawny suit, with a black wig and beard. Walking along the Wharf behind a cart which brought his daily billet of wood, he passed the warders without attracting notice, and found a boat provided by his cousin, W. Rodney, for his use, by which he escaped and finally reached Flanders. Arabella was captured in her attempt to escape, and immured in the Tower, where, after languishing some years, deprived of reason, she died. In the dead of night her body was carried across the Wharf to the barge which conveyed it to Westminster Abbey for burial.

When John Felton, the assassinator of Buckingham, was taken to the Tower, multitudes assembled on the banks of the river and on the Wharf to see him pass.

Crowds again were assembled when the seven bishops landed at the Tower, the multitude desiring their blessing, and praying to Heaven for their safe deliverance.

It would be impossible to give the list of great prisoners who, committed to the Tower, landed on the Wharf and were admitted by the Traitor's Gate, and afterwards passed over the Wharf to proceed to Westminster on trial, most of whom again trod the Wharf only to re-enter their prison to await execution. Among them may be named, Somerset, Cranmer, Essex (the favourite of Elizabeth), Raleigh, Strafford, Laud, Sydney, and Russell.

THE TURK.

The Duke of Buckingham, the proud and last permanent High Constable of England, said, as his barge waited to convey him to the Tower, to the Constable who offered him the seat of honour, 'Nay, not so now; when I came to Westminster I was Lord High Constable of England, now I am only poor Edward Stafford.'

CATHERINA.

As Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, then at the age of 80, was landed at the Traitor's Gate, he turned to the boatmen and guards who pressed round to assist his tottering steps, and said, 'As they have left me nothing else to give, I bestow on you my hearty thanks.'

CAPE JASMINE.

The Tower saw its last royal procession on the 22nd of April, 1661, the coronation day of the restored Charles II. When amid the enthusiastic cheers of the subjects so lately in rebellion, by whom his father had been murdered and himself banished, he landed on the Wharf, and passed by land to Westminster Abbey to receive the crown so long unlawfully withheld.

HELVELLYN.

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ur kind correspondent *R. F. L.* tells us that the light of modern research has reversed the fame of the Cid, as it has done with so many other heroes. According to R. Dozy's *Recherches sur l'Histoire et la Littérature de l'Espagne pendant le Moyen Age*, Leyden, 1860, he was for a long time a mercenary chief in Arab pay, serving under the Beni-houd Arab kings of Zaragoza; a traitor to both sides and a monster of cruelty. It was as an Arab general he conquered the Count of Barcelona.

SPIDER QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

The story of a coal (2,000 words).
The good and evil of fiction (2,000 words).

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